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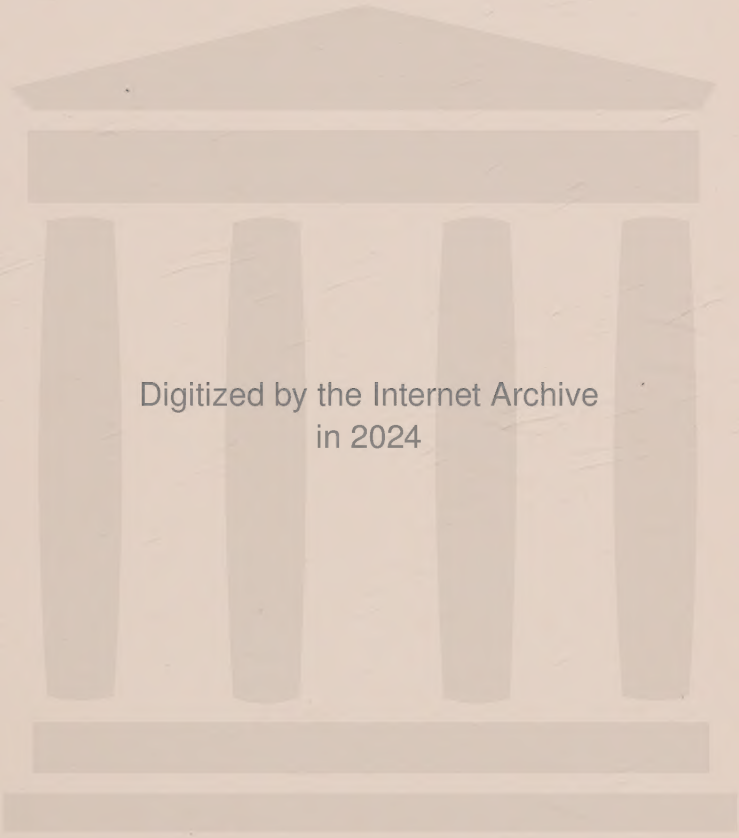
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By Elsie Whitlock Rose
and
Vida Hunt Francis

Cathedrals and Cloisters of the South of France

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Cathedrals and Cloisters of Midland France

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BOURGES—TROYES—REIMS AND ROUEN

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CATHEDRALS *and* CLOISTERS

OF THE

ISLE DE FRANCE

(Including Bourges, Troyes, Reims, and Rouen)

BY

ELISE WHITLOCK ROSE

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS FROM ORIGINAL PHOTOGRAPHS

BY

VIDA HUNT FRANCIS

IN TWO VOLUMES

VOLUME I.

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS

NEW YORK AND LONDON

The Knickerbocker Press

1910

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PREFACE.

IT was with some trepidation that the makers of these books turned again towards the Isle-de-France. The grandeur of the mighty Cathedrals of this territory, the many possible photographs from which a comparatively small number must be selected, the huge mass of archæological, historical, legendary, and architectural detail of which only the best — and a little of the best—should be chosen;—these were problems which, they knew, would meet them in every Cathedral-city.

Besides these, which had been encountered in lesser shape during former journeys, there were new difficulties. Tourists, whether in small groups or in crowds, do not always add to the beauty of a photograph or the peace of mind of a photographer. They have a vexatious, although most natural, fashion of wondering what is being "taken," and of standing in front of the camera in order to find out. Nor do the explanations of the guides, often audible from several groups at once and in as many languages, make either for historical or architectural accuracy. In the smaller and less frequented towns, as Meaux and Noyon, the quiet and charm of the South and

Midland seemed repeated in the North. But at Amiens, Reims, Chartres, and Paris, interruptions were inevitable. The unfailing courtesy of the Clergy and the authorisation of the Beaux-Arts gave the Cathedral-seekers every possible opportunity; yet small, practical difficulties accumulated in direct proportion to the popularity of the church in which they worked, and, at times, their days on the ground-floor of the Greater Cathedrals were far less inspiring than other days spent in high and quiet galleries, in the towers and turrets, or on the roofs with the quaint and astounding gargoyles.

In making these volumes, the authors have not failed to realise that more has been included than a strict interpretation of the title could warrant. But it seemed impossible in giving Paris to omit Reims, in writing of Noyon to ignore Laon,—historical connection, architectural comparisons were inevitable, and the geographical convenience of the traveller and the student demanded that Cathedrals so closely allied should be considered in one book. The sub-divisions, therefore, have not been grouped according to localities, but rather according to the predominating influence of the successive "schools" of architecture which built in and around the Isle-de-France; and it has been the authors' endeavour, not alone to describe the setting of past scenes—the angle of the arch and the sculpture of the column—, but to picture a very few of those historic events which constantly occurred in these

venerable churches during centuries gone-by, to induce others to listen, when standing in the solemn quiet of Cathedrals, for the vibrant echoes of the strenuous Middle Ages.

As in former books, it is a pleasure to acknowledge indebtedness, not only to the friends who have helped us, to Mrs. W. H. Shelmire, Miss Frances M. Kyle, Mr. Joseph Rosengarten, Mr. J. G. Bullock, and Mr. C. R. Pancoast, but also to the Department of the Beaux-Arts in France for plenary authorisation, and to the Clergy of the Church for access to private records and volumes not otherwise obtainable.

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The Gothic

INTRODUCTION.

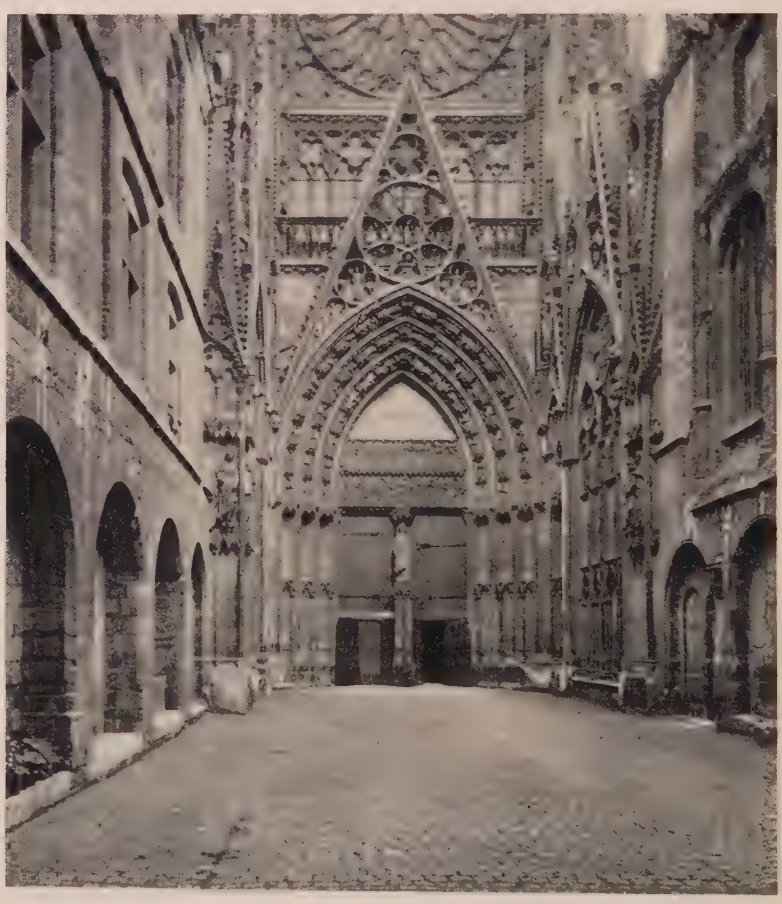
The Gothic.

There are those whom no phase of human existence, no phase of nature, sea, river, or mountain, can attract, who, even with the subconscious suggestiveness which memories can bring, are untouched by pictured representations of persons or things. There are those to whose ears all music is one mass of dull, monotonous sound, and others for whom any limpid verse or sonorous line is equally prosaic. No form of the ideal, however exquisite, however lofty, can have an universal appeal. It is therefore not surprising that architecture is sometimes neglected, nor that the most noble form of Christian art, the Gothic church, should be uninteresting to some persons of intelligence and feeling.

That which, however, must always be beyond the real church-lover's comprehension is the repeated statement of many travellers who rush eagerly from the North Cape to the Bosphorus, that "to see one or two Gothic churches is to see them all, for are they not all practically alike?

"Are they not all merely a combination of towers and portals and aisles and windows and columns and arches?"

This, to the Cathedral-lover, is as if a creature of another evolution, looking upon the human species, should say: "They have arms, legs, heads, and hands,—



"TO SEE ONE IS TO SEE . . . ALL, FOR ARE THEY NOT PRACTICALLY ALIKE?"—ROUEN.

even in such minute details as the position of their ears and eyes, they are alike; we can perceive no significant

difference in them." As the eager traveller is a human being, he would be apt to resent such a hasty and inappreciative classification of his race and to retort, also, that he can see no analogy between persons and churches, between living and inert masses, and that his mind is broad enough to admit that there are many differences in churches which are of vast importance to architects. He is willing to concede that the enthusiastic specialist may find variations in the shapes of the noses of the Apostles who adorn the façades, or even diversity in the Apostles themselves, but, for himself, he finds such details uninteresting. Nevertheless, there are multitudes of untechnical folk who pass many happy hours in the churches of an older Christianity, and who enjoy the characterisations of the Apostles and even the differences in the shapes of their noses. The true Cathedral-lover may be defined as a 'prentice architect, a bit of an artist and psychologist, and an inquiring—if not a curious—friend of the people of the past.

Not only to him, but to any one who lingers in churches, the likenesses in the Gothic are neither so profound, nor so striking as their differences. Even the poorer, more numerous types, as the Church of our Lady at Alençon, or that of Saint Stephen of Beauvais, are monotonous in their mediocrity rather than in their sameness; and the great edifices which are the glory of the Isle-de-France are full of the most beautiful originalities. Like the human body, they have their normal, constituent parts; they have towers and portals,

aisles and galleries, columns, arches, and windows, but in these similarities they seem as different physically—and even spiritually—as people. The analogy between the human being and the church has not the inherent artificiality of many pathetic fallacies; for, again and again, a church seems like some old and famous person, it bears the marks of age and of great experiences; it has stood in the midst of intense life, sorrow, perplexity, and joys, and all these things have helped to make it what it now is; and just as life burns out the living soul of man, so it has marked the material mass of the church, and given to it new meaning and character.

In no land, perhaps, has churchly architecture had at once so full and dignified a development as in France, and through the length and breadth of the country are to be found most interesting, artistic, and concrete expressions of religious thought, from the X to the XX centuries. The religious Middle Ages illustrate a two-fold evolution, the development of theological theories, and that of a new and great art of construction, and those who study the record of human struggle towards spiritual thought, find, in wandering through these churches of France, the illustration of the mediæval chapter of their thesis, and follow the human imagination in one of its most ardent and sublime efforts to materialise an ideal.

In order to follow this evolution it would be well to begin in the South of France where the earlier steps

"IT HAS STOOD IN THE MIDST OF INTENSE LIFE, SORROW, PERPLEXITY, AND JOYS."—PARIS.

can be clearly and fully traced, to linger in the humble and dignified basilican Church of Digne and the early Baptistery hidden among the Alps at Riez; to study the crude religious carvings of the doors of Maguelonne, the lonely church of the Mediterranean marsh-land; and gradually to reach the splendid carvings of Saint-Gilles and Arles, which are, nevertheless, theologically simple; and finally to consider the later and more developed art and theology which is illustrated in Albi and Rodez.

Although introduced in the North of France later than in the Midi, Christianity was firmly established there several centuries before the earliest architecture of which coherent examples survive; and the same constructive phases were repeated as in the South. Of these forms the student of the churches of the Isle-de-France sees but little. The North, though so slow, so barbarous, and so backward, was strong and intelligent. It learned the manner of the South; but as a suggestion, not as an imitation; and, having received the inspiration, ceased to be a copyist and became a creator. Wars devastated many of the earlier, imitative structures, and made place, as it were, for the buildings of the new and local genius. Where older churches survived the perils of sieges and fires, it was sometimes decided to destroy them that they might be succeeded by nobler edifices.

According to the plan of its Bishop, the old Romanesque nave of Le Mans would have been replaced by

one far more majestic, and the poor, plain aisles of the "Basse Œuvre" of Beauvais were in turn to have been demolished to give place to the most glorious and lofty nave in the world. Neither of these great plans was consummated; but in many other instances there was a fortuitous or a deliberate destruction of the old, and the re-building was accomplished in the new form.

For these reasons, as well as because of the increasing wealth of the North and the impetuous power of its new genius, the old disappeared before the new; and during the centuries when the Midi, in the general decline of its greatness, still persisted in the native manner, or made splendid but too often abortive attempts to build after the style of the North, this Gothic became in its own country the only acceptable school of architecture. Other forms may still be found, but above the Rhone the Gothic is at home; like the Romanesque in Provence, it is supreme; and this assertion, generally rather than universally true in the outlying districts, is almost literally true of the Isle-de-France and the territory which is immediately adjacent to it. The churches of this small bit of land belong almost entirely to some great phase of Gothic development, and have only those traces and admixtures of Romanesque which pleasantly and subtly suggest interesting comparisons.

The traveller in the South and in the Midland, continually meeting the juxtaposition of the three great French styles, is often glad to remember that the rounded arch belongs to the Romanesque, that the

"THE NORTH OF FRANCE, THOUGH SO SLOW . . . WAS STRONG AND INTELLIGENT, AND HAVING RECEIVED . . . INSPIRATION, CEASED TO BE A COPYIST AND BECAME A CREATOR."—AMIENS.

developed domical scheme proclaims the Gallo-Byzantine, and that the Gothic uses the pointed arch. But as he comes northward and meets the "Transitional," "Flamboyant," and "purely Gothic," complexities gather, and the simple definition becomes inadequate.

"THE CHURCHES OF THIS SMALL BIT OF LAND BELONG ALMOST ENTIRELY TO SOME GREAT PHASE OF GOTHIC DEVELOPMENT."—PARIS.

The opinions of learned minds on this subject are interesting.

"Where was Gothic born?" asks Huysmans, and himself answers, "In France. . . . It penetrated into Normandy and from there into England; then it gained the borders of the Rhine in the XII century and Spain at the commencement of the XIII. In

the repartition of religious art, France has had only architecture. Consider the early painters and sculptors, they are all Italians, Spaniards, Flemings, and Germans;—but architecture is our own"; and it may be said that "Gothic architecture, comprehensively speaking, reached its highest point of perfection in France,

"'THE UNHEWN BLOCK SET ON END IN THE DRUID'S BETHEL.'"

where it is at home and where it also achieved its highest beauty, even as the influence of soil, sun, and climate make the Cedar of Lebanon lift its head into the clouds."

"It was the apogee of a form of mediæval construction," writes James Hoppin, "signifying a system of wonderful cohesion, grandeur, and beauty, in which the creative imagination is equalled only by the

"THE GOTHIC, . . . A SYSTEM OF PILLARS BUTTRESSED AND MADE FIRM BY ARCHES."—AMIENS.

mechanical skill," and Ruskin says that "from the unhewn block set on end in the Druid's Bethel to the Gothic Cathedral, this Lord's House and blue-vitrailed gate of Heaven, you have the entire course and consummation of the Northern Religious Builder's passion and art."

These seem introductory rather than definite phrases and, with greater technique of expression, Durand describes this "Northern Religious Builder's Art" as "a system of pillars, buttressed and made firm by arches both transverse and longitudinal; it is, in a word, a bone structure of stone where blank walls are reduced to a minimum, where no element enters which is not exacted by the construction, and where the effect is produced solely by the happy assemblage and harmonious proportions given to all these elements." "It is," writes another with paradoxical terseness, "a system of suppressed walls." Within the church it is essentially an arrangement of columns and pointed arches bounded by roofs and walls; without, it is again, and essentially, arches made into sculptured portals and windows and towers.

A writer in the Edinburgh Review has given another and perhaps more broadly philosophical definition. "We find," this author claims, "that Gothic architecture stands for energy and strength in action, and is the outcome of an age which glorified energy and made it a vehicle for the expression of all ideals. The theory it embodied, that eternal truths can be expressed in

terms of action, may have been a delusion. Nevertheless, it was a great and splendid delusion. For a century it was acclaimed; for a second century it was clung to; during a third it was gradually abandoned. During three centuries this great delusion dominated the life of Europe, and of this mighty influence Gothic architecture is the adequate surviving manifestation. Here lies its true and lasting value. It is the clue to the secret of three centuries of history, and the unanimity of the impulse behind it gives it an human and historical significance unparalleled in art."

Materially speaking, the style is recognised in three well-defined phases, and these phases have in turn many smaller differences. Differences which form multitudinous minutiæ are, however, suitable material only for such a philosophic, intricate, and delicate exposition of architecture as Viollet-le-Duc's wonderful Dictionary. The traveller, eager to enjoy many arts, has not sufficient leisure to taste these delights of the specialist, and therefore studies only the marked characteristics of the so-called "early," "pure," and "Flamboyant" forms.

The "early" Gothic, which is often termed transitional, is, as its name implies, the more or less tentative, evolutionary stage of the style. Sometimes it has, as at Notre-Dame of Paris, the old rounded pillar of the Romanesque with the new capital of leaves; sometimes, as at Senlis, the arch is bluntly pointed, but the capital still has animals and scenes and figures, the

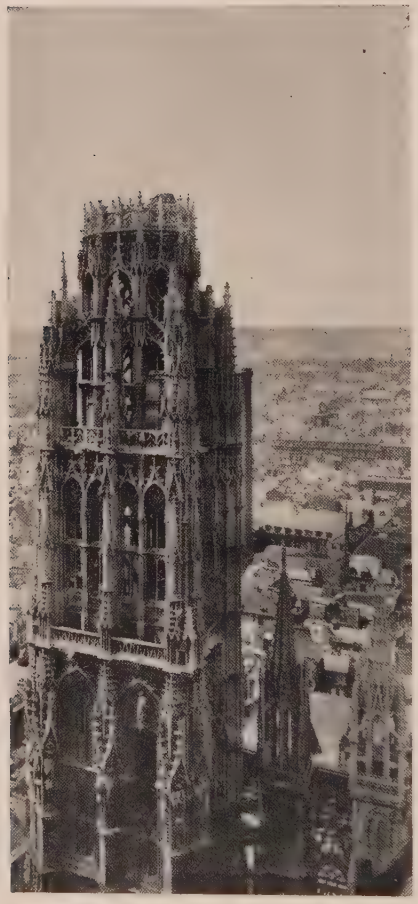
elaborate and antique mode of decoration. With the persistence of some trace of the old influence, round column, ornate capital, or obtusely pointed arch, this early Gothic is also marked by more subtle signs and proofs of a Romanesque heritage. The nave of Paris is lofty,

"SOMETIMES THE 'EARLY' GOTHIC HAS . . . THE OLD, ROUNDED PILLAR OF THE ROMANESQUE WITH THE NEW CAPITAL OF LEAVES."—PARIS.

but it has the heaviness which the purer form rejected; the arcades of the side aisles are pointed, but they are almost squat; and in parts of Sens, Noyon, and Laon, the Gothic is like a lusty infant still bound in the swaddling clothes of its mother, the Romanesque.

In the perfection of its growth, the style achieved the true pointed arch, the columns were no longer

merely round, and the capitals were naturally and gracefully foliated. It cast off heaviness; instead of archaic simplicity it had measured beauty, in place of massiveness it acquired majesty, and sculpture became less elaborate, more differentiated, and more intellectual. Lofty height was an ideal nobly realised, and builders gave to their churches great uplifting spaciousness without a trace of bareness.



"THE FLAMBOYANT IS TO THE PURE GOTHIC THAT WHICH, IN GRECIAN ART, SOME CHARMING VENUS IS TO THE GRAVE MINERVA."
—ROUEN.

The Flamboyant is to the pure Gothic that which, in Grecian art, some charming Venus is to the grave Minerva, or as the Venus de Médicis is to the noble Victory of Samothrace. Its name suggests another, more Northern comparison, and it seems well called "the flaming," "the streaming"; for much as in the old Sagas,

"IN THE PERFECTION OF ITS GROWTH, THE STYLE . . . CAST OFF HEAVINESS; INSTEAD OF ARCHAIC SIMPLICITY IT HAD MEASURED BEAUTY; IN PLACE OF MASSIVENESS . . . MAJESTY."—AMIENS.

Loki's tongues of fire are seen to curl about rock and crevice and lick the trunks of the trees, so the tendrils of Flamboyant carving twine and twist about the stone of porch and arch and pillar. The art has become over-refined, intricate, fanciful; in its finest creations, it has sacrificed the charm of measured perfection to uncontrolled luxuriance. In its more unbridled vagaries, even when a certain tropical fascination may exist, Flamboyant is effeminate and decadent; vines twine in meaningless prettiness and the Temple of the Lord shows signs of transformation into a sort of lovely Gothic Arbour. Beauvais and Sens possess fine and legitimate conceptions of this form, and the Church of Saint-Maclou of Rouen is very pretty, although merely irreligious and wayward Gothic.

Extravagance in art seems to produce much the same result as extravagance in life; the wages of artistic, as of human, sin are barrenness and death; and so the Gothic ceased to be a dominating architectural force and was replaced by the poorer and more mechanical Pseudo-Classic.

All this architectural history is well illustrated by the churches of the Isle-de-France. Although they succeed the period of the Romanesque, there are incrusted in their walls sufficient remains of older church buildings to suggest and to explain every heritage which the ancient style bequeathed. The Transitional is nobly and fully represented. As is fitting, the purest Gothic is the most fully illustrated. The Flamboyant,

among its expressions, has a tower-crown at Rouen, transepts at Beauvais, Sens, and Senlis, and a façade at Tours; and, finally, the loss of all architectural comprehension, taste, and originality is shown with sad accuracy in the episcopal churches of Blois and Versailles. In no part of the land is Romanesque poorer nor Pseudo-Classic more coldly irreligious than in the old Royal Domain, but nowhere in the world in so small a space of country are there so many glorious architectural conceptions as are to be found in the Gothic of this Isle-de-France.

The Cathedral.

"Dominating the landscape and the town or village beneath, occupying the central space, sight, and thought, the Cathedral proclaimed itself near and far as the golden mile-stone, the Heavenly Habitation, and the House of God. It caught the beams of the rising sun and was reddened by its setting glow. It was the last object viewed by those who went from home and the first by those who returned. It was the familiar feature of the scenery. All higher hopes and joys clustered about it. It wrote itself against the sky. It called the mind of the burdened and earth-oppressed to think of the infinite power and love." These pregnant sentences of Hoppin's must often have recurred to the Cathedral-seeker's mind. In the South at Lectoure, Auch, Valence, and Carcassonne, at Avignon, Béziers, and Forcalquier, he must have been impressed by both their literal and

their doctrinal accuracy; and in many an episcopal town of the North, the living truth of the words must have come again and again to his memory, and always with a new sense of sympathetic comprehension. As the carter slowly brings his load from the quarry near

"THE WORKERS OF THE COUNTRY-SIDE ABOUT . . . CHARTRES LOOK UP AND SEE IN THE DISTANCE THE GREAT BODY OF THE CHURCH AND ITS SPIRES."

Bayeux, the church looms persistently before him. The workers of the country-side about Séez and Chartres look up and see in the distance the great body of the church and its spires, and the bells of the Mass and Angelus call to them across the fields. High above the Yonne, the Church of Auxerre stands as a reminding

symbol of religion, the peasant toiling up the steep hillside to the market-place of Laon also sees continually the towers of Notre-Dame; and it would perhaps be difficult to realise all the spiritual inspiration which the sight of these buildings has given to tired, struggling, and discouraged humanity in every generation of the past six hundred years.

The journey from these churches of the North to their first source of inspiration, the atrium and basilica of the Roman house is far and interesting. The atrium being a court, a thoroughfare for all members of the Roman household and even for slaves, every wealthy family had its "basilica," or reception hall, modelled after the larger public edifices, and divided by columns into three aisles. At the extreme end of the little structure and opposite the door, in the "bema" or apse, the master of the house sat and received his guests. It was in this hall of the citizen's house and in its courtyard that Christian worship was first celebrated in Rome. The Bishop occupied the master's seat, the clergy were grouped about him, and the Christian Altar was placed on a step just above the altar to the ancestors of the family. "To the early Christian converts, this was significant. The Altar was dedicated to their new Head, the second Adam; Christ was the 'Lar familiæ pater,' the new family was the Catholic Church. The congregation occupied not only the atrium but also the rooms looking into it; and when, at Troas, Eutychus fell from a window while Saint Paul

"THE NARTHEX."—PARIS.

preached, he did not drop into the street, but into the courtyard. The Apostle stood by the Altar on the step of the tablinum.

"In the Apocalypse, Saint John described the worship in heaven after the pattern already settled in the Church on earth. There is the throne of God, answering to the episcopal throne in the apse. . . . The four and twenty elders are ranged round, like presbyters, clothed in white. The rainbow found about the throne is the ring or cornice of rich colouring found in the tablinum. In the midst is the Altar, on which is the Lamb as He has been slain—a reference to the Eucharistic sacrifice; and before it is the sea of glass,—in fact, the impluvium. The whole picture of worship on earth in a private dwelling is sublimated to present the worship in heaven."

The study-ground of the evolutionary stages from this "picture of worship . . . in a private dwelling" to the Gothic church is not the North, but the South of France. There, at Vaison, the place for the Bishop's throne may still be seen behind the Altar; and, at Saint-Paul-trois-Châteaux, a low bench for presbyters still encircles the hemicycle of the choir. Farther North, at Saint-Front of Périgueux, there is the form evolved from the atrium, the narthex or porch. "This, in the early ages, had great importance, for the catechumens were remitted there . . . and sent outside before the consecration of the mysteries. Penitents were not admitted within, but might attend the service without,

in the porch, and the porters had strict orders to keep the gates against the excommunicated and the uninitiated. The curtains found in the apse of the pagan basilica became, when it was converted into a Christian chancel, an integral part of the ritual; they were drawn together at the consecration . . . and are represented on several of the early tombs of the catacombs. . . . They have long ago disappeared in the West; but our mediæval rood-screens may be said to have taken the place of the primitive veil."

Other more and less subtle changes slowly developed, but for these also it is South and not North of the Loire that the archæologist seeks most successfully. Many of the churches of the Northern provinces, and those especially of the Isle-de-France, have so added to their first prototype that their classical heritage is much obscured. The tracing of pedigree belongs more properly and is more clearly followed in the histories of churches in other localities, and it is sufficient to remember that the aisles and the absidal form recall the Roman citizen's "basilica," that the parvise and narthex are the descendants of the atrium, as the crypt is reminiscent of the dark and tragic catacomb. From this small nucleus, the genius of builders created new and often beautiful conceptions. They added towers that pointed heavenward and held the bells, they multiplied the forms and the religious carvings of the portals, and they sometimes increased the number of the aisles and added many chapels. "It is during

the course of the XIII century," writes Viollet-le-Duc, "that the apsidal chapels receive all their development. The Eastern ends of the Cathedrals of Reims, Amiens, and Beauvais, built between 1220 and 1270, give us remarkable examples of this. It is then that the apsidal chapel, placed in the axis of the church

"THEY ADDED TOWERS THAT POINTED HEAVENWARD AND HELD THE BELLS."—LAON.

and dedicated to the Blessed Virgin, commences to assume an importance which grows during the XV century, until it soon becomes a small church annexed to the apse of the larger one, as in the Cathedral of Rouen, and, later, in nearly all the churches of the XV century."

"The highest art of the Middle Ages," claim the writers of "Mediæval Europe," "was expressed in the building and ornamenting of churches. . . . Architects' names, however, are rarely known in these Middle Ages. As the 'chansons de geste' were gradually formed by a succession of unknown trouvères, so were our superb Cathedrals built by bodies of workmen still unrecognised. They seemed to be a spontaneous and impersonal expression of the French genius. And finally let us note that the uniform triumph of Gothic architecture was contemporaneous with two Kings, founders of French unity, and completed harmoniously the period in which the Middle Ages reached their highest point."

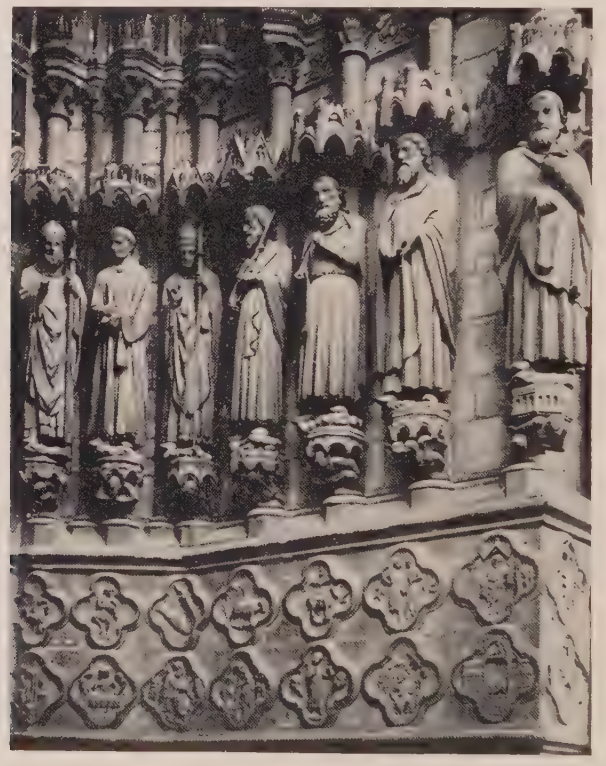
The development of the style, its additions of chapels and towers and aisles, necessitated new proportions, and such great structural and ornamental devices as flying buttresses. Builders seem to have vied with each other in originality and beauty of conception, and men like Vilart de Honnecourt, the distinguished pupil of the Cistercian brothers, travelled into Hungary, a long and tedious journey in those days, to study the practice of the profession. "Artist-builders," continue Bémont and Monod, "were admirably seconded by other artists, even less known than they. Sculptors cut figures of men, animals, and plants in the greatest profusion. As time advanced it is strange to see how much more elaborately they represented vegetation. The rudimentary flora of the time of Philip

"THE WALLS . . . WERE BROKEN, AND MASTER-WORKMEN IN GLASS CLOSED THE OPENINGS WITH VAST . . . WINDOWS WHOSE RICH COLOURS SHED A . . . GLOW THROUGHOUT THE EDIFICE."—TROYES.

Augustus was greatly elaborated in the XV century. The vault of the apse, which is semicircular in form, the plain surfaces of the triumphal arch which divides the nave from the transept, . . . sometimes even the high walls of the nave, were at first decorated with mosaics, of which there are many remains, or with paintings in distemper, of which there are still rare specimens; and when the walls of the nave were broken by large windows, the master-workman in glass closed the openings with vast stained-glass windows whose rich and various colours shed a joyous glow throughout the edifice, in perfect harmony with the spirit of Catholicism during the XII and XIII centuries.

"There were morose spirits or rigorous theologians who thought that the Church went too far. Saint Bernard, of one mind with the austere monks of Cluny, condemned the immense height of the churches, their extreme length, the richness of the polished materials, and the paintings which attracted the eye. He deplored the expense of these magnificent buildings, while so many human beings were destitute. The moderate spirits, like Suger, found in the beauty of the churches an additional reason to praise God. Goldsmiths and workers in enamel vied in decorating objects used in church ceremonies, Pyxes, Altar-tables, Croziers, Monstrances, Reliquaries, and Shrines. So did illuminators of liturgical books keep pace with the weavers who worked at the most beautiful woollen stuffs or brocaded silks which were used in church worship."

Of all accessory arts, two only are necessary to the perfection of the Gothic Cathedral. Painting is of doubtful merit; tapestries, and even the wood-carver's art, are purely accessory; Pyxes, Monstrances, and



"BEAUTIFUL AND MEASURED SCULPTURE IS NECESSARY TO THE GOTHIC IDEAL."—AMIENS.

Missals are ornaments of liturgical rather than architectural significance; but sculpture and stained-glass are essential parts of the church itself.

If beautiful and measured sculpture is necessary to

the Gothic ideal, stained-glass, although apparently an alien art, is even more requisite. A church without stained-glass is like a painting that has been only "drawn in." In this vital sense, the interiors of Amiens and of Laon, although they have nave and transepts, are almost as maimed and unfinished as Beauvais; and Troyes, Reims, and Chartres, which have both structural development and stained-glass windows, have reached a greater perfection of completeness than any other Gothic Cathedrals of France.

Under the old Romanesque, sculpture had reached a high degree of executory power and beauty. The new form brought less artificiality, less complexity, more measure, and more naturalness; but it was an adopted, not a new art. Stained-glass, on the contrary, seems a Gothic possession. If, in its inception, it was not conceived for the special adornment of the Gothic church, it nevertheless flourished and grew to that one end, and all its noble periods of creation are coincident with the growth of the "pointed" architecture. When Flamboyant declined, stained-glass also degenerated.

Like all art, stained-glass had its schools and its periods, and a voluminous and important history; and the Gothic edifices of the Isle-de-France contain so many of the finest specimens which have survived, and the tones of stained-glass are so intimately essential to the beauty and completion of the church, that they demand a description, even

if, in itself, it must necessarily be short and inadequate.

The chief periods of this art-form have salient characteristics. In the XII and XIII centuries a school arose and declined, the school of glass mosaics whose artists took small pieces of glass of dominating colours, minute particles of blues, reds, greens, and yellows, arranged them like multitudes of tiny jewels within the great settings of the window frames, massed them about the medallions which held the paintings of Biblical and legendary subjects, used them as the background of the storied scenes, and finally placed a rich border with interlacing leaves and flowers, sometimes graceful and sometimes sumptuous, about the whole design.

Until the end of the XIII century, when a little shadow and relief were introduced, pictorial glass had no perspective. Medallion scenes were still portrayed flatly and vividly; a new design, one large figure of a Saint or a great ecclesiastic, began to appear in the high windows; and, in these ways, masters of the craft performed the theological duty which was part of every churchly art of Mediævalism. The inchoate masses of glass which lay about the scenes and even about the tall, saintly figures were often more important than the subjects themselves, and it is here that the conspicuous distinction of this school was achieved. The coloured bits were marvellously toned, and welded into sheets of transparent mosaics that gave the most admirable

and majestic effects of light; and of the two inspirations of the French workers of the XIII century, the desire to illustrate sacred history, and to fill the church with "dim and religious" atmosphere, the latter is at once the more characteristic and the more perfectly executed. Their solemn, yet resplendent tone harmonies have never been surpassed, and perhaps not even reached, by any one of the other great schools of stained-glass, and it is generally admitted that the art realised its highest degree of perfection in the style which may still be studied at Bourges and Chartres and Reims, the mosaic form of the XIII century.

The XIV century is not so much a period of progress as of transformation. The old ideas did not attain to a higher expression; but having, as it would seem, reached the plenitude of their power, the artists experimented and imagined new things. These new conceptions were beautiful, but tentative, and when large, single, statue-like figures of Christ and the Saints rather than scenes from their lives were designed, niches and dais began to be reproduced in glass with all the architectural ornamentation of the times; and, as this ornamentation increased in luxury, the details of the windows which held these magnificent figures became more and more numerous until all the delicate complexities of the Flamboyant were shown in the glowing glass imitations of architectural forms. To hold the larger pictures a more extended space was necessary, and the restricting medallion frames were

not always used. Stiffness began to give place to a true plasticity and the study of perspective, shadow effects, and drapery.

All the trend of the XIV century was towards the painter's realm, workers in stained-glass began to consider the execution of sculptural or pictorial representations as important as the colouring of the glass itself. In a word, their art had no longer the simple, original, primary aim which its name implies, that of staining glass; it no longer stood in independence of the other arts; it was becoming, like fresco, a part and parcel of painting.

The next hundred years saw a still more marked accentuation of these tendencies; staining, pure and simple, had become of secondary importance, colouring waited upon the exigencies of design, tones were less richly intense, and the small medallion form was discarded.

The XV century brought the period of fully developed Renaissance, one of the most beautiful epochs of painting on glass. When colouring is called less "rich" it is not to be considered pale or attenuated. It has merely changed in quality, and lost in intensity, not in beauty. It is no longer sombre in glory, restful, conducive to meditation; it glows and sparkles and vividly tells the painter's story. Domes and pinnacles and lanterns of architecture form stately linear perspectives for the background of the figures. Grace, magnificence, nobility, and even license are depicted

"THE NORMANS FIND THE FINEST CHURCH AT ROUEN"

in the saintly scenes. It was the age of the suave and gracious Raphael, and his school influenced the masters who worked on the delicate canvas of glass.

The XVII century continued this development. Technically, leads were no longer made to follow either colour or line, but to divide the glass into regular blocks or squares. There was the same perspective, the same fineness of detail as in painting, the method of the one art had become the method of the other; and the only difference between stained-glass and painting on canvas was the difference in the material of the background. In design, the reproduction of architectural forms disappeared; and not infrequently only one scene covers an immense window, and these magnificent and beautiful scenes measure the extent of the evolution from the XIII to the XVII centuries. Asceticism had departed from devotional expression, grace replaced strength, the concepts had become idealistic rather than religious. Stained-glass was still splendid; but the season of its virility was past, and little insinuating mannerisms and affectations foreshadowed the decadence which was both swift and complete. In the XVIII century, a terrible blight seemed to fall on artistic creation; ecclesiastical architecture became crassly imitative,painting prettily conventional, sculpture lost every trace of originality, the taste for plain white windows appeared, and the art of stained-glass died.

In this XX century, few experiences are rarer than

the sight of a church whose every window is filled with coloured glass, and among the churches of the Isle-de-France, Chartres alone can claim this beautiful distinction. Bourges has its cold clerestories, and Soissons its grey windows. Meaux, Tours, Laon, and not a few others are sadly flooded with "white light," and distorted, as it were, by irreligious glare. Noyon is barrenly lighted; and even Troyes, with its multitude of lovely windows, has transparent panes in some of its chapels. Nearly all these Cathedrals once possessed much magnificent stained-glass; but among the arts it is the most fragile. With merely reasonable care a canvas may be preserved, a fresco can be rescued from beneath a coat of whitewash, but windows that have been broken by intent, by accident, by political revolution, by the explosion of a powder magazine, or by the authorisation of careless Canons, can seldom be restored; and it is not too much to say that scores, even hundreds, of these beautiful glass pictures have been destroyed, and that the greater number have disappeared forever. Happily a few specimens of each school have been saved, and no mediæval church of the Isle-de-France is without its greater or lesser treasure of windows.

It has often been asked which among the greatest churches is the most beautiful—and the frequency with which the question is repeated seems to be equalled only by its futility and its spontaneity. In answer, some one has well said that the Normans find the finest

"THE BERRICHONS FIND THE FINEST CHURCH AT BOURGES."

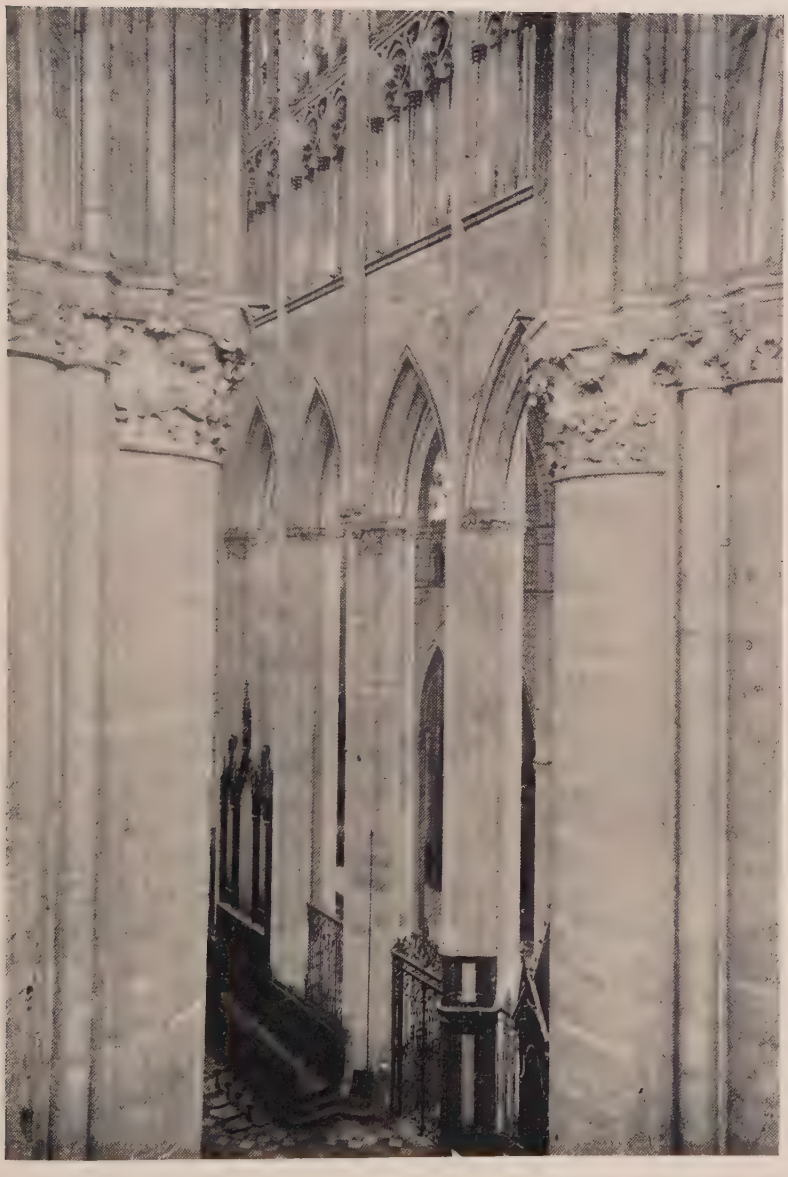
church at Rouen, the Picards at Amiens, the Champenois at Reims, and the Berrichons at Bourges. If a cruel examiner placed the question before a helpless student who was a native of no one of these places, the reply would be more difficult.

Versailles represents, if not the degradation, at least the senility of ecclesiastical architecture; Blois shows an earlier, but well-marked phase of this degeneration; and Orléans, the last worthy effort of a weakening, vitiated taste, is often beautiful but shows the decline of creative ability. There are earlier churches at Meaux, Auxerre, and Soissons, admirable edifices whose inspiration was suggested rather than original; Rouen, a great, unharmonious collection of fine architectural fragments of all the mediæval periods; Tours, with its good, interesting secondary exterior, and its one exquisite perspective in the nave; and Sens which claims to be the earliest among Gothic churches, a Cathedral of moderate charm, dignified in its essential parts, and radiant in its Flamboyant transepts. There is Senlis, a small modest building of an early type, and Noyon, which is at once a larger and more homogeneous piece of primitive Gothic.

Viollet-le-Duc calls Reims, if not the most perfect, at least the most finished of churches, an edifice royal in the completion and magnificence of its strong, virile style. Paris and Reims have the most beautiful and finished façades. That of Reims has force dissimulated by multitudes of fine and opulent sculptures, and

has been fittingly likened to a woman in a Queen's robes. The Western wall of Paris embodies majesty and strength, and, if the regal simile were continued, might

"A LARGER AND MORE HOMOGENEOUS PIECE OF EARLY GOTHIC."—NOYON.



"THE LOFTY GRANDEUR WHICH CHARACTERISES BEAUVAIS."

be compared with a great King whose rich attire adorns, but does not conceal, his power. Yet neither of these Cathedrals possesses a choir of that lofty grandeur which characterises Beauvais, the mutilated suggestion of the most sublime Gothic creation which architect ever promised to the world. At Amiens, crudeness has been avoided in every finished part, and all architectural virtues seem blended into strength and harmony. Amiens is called the "Parthenon of Gothic Architecture," yet its towers are virtually truncated, and Ruskin avers that its spire is only "the pretty caprice of a village carpenter." Bourges has real mathematical imperfections; yet, in spite of them, its nave is one of the noblest and boldest of mediæval buildings; it is unique, not in the sense of extravagance, nor in supremacy of style, but in impressive originality. The slender beauty of the towers of Laon and the magnificence of Troyes's five aisles are to be found only in these churches. If the nave of Laon, one of the purest and finest examples of the early style, had stained-glass it would easily rival the aisle of Paris; and its exterior exceeds Paris in strange originality as much as it, in turn, is surpassed as a whole by the heavy but superb massiveness of the metropolitan's outer walls. Chartres is a church of the highest worth whose sturdy strength is never without interest and seldom without beauty; and, if not irreproachable in the harmony of the whole, it possesses large details of uncontested superiority, and its delicate spire and East and

West porches are unequalled in form and ornamentation.

There is no church without its exquisite corner, but

"THE NAVE OF LAON."

"THE NAVE OF PARIS."

it is Paris, Reims, Beauvais, Chartres, Amiens, and the nave of Troyes which are the greatest constructions of the "royal" Gothic, its supreme material expressions of "the beauty of holiness." They may be better described than compared; and, instead of losing itself in arduous gradations and unnecessary classifications, the appreciative mind should enjoy and be grateful that each of the Cathedrals is so august, so beautiful, that they may not illogically be named together, and that there is not one only, but six, and perhaps seven "finest" and "greatest" churches of the Gothic school of the Royal Domain.

The Bishop.

From the beginning of the Christian hierarchical order, the Cathedral was the Bishop's church. But as the form of the holy edifice changed from time to time, so also the outward seeming of the Bishop changed; and if the ideal of the "inward spiritual grace" of the Episcopacy remained one and unaltered, its outward and visible signs underwent many radical transformations. The first Bishops very naturally undertook the direction of the new religious body. They were the friends of its Founder, and, after His death, they became the declared inheritors of His mission on earth and the logical interpreters of His words. In that sense they were both leaders and governors, but they played no part in the civil polity; and even Saint Peter, whom the Church reveres as the first Pope, was in

truth, as well as in formula, "the servant of the servants of God."

The Roman power, so brilliant, so world-wide, had reached its zenith, however, during the lifetime of Jesus. At first imperceptibly, and at length less gradually, it waned, until, after the reign of Julian, the administration of the Empire became a mere mass of essentially impotent machinery. The name of suzerainty was retained, but the actual rule of province after province was ceded to others; and the barbarians found it easy to seize the reins of power from people who, accustomed to centuries of peace, did not know how to protect themselves.

Christianity had now become a recognised world-force, a well-known religion, and the Bishops naturally ceased to be merely pastors of souls. The holiness of their office, the traditional sanctity of their character, led the people to follow their worldly advice as well as their spiritual admonitions. Insensibly their power spread, and imperial justice was sometimes directly delegated to them.

To the incoming conquerors of the Roman provinces, the pagan but superstitious and impulsive barbarian, this priestly character was impressive. The strange and magnificent sacerdotal robes, the Bishop's quiet accustomedness to heedful respect and to power, the deep experience which made him psychologically a master among men, gave him a power over these victors which was the more potent because it was intangible.

If the Bishop were worldly, he took advantage of his office, his training, and the troubled times to gain civil

A BISHOP'S CLOISTER AND GARDEN.—AUXERRE.

authority. If he were a trustworthy and holy character, power was eagerly thrust on him, and the crea-

tion of a dominant theocracy in this time of anarchy was predestined.

Not only had the holy or masterful character of the prelate brought him political consideration, the claims of religion also induced the laity to add to the wealth of the Church and, in consequence, to the might of the Episcopacy and of the Orders by gifts and offerings of all kinds. This liberality of the great lords, of Kings, and often of the priests themselves, had constituted an ecclesiastical wealth which was manifest in all the forms of feudalism.

The Bishops had serfs, farmers, and retainers; they directed and governed the lower clergy, the poor whom they fed, and certain "freemen" and "freedmen" who had voluntarily placed themselves under churchly protection. Under the Merovingians, only six hundred years after the death of Christ, these pastors of France, the spiritual successors of the peasants of Galilee, were great, landed proprietors who had acquired immense power, they were distinguished by many of the attributes of temporal sovereigns, and treated directly with their Kings.

In the cities, all the ancient municipal privileges which the royal agents had not taken fell to these churchly lords, the Merovingians ceded many other privileges to Convents and Monasteries, the Carlovingians also were generous to the ecclesiastical establishments, and the effect was to exempt Bishop and Abbot from financial taxation, to make them supreme

in their own domain, and even to keep the sovereign himself from interfering judicially. "It has been decided by the Lord King and the Holy Synod," reads a capitulary of Charlemagne promulgated in 794, "that the Bishops shall exercise justice in their dioceses. If any one, be he Abbot, be he priest, deacon, subdeacon, monk, cleric, or even another person of the diocese, does not wish to obey his Bishop, the case shall be taken before the Metropolitan who will judge the case with his suffragans. Our Counts themselves will come before the judgment of the Bishops." If the Archbishop could not or would not decide, then the King was to be appealed to; but the procedure, clearly established even in those early times, provided for the subordination of all other laymen to the prelates of the Church.

The first episcopal pastors are well portrayed in Viollet-le-Duc's city of Clusiacum,—accompanied by faithful priests, and often converting to Christian uses, to the care of the poor and sick, buildings which had been abandoned by departing Roman rulers. But these patriarchal friends and counsellors of the people had now become figures of the past, and the mediæval Bishop occupied a very different place in the social order.

The mode of life of the priests had also changed; and, in the time of Pépin the Short, Saint Chrodegang established, in his diocese of Metz, a Rule "for the clergy living together" in what we should call a clergy house.

They were styled "Canons" and the institution had a great prevalence and the most wholesome effect for some centuries. The Rule was a severe one, adapted from that of Saint Benedict "with such changes as would fit it for the use of the secular clergy," and the Canons were a company of clerics who lived in the cité and near the Bishop for the service of the Cathedral.

All the goods, chattels, moneys, and lands which were bequeathed in general terms "to the Church" were administered by the prelate alone, and the Chapter was at first rich with his riches and submissive to him. But as time went on, these priests, living in community, found themselves bound not only by a religious but by an economic tie. Money and lands were willed to them; they acquired the powerful independence which material possessions give; and if, in the X century, they were still far inferior to the Episcopate, their power had already begun to be felt. "Judiciary rights," with which the Bishop could not interfere, were claimed; in 1109 a Chapter actually excommunicated its Bishop, Galone, because he attempted to seize some land; an hundred years later a prelate could exact homage from a Dean, but could not suspend him. In the XIII century, the Chapter had also acquired the power to excommunicate and to "throw interdict," which could put confusion into a whole community; for, if the interdict was "thrown in the Cathedral," all the churches of the city were obliged to conform to its regulations, no

bells were rung, the public services ceased. The Canons also judged in Chapter meetings and, in the same century, one of their bodies had such large power that, for the offence of striking a priest, it solemnly sentenced Henri de Biargis to expiate his sin by three years of exile in the Holy Land.

At times confronted by this powerful force among the higher clergy who often had the stronger spiritual weapons, the Bishop had also continually to face the encroaching energy of the noble, Baron, Count, or Duke, who was the lay lord of the diocese. In these recurring struggles, the overwhelming strength which the arduous, continual, and, as it were, professional pursuit of the science of warfare might have given the layman, was outweighed by the fact that, as a vassal, he was continually riding forth to private feud or on the King's service; times of peace were few, and he seldom resided in the chief city of his domain. The mediæval Bishop, on the contrary, was, by nature of his holy calling, exempt from almost all the personal feudal duties of the Frenchman of rank; as vassal of the Pope, he was seldom required to do homage by his presence at the distant court of the Holy See; and he was, therefore, not only a landed proprietor, but a continual resident of the episcopal city, and by gradual processes of absorption, right, and assimilation, his civil prerogatives became more and more pronounced.

In the beginning, it seemed natural that he, the specialist, the expert in right and wrong, who,

"holding the keys of Heaven and Hell," was by training and necessity a spiritual and moral diagnostician, should also be a civic judge. In the XI, XII, and the early part of the XIII centuries, the condemned could compel the judge—or his representative—to descend into the lists and decide the justice of the verdict by the tourney. But the Bishop's hall of judgment soon departed from its vague, patriarchal forms and became a feudal court based, like all kindred organisations, upon the "curia regis." During the reigns of the Capetians, the Bishop acquired the right of coinage; and even if he were, by birth, the merest serf in the kingdom of France, he became, by virtue of his priesthood and his elevation to a See, a veritable feudal lord, and, at the beginning of the XI century, the two guardians of the city, its Bishop and its Count, were not infrequently in conflict.

Families gave, and families, dying, bequeathed; but the Church persisted; and often the most considerable person of a domain was the prelate and not the nobleman.

In 1015, we read that a certain Count Eudes of Beauvais was led "by the love of God" to present certain of his possessions "to religion," and the occasion was made solemn and impressive. Gorgeously apparelled, the Count "presented himself before the holy church," the Cathedral of his city; and, entering, with the deed in his hand, walked slowly into the choir. There, before the Bishop, the assembled clergy, and

A CANON'S CLOISTER.—NOYON.

the townsmen, he placed the precious parchment on the Altar, "so all people could see and remember forever."

Strange and anomalous customs arose from this interpretation of episcopal state; and the dual functions of priest and feudatory seem to have been in greater part clashing and inconsistent. There were Bishops who, before celebrating Mass, took off their iron gauntlets and put their vestments over their coats of mail; and, to a certain degree, these garments typified different dangers which their wearers incurred. For power brings foes, and the prelate had as possible enemies his Pope, his King, the Chapter, the Count, and even the people.

In 1149, Henry of France, a priest and brother of Louis VI, was raised to a Bishopric and disagreed vehemently with some of his new vassals. The vassals appealed to the King, and, with his aid, ranged themselves against the royal Bishop, the Chapter, and the Commune. The Metropolitan, no less a man than Archbishop Suger, menaced the Commune; the Bishop appealed to the Holy Father; and the Pope finally decreed that another Archbishop, Monseigneur of Rouen, should excommunicate all the disaffected nobles who happened to be in his diocese, that Saint Bernard should interpose between the King and his brother, the prelate, and that in these ways "peace should be rendered to the Church."

Material power brought to the priesthood not only

new foes, but a new and less spiritual quality of character. Cardinal Baromius, who lived in the later XVI and early XVII centuries, based an argument for the divine authority of the Church upon the fact that it had persisted in spite of all defilements, and, in attestation of these defilements, he quotes the Bishop of Orléans who, at the Council held in Reims in 991, said of Pope John XII, "To seek counsel from such a monster, even if he sit upon a lofty throne blazing with purple and gold, is to address a block of marble."

Again, it became the duty of the Papacy to fulminate against the Episcopate, and, at the death of Richard the Lion-hearted, Innocent II wrote of Mercadier and Arnold the Gascon, pillaging bandits, "whom the enemy of the human race has cast into the world as instruments of iniquity." These routiers, continues the Holy Father, "have concerted with the Archbishop of Bordeaux and spread through the province, plundering the whole country, and then have given up a portion of the spoil to the Archbishop, who received them and the plunder in the castle of one of his nephews. From this stronghold, which they held for over a twelvemonth, they swept the neighbourhood, desolating the land and taking everything upon which they could lay hands."

"Alexander of Bourbon," writes an historian, "cast aside Holy Orders to become Captain of the Flayers. The parson of Rouquette became a notorious highway-

man; . . . the fascination of this lawless life gained even the clergy," and the terrible, blasphemous words of Talbot expressed its great attraction: "If God came down to earth now, He would be a robber."

During these conflicts of the Church against the flesh, the devil, and the powers of this world, in which the hierarchy sometimes conquered the evil and at times was invaded by it, the people looked on with deep and often passionate interest.

Their sympathies were not always easy to predict, nor can the part of the Church in that vital struggle, the communal contests, be called decisive. Had the Bishops continued to be "as of old," writes Smith, "the recognised champions of the poor, the communes would have found helpers in every See, but the Bishops were now feudal lords, involved in the complicated machinery of feudal society, and the worldly character of many prelates, who had attained their place by purchase, was little likely to induce them to favour liberty. Nevertheless there were cases in which the Bishop suffered with the people in their struggle."

This closing sentence is but just. Among the men who formed the mediæval Episcopate, there are many holy, even saintly personages. The martial, dramatic figures naturally occupy the centre of the stage of French ecclesiastical history; but those who do not see the Saints and the patriots, the greater, often humbler, and too often unfortunate prelates, do not perceive the Church's truer part, and take but

a partial and narrow view of her labours. The way of the good priest was not always easy. "Godfrey,

IN THE CITY OF "GODFREY, BISHOP OF AMIENS."

Bishop of Amiens," continues Smith, "willingly surrendered his seignorial rights for the establish-

ment of a commune, but the lords, who possessed similar claims, refused to follow his example and desolated the country with fire and sword,—upon which the inhabitants who were opposed to the commune accused the Bishop of bringing war upon them. In despair at the condition of his See, the good Bishop resigned his position, and was compelled by the Council of Soissons to return to it."

The reward of righteousness and self-denial was so often ingratitude, the possibility of worldly pomp so great, that the priest who, entering his See, preserved spiritual ideals and led a truly religious life was necessarily a man of exceptional strength and purity of soul. The opportunities for petty but exceedingly lucrative peculations were innumerable; and although the Bishop possessed no shocking "rights," such as passing the first twenty-four hours with each bride within his domain, which is said to have been the privilege of the Princes of the line of Polignac, his power was not without strong traces of simony.

At Beauvais, no public way could be built and no dwelling could even be repaired without the permission of the Bishop—which, it is claimed, was never a gratuity. It was not till the reign of Louis VI, in 1122, that the citizens of the town were allowed to re-build without the episcopal authorisation an old or burned house—and, even then, three satisfactory witnesses had to testify that no improvements had been introduced

and that the reconstruction reproduced the former structure in every particular.

Public ways and watercourses belonged to the prelate, he sold the permissions to build bridges and even to throw planks across small streams, and if a bridge

A BISHOP'S CITY.—MEAUX.

had been destroyed, an "act" of the Bishop was necessary before it could be re-made.

Of all the nominal rulers which a commune might possess, King, noble, or prelate, the latter was the most omnipresent and unavoidable. For that general and impersonal reason he was at times the most unpopular overlord. The Count, often absent, gave the burghers

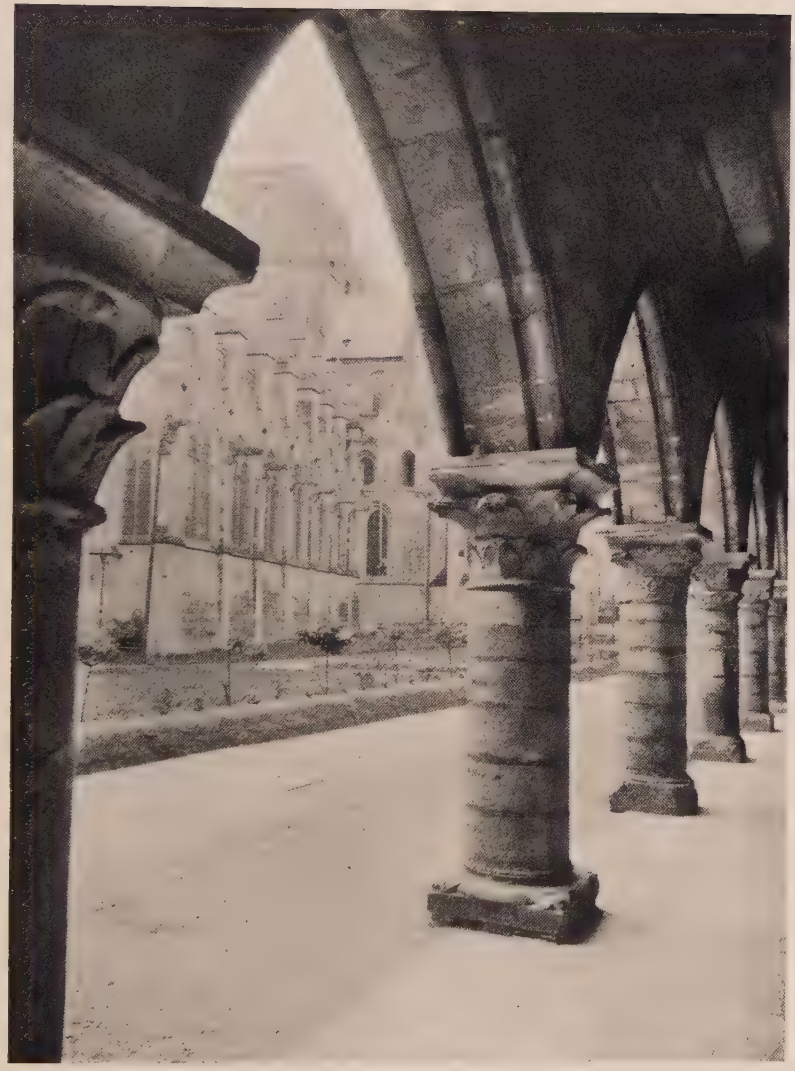
a more favourable opportunity for independence of action. The King was the vaguest and, therefore, the best of feudal masters. He was the most distant and, seeing matters in far perspective, might care less for petty, harassing interference; he had less time for insignificant details, he could often crush the Count, and sometimes he could silence the Bishop. The ideal of the mediæval burgher was to acknowledge direct allegiance to his King, but it was an ideal which was not always realised. In his case against the Count, the burgher might ask aid of the King and be revenged; but the Bishop could appeal to a court which was still loftier than that of the sovereign; he turned to a ruler whose inheritance was spiritual and whose temporal power was great, the Pope.

In episcopal cities, therefore, it was this reverend suzerain who played the preponderating part in the drama of communal history. Jealousies grew so rife that Cathedral-towns generally and gradually divided into two parts. The first and the oldest section, the "Civitas" or cité, was often built above the remains of a Gallo-Roman foundation. There was the Cathedral, and there the Bishop lived. About him gathered Canons, priests, clerical servitors, and the schools, of which the Church was then sole guardian. Land given him was naturally chosen near the ecclesiastical settlement, and, even before the IX century, this district was distinct, apart; and the churchly inhabitants did not, as a rule, favour a government by the people.

The "Burgum" or "Suburbum," on the contrary, was the birthplace and home of the communal idea; and if the Bishop turned his face from the independent townfolk, they also turned from him and even from his Cathedral. Whenever it was possible they built a municipal church, even larger and more important than that of the cité, and in it they deposited their archives. At Beauvais, this municipal church was Saint Stephen's; and against its outer wall was built the speaker's tribune, and here the Mayors and the newly elected magistrates came to take their oaths of office.

Clerical power was apparent everywhere. At Le-Puy-en-Velay, the gates which were lowered every night closed the cité from the burg. At Rodez, the burgher's part of the town had its moat and walls and the prelate's had also its moat and its mighty fortifications, and both—and each—were Rodez.

Two of the Kings who most successfully and systematically curbed the temporal might of the great ecclesiastics were Louis VIII and his successor, Louis IX. Notwithstanding his deep respect for the Church, notwithstanding his saintly and holy character, the later Louis kept the civil power of the Episcopate in submission to the Crown. After he had repressed, in 1233, the formidable sedition of Beauvais, he demanded eight hundred pounds "parisis"; and when the Bishop cried that the sum was large and dared to infer that it was exorbitant, the King instantly deprived him of the temporalities of the See.



"THE BISHOPS CLOISTER."—LAON.

This act was significant and betokened the beginning of the wane of the political autocracy of Ecclesiasticism.

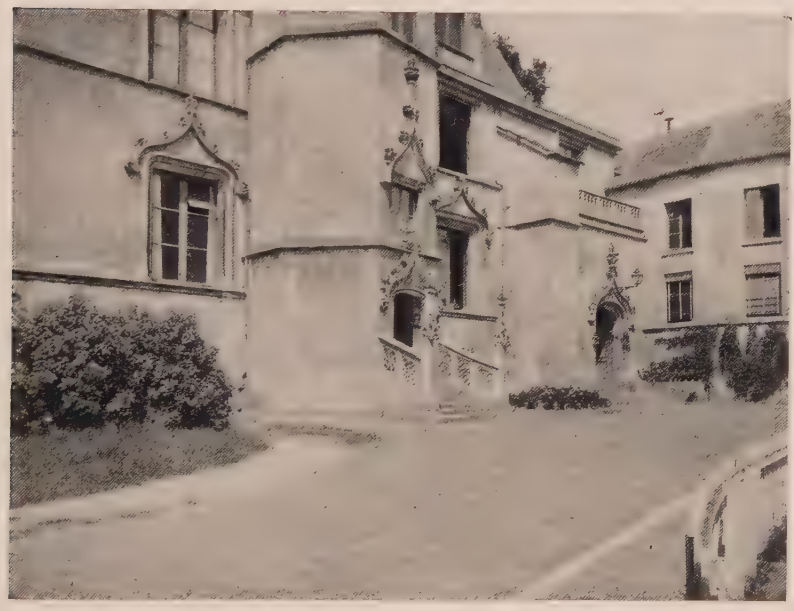
The Cathedral-building age was the apogee of episcopal greatness, the days when the mailed hand of the Bishop was almost as potent as his spiritual threat, and when his state of living was princely. The numerous vassals of such great prelates as the mediæval Bishops of Beauvais form a curious procession. There was first the Châtelain, who, as protector of the temporal interests of the See, was necessarily a lord of force and prowess, and whom his Bishop often found both essential and dangerous. There were also the Seneschal, the Chancellor, the Lieutenant-Provost, Bailiff, Constable, and Marshal, the Vassal of the Sword, and the Vassal of the Banner; besides these brilliant figures there were still other underlords who received the revenues, and numerous freedmen and servants of all occupations.

The Bishop, like all feudal rulers, levied taxes on salt, iron, steel, pewter, wax, arms, horses, and on all the bread which was brought to Beauvais or baked there. Leather-workers paid him for the privilege of plying their trade, and on each skin which they sold he received an additional sum. Until 1229, when Philip Augustus forced the acceptance of the royal currency, the Bishop had his "coiner," and he had also a vassal whose duty was that of being ready, when called upon, to clean the episcopal stables. There was, too, the holder of the Fief of the Lance, who took

one from every dozen lances which were sold in the city; and when the Bishop went in person to do royal service, this feudatory of the Lance, mounted on a horse given by the suzerain, rode at his side and bore the badge of his vassalage. The holder of the Fief of the Panetier served his lord with bread at the Banquet on his Entrance-day and on the great feasts of the Episcopal Court. He who enjoyed the Fief of Chambellage held the book on which the new Bishop swore the solemn oaths of fidelity to Chapter and Commune when he first stopped at the Châtel Gate of Beauvais; afterwards, in the vesting-room of the Cathedral, this vassal washed the prelate's feet, and, if it were required of him, slept in his Lord's room on the night after the first Solemn Entry into the city.

Another curious—and important—fief was that of "Jonglery," and its possessor collected a fee from every player, singer, showman, and "wayward woman" who came into the public square. The townsmen who married and remained in the city paid him the price of the bridegroom's garb, or gave him the actual clothes; and on the wedding day, they were obliged to offer him wine, a dish of meat, and a loaf of bread. Every bride who walked across the Bridge of Saint Hippolyte knew that she must give him four farthings, and that if she did not give them, she would be held prisoner until her debt was paid. After some years, the taxes levied upon the bridal couples grew so onerous that the natives of Beauvais appealed for redress to their suzerain, the

Archbishop of Reims; but the strolling actor continued to pay. Besides these wanderers, the Bishop had a body of players or "jugglers" who belonged to his household and travelled with him; and on Christmas Day, Easter, and Pentecost, from the hour of Prime



"THE HOME" OF THE BISHOP OF BEAUVAIS.

until the beginning of the Gospel of High Mass, certain of them sang in the Cloister of the Cathedral.

The renown of the great prelates of the North was not merely local. The College of Peers of France, an institution of ancient origin which adjudicated the disputes and judged the crimes of royalty and of the highest nobles, and considered such cases as the strug-

gle of 1216 for the heritage of Champagne, or the murder of young Arthur of Brittany by John Lackland, was composed, not only of the magnificent Dukes of Normandy, Burgundy, and Aquitaine, and the Counts of Flanders, Champagne, and Toulouse, but also of an equal number of ecclesiastics, the Archbishop of Reims and Monsignori of Langres, Beauvais, Laon, Noyon, and Châlons.

At the close of the XII century, the Bishops of the Isle-de-France who were peers of France received from the King the privileges which other prelates and many lay nobles did not possess, they held their county in direct fief from the Crown; their tenure of land was confirmed by royal charter; and their attachment to the sovereign was a close, double tie,—that of profound practical interest as well as of theoretical loyalty. In the ceremonial of the Coronation at Reims, it was the Bishop of Beauvais who held the royal mantle, and called out to the people to ask them if they would accept the King who was about to be anointed with the Holy Oil.

The homes of these lordly priests, Palaces, country houses, and castles, were magnificently fortified and as magnificently furnished, adorned with tapestries and finely wrought brasses, and kept in all the outward state of ecclesiastical rank. Yet neither this pomp nor their actual power satisfied the cravings of the prelates. They felt the desire, common to all ambitious minds, of finding an imperishable expression to perpetuate the memory of their existence.

This was undoubtedly one of the motives which added impetus to the great Gothic movement, and it has been called unworthy. That it was not, in itself, highly spiritual might be generally conceded; and it must be admitted that fear of an outraged Deity, a crude desire to placate Him, and to redeem spiritual sin by material gifts, led both priest and layman to contribute to the building of the great churches of the Middle Ages. Yet when the Bishop felt that his natural, human ambition united him to high, religious aspirations, when the layman turned hopefully to God in the midst of the dimness of his comprehension, the spirit was not altogether unworthy. Hope, aspirations, prayers, and innumerable strivings to produce an enduring symbol of their faith, as well as lower motives, animated the Cathedral-builders.

"Ye shall know them by their fruits," said the Lord, He who is believed to dwell in Very Presence within its walls; and of all the works of the Middle Ages, none show such lofty and sublime symbolism as is embodied in the Abbey and the "Bishop's Church."

Symbolism. In his great sermon on the Day of Pentecost, Saint Peter based his argument for the validity of Christianity upon three forms of evidence,—first, prophecy; then, miracle; and, last of all, upon the innate power of the new religious force.

Whether the sermon represented only one phase of

the theology of the Prince of Apostles or his whole spiritual thesis is a subject for the priest rather than the layman; but it must be evident to the thoughtful reader of Church history that this inaugural exposition formed the basis of the popular, doctrinal Christianity of the Middle Ages. To the mediæval Christian the persuasion of the ideals of the Faith, its moral grandeur, and all those hundred spiritual gifts which form, to the modern mind, the supreme tests of Christianity, were overshadowed by the more tangible proofs of miracle and the infinite possibilities of the interpretation of prophecy.

As the new Faith became widespread, the system of exegesis adopted by the priests was based less and less on arguments of authenticity or credibility, either spiritual or material, and relied more and more upon a scheme of analogy and of ingenious interpretations which seem to have been founded upon utility without, however, a trace of ecclesiastical fraud.

This method became so popular that it was developed not only in the writings of the Roman Fathers but by all priestly writers; and, early in the V century, Eucherius, Bishop of Lyons, enlightened France by a marvellous treatise, called the "Book of the Formulas of Spiritual Knowledge."

Perhaps no mental concepts can be more essentially different than the scholastic and the modern idea of "knowledge." Many a devout and intellectual man of to-day would then have been considered a monster

of heresy and unbelief; and a "mirror of science" during the Middle Ages was often he who could deduce the most preposterous and highly imaginative meaning from the plainest statement, who could most subtly and eloquently obscure a single fact in a labyrinth of metaphysical constructions, and who found an hundred explanations while often ignoring the literal significance of his text.

It has been claimed that the early Fathers of the Church were not guilty of these intellectual errors, that scholastic sophisms were the product of a degenerate Mediævalism, and that Origen, Augustine, and their contemporaries possessed the Scriptures in perfect understanding. But history does not corroborate this claim. In the V century, the Bishop of Lyons interpreted "Awake, O North Wind, and come thou South," the amorous phrase of the Song of Solomon which has been well described as "ardently erotic and highly poetic," as the invocation: "Get thee behind me, Satan, and draw near to me, O divine Spirit!"

Gregory the Great, who was Pope between 590 and 604, declared that the East gate of the Temple, which Ezekiel saw in a vision and described in the fortieth chapter of the Book of Prophecy, designates Jesus Christ. "Who else can be meant by this gate," cries the learned Pontiff, "but Our Lord and Redeemer Who is to us the Gate of Heaven, as it is written He it is of Whom Zachariah said: 'Behold the Man Whose Name is in the East.'"

But neither the Pope nor the Bishop of Lyons was the originator of this method of exegesis. Although their period is early, they were but the inheritors of well-developed theological forms. In his interesting book on Animal Symbolism, Evans tells that a famous Doctor of the IV century, Saint Basil, "expressly declares it to be a matter of less moment to ascertain whether such creatures as griffins and unicorns really exist, than to discover what religious tenets they inculcate; Saint Augustine affirms that it is not for us to find out whether these marvellous stories are true or false, but rather to give heed to their spiritual significance; and before 250, Origen had actually characterised the idyl of Rebecca 'not as a relation of actual occurrences, but as a concoction of mysteries.'"

AN ILLUSTRATION OF "ANIMAL SYMBOLISM."—PARIS.

After the Fall of the Roman Empire and the coming

of the Dark Ages, all learning, secular as well as sacred, was in the safe-keeping of the Church; and, in this atmosphere of uncritical, unquestioning piety, many branches of science acquired a strange—and forced—theological usefulness and a weird addition of legendary "discoveries." Zoölogy, in the huge text-book of early Christian writers, the "Physiologus," gives typical examples of this "scientific" lore; and its "history" of the lion, which deserves re-printing, is not an unfair example of its contents.

When this beast, writes the mediæval author, "perceives that the hunters are after him, he erases his footprints with his tail so that he cannot be traced to his lair. In like manner Our Saviour, the Lion of the Tribe of Judah, concealed all traces of His Godhead when He descended to the earth. . . . Secondly, the lion always sleeps with his eyes open; so Our Lord slept with His body on the Cross, but awoke at the right hand of the Father. Thirdly, the lioness brings forth her whelps dead, and watches over them until, after three days, the lion comes and howls over them and vivifies them by his breath; so the Almighty Father recalled to life His only begotten Son. . . . Who on the third day was thus raised from the dead and will likewise raise us all up to eternal life."

To modern ears, these words are grotesque; but to the monk of the earlier ages they were full of holy suggestiveness. Shut within his Western Monastery, he saw no lions; and if some traveller returning from the

far African land, brought tales which contradicted the stories of the Physiologus, the Brother could turn a deaf ear or rely upon the established and accepted reputation of his book, greater than that of the pilgrim; and, if he listened and found himself almost persuaded of the reasonableness of a more normal beast than the still-born whelp, he could take refuge in the words of the eminent Doctor wiser far than both Physiologus and traveller, and, realising that "it was not for him to discover whether the marvellous stories were true or false," he could safely "give heed only to their spiritual significance." As has been well said, the "engrossing matter was to reach heaven," the aim was to escape hell; and in this atmosphere of fear and anticipation of the beyond, the truths of this world became sadly confused. Dissection of the human body was forbidden, because of the necessity of a future and perfect resurrection; anæsthetics were anathema, temptations which the devil offered to suffering mortals to induce them to flee a purgatorial, purifying pain of expiation; and "science" was a mass of puerilities which served merely to illustrate dogma.

Consider, for example, the logical influence that the mediæval Christian received from the history of the symbol of the Cross. As a sign of "human redemption, and because the whole creation since the Fall was supposed to have been groaning and travailing together in longing for the Advent of the Messiah and the consummation of the Atonement, the Fathers of the

Church and the later Defenders of the Faith . . . imagined they discovered cruciform and cruciferous phenomena everywhere in animate and inanimate nature, and laid great stress upon this fancy as an incontestable proof of the divine origin of Christianity. Furthermore, as the Jewish people were the special channel through which this salvation was to be received, the literary and historical records of the Jews were assumed to be full of allusions to the Cross, and their religious rites were interpreted as having no purpose or validity except as prophecies and prefigurations of it."

As the fruit of a wooden object, a tree, caused man's downfall, it was preordained that the sign of his restoration should be made of wood. "We are told," continues Evans in his masterly compendium of this complicated theological idea, "that man was created in the form of a Cross, a curious and characteristic example of what logicians call hysteron-proteron, or what in common parlance is said to be putting the cart before the horse; since the Cross took its shape because, as an instrument of human punishment and torture, it was made to fit the man. . . . Some typologists are sufficiently strenuous to maintain that the Cross was originally a tree in the Garden of Eden where it grew in the form of the Hebrew letter Tau—T—, that Adam and Eve hid themselves behind it after they had sinned and when they heard the Voice of God, and that the blood of the murdered Abel cried out from under it, thus prefiguring the expiatory blood of Christ. It was

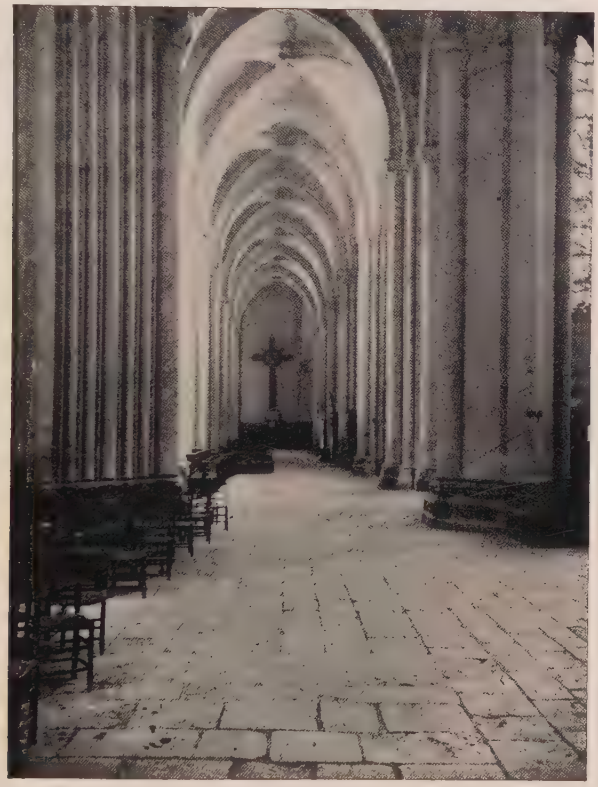
a branch of this tree that Moses cast into the waters of Marah to make them sweet, and the great lawgiver's wonder-working wand was a piece of the same wood. The world itself is constructed in the shape of a Cross, whose four points correspond to the four cardinal points or intersections of the horizon.

"Again, as a primitive physico-psychology resolved man into seven elements, four of the body and three of the soul, so the Cross is composed of four notches and three pieces of wood. Three multiplied by four makes twelve, and this sum corresponds to the sum of the Commandments of the Old and New Testaments. Four and three form respectively the basis of the quadrivium and the trivium which together constitute the seven Liberal Arts, and comprise the whole cycle of human knowledge."

But it should again be remembered that it was not the lonely, fanciful monk of the Dark Ages who first imagined these biblical parallelisms, they were previously the creations of strong minds, of great Apologists who lived two centuries or less after the death of Christ, such as Tertullian, Origen, and Justin Martyr. The trend was inevitable. Forced interpretations, spurious reasoning, and erroneous analogies, first applied to the Bible itself, logically became the tests of less canonical writings and led to the literal acceptance of a mass of figurative orientalisms, parables, beautiful legends, and foolish or childish superstitions.

As the material Cross was so important a symbol

that it was everywhere prefigured in nature and in Scripture, this prophetic insistence was considered, in itself, the divine sanction of a natural, human desire to



A MODERN "CROSS" OF THE NORTH AISLE OF CHARTRES.

preserve its actual pieces; and if the Cross was an object for universal remembrance, the relics of the Saints were to be held worthy only of lesser respect. The evolution continued from the reverent emotions evoked by sight of a piece of the Cross of Christ to those caused

by the tomb of the martyr, and from the respect felt for the grave, to the actual preservation of the body or even of a wisp of hair, a finger, or a tooth, until in the later ages, before a head of Saint John the Baptist, the Abbé Marolles could only exclaim, enigmatically, "Glory be to God, this is the sixth head of the Redeemer's forerunner I have had the good fortune to adore."

These outward and visible manifestations of theological trend were but the signs of the inward drift of the Church. Theology became the province of the ingenious rather than of the powerful intelligences; subtlety was more highly prized than reason; the tendency towards the decadence of virile religious dialectics was foreordained, and the famous discussions as to the number of angels who could stand actually on the point of a sword became possible.

To believe that the Church desired to keep the truths from the people is a grave mistake. In denying to them unguided access to the Bible and the Fathers, she aimed to shield them from errors, as one would protect an unlearned mind from too hasty conclusions or an immature intelligence from the dangers of too abstruse and illy digested reading. That which she considered the great and fundamental truths of salvation she strove to impart, often with vital, passionate effort.

The problem of mediæval Catholicism was not the secreting of holy knowledge from the profanation of the

vulgar, but the conveying, the spreading of its treasure to the faithful, unlettered Christian. To this end,

"CHRISTIAN INSTRUCTION WAS FOUND . . . IN THE EVER-PRESENT, INSISTENT . . . SCULPTURED STORY."—AMIENS.

Orders of missionaries and preachers were formed. Travelling from town to town was tedious and

dangerous, and the instruction of even a few villages involved great effort and many months of work. Hand-made parchment books were, by the exigencies of physical limitations, rare; and they were of little educational value to peoples who could not read.

The solution of this serious problem of Christian instruction was found not only in the recurring sermon, the Confessional, and the exhortation, which were often forgotten, but in the ever-present, insistent, often eloquently sculptured story of the church-building. At Bourges, in the stained-glass windows, the worshipper of the XIII century saw, besides many a plain tale, the figurative picture of the pelican, and the lion and the whelps which were so significant of his Lord's Resurrection; at Amiens he saw, just at the level of his eyes, as he entered the great door, the Virtues towards which he must struggle, and the Vices he must flee; and at Chartres, the sculptors seem to have determined to illustrate all the tremendous mass of doctrine, history, and piety in the "Universal Mirror" of Vincent of Beauvais.

This important educational service which sculpture rendered to mediæval Christianity was continually in the minds of its priests. "What Holy Writ inculcates into the learned, pictures impress upon the ignorant," exclaimed Hugh of Saint-Victor, "for as the scholar delights in the subtlety of Scripture, so the soul of the simple is pleased with the simplicity of pictures." Durandus, a Bishop of Mende, writing in

"THE SCULPTORS SEEM TO HAVE DETERMINED TO ILLUSTRATE THE TREMENDOUS MASS OF DOCTRINE, HISTORY, AND PIETY IN THE 'UNIVERSAL MIRROR' OF VINCENT OF BEAUVAIS."—CHARTRES.

1286, develops the same theme even more philosophically. "Pictures and ornaments in churches," begins this thoughtful prelate, "are the Scriptures and lessons of the laity. Whence Gregory, 'it is one thing to adore a picture and another, by means of a picture, to learn what should be adored.' For what writing supplieth to him who can read that doth a picture supply to him who is unlearned and can only look. Because they who are uninstructed thus see what they ought to follow; and things are read though letters be unknown."

As to the value of this pictorial architecture, there are very diverse opinions. It is by some believed to be a deliberate infraction of that commandment, so dear to the Protestant, the Jew, and the Mahometan, "Thou shalt not make unto thyself any graven image, nor the likeness of anything which is in heaven above nor the earth beneath nor the waters under the earth." In still further denunciation, Thomas Tuman, in his "Ancient Pagan and Modern Christian Sculpture," boldly offers the startling thesis that, "It has been reserved for Christian art to crowd our churches with emblems of Bel and Astarte, Baalim and Ashtoreth, linga and yoni."

It is not possible to deny that many of the greatest Cathedrals and Abbeys are profaned by various bald representations of indecencies. To the modern mind, the presence of these subjects seems, to say the least, anomalous. One reads of the careful ceremonials which a holy Bishop of the XIII century devised to

remove the stain of a "defilement" from the consecrated edifice. To accomplish this, "the church ought," according to the Constitution of Gregory, "to be washed with . . . water, the which washing some do affirm may be done by a mere priest. . . . Yet some skilful men of the highest authority have written that it is safer for this also to be done by none but a Bishop. . . . A church must also be reconciled in which an infidel or one publicly excommunicated be buried; and in that case the walls are to be scraped." These ceremonials were carefully planned with the utmost sincerity; and it would not be unnatural to infer that if a church must be purified of an intangible and, as it were, spiritual atmosphere of heresy, it should be purged as swiftly and as thoroughly of the more obvious, salient vulgarities. But this idea was by no means apparent to the XIII century Christian, who, as has been well said, was neither "thin-skinned nor dainty minded," and in the Middle Ages heresy was considered so much more profoundly wicked than immorality that it was less conceivable for the honest heretic than for such an immoral member of the Faithful as Isabella of Bavaria to enter the Kingdom of Heaven. Both from a coarse fibre of mind and because the doctrinal was of more importance than the ethical, it was eminently logical that the atmosphere of disbelief should receive canonical disinfection and that, sometimes, doubtless as object-lessons, such profoundly disgusting vulgarities as those described in Doctor Witkowski's

" ' THE SCRIPTURES . . . OF THE LAITY . . . THEY . . . THUS SEE WHAT THEY OUGHT TO FOLLOW, AND THINGS ARE SEEN THOUGH LETTERS BE UNKNOWN.' "—PARIS.

book, "Profane Art in Churches," were allowed to remain.

Another factor which was not without degenerating influence upon Christianity was the adoption—or infiltration—of various heathenisms. The greatest

"RIDICULOUS MONSTROSITIES."—PARIS.

orthodox feasts curiously coincide with pleasant pagan celebrations; in the churches the Roman Sibyls often stand side by side with Prophets and with Saints; at Aix-la-Chapelle, myths of Demeter and Isis and Horus, "in their assumed prefigurative relation to the Virgin

Mary," are more or less graphically depicted; and there were—and still exist—many other signs which suggest the persistence of vicious pagan tokens and even of the habits which they symbolised.

Holy and spiritual souls must have turned in pain and disgust from the vulgarity of the lower forms of classic reminiscence. "What business have those ridiculous monstrosities," wrote the fiery Saint Bernard in 1125, to William, Abbot of Saint-Thierry, "those creatures of wonderfully deformed beauty and beautiful deformity, before the eyes of studious friars in the courts of Cloisters? What mean those filthy apes, those fierce lions, those monstrous centaurs, those half-men, those spotted tigers, those fighting soldiers, and horn-blowing hunters? Thou seest many bodies under one head, and again many heads on one body. Here is a serpent's tail attached to a quadruped, there is a quadruped's head on a fish. There a beast presents the fore parts of a horse and drags after it the rear of a goat; here an horned animal has the hind parts of a horse. In short, there is seen everywhere such a marvellous diversity of forms that one

"A HALF-MAN."—PARIS.

reads with more pleasure what is carved in stones than what is written in books, and would rather gaze all day upon these creations than to meditate on the divine word of God!"

It should be realised, however, that those objectionable and subtile symbols, recognised only by the initiated student or the depraved, and those franker, coarser pictures hidden by the conscious artist in some obscure nook, do not form any appreciable proportion of ecclesiastical sculpture; they are not an hundredth, not even a thousandth part of the subject-matter of churchly carving; and the fair-minded traveller, however unfriendly, or even hostile, to the Church, must admit that her buildings are covered with holy lessons, and that if these lessons are sometimes naïvely or even foolishly expressed, they are far more often carefully, thoughtfully, and beautifully illustrated.

For Christian symbolism is an art of many phases, which, being virtually dead, has become more or less occult. A lizard, carved in one of the nooks or crannies of the Cathedral, seems to the modern mind merely a curiosity, an enigma, or an ornament; but mediæval lore relates that this animal, blinded by age, creeps to the crevice of a wall which looks towards the East, and, stretching its old head towards the rising sun, again receives its sight; and the mediæval worshipper, seeing the carved lizard on the wall of his church, knew that it symbolised the awakening and glorifying influence of the Gospel.

Sometimes, as in the carving of the clown teaching a monkey to read, which ornaments a height of the tower at Bourges, the meaning may be two- or even threefold. Sometimes, as at Noyon, the lesson is obvious, and every one who enters the South transept portal sees on one side a soul in the clutches of demons and, on the other, the anxious, watching friar, and can easily point the moral of the sculptured tale.

"THE CARVING OF THE CLOWN TEACHING A MONKEY TO READ."
—BOURGES.

The earliest sculptures of Western Christianity, those of the catacombs, are symbolical rather than pictorial. There is the Fish holding the basket of Eucharistic Bread; the Lamb of God with a pastoral staff and the pail for divine nurture; the Ship and the Lighthouse, which is the Church guided by the precepts of the Cross; and birds, the souls of the righteous, feeding upon the grapes of the "True Vine."

The number of general symbols gradually increased. Many colours and animals and plants acquired a figurative significance,—the dragon represented the spirit of Evil; the lily denoted purity; the olive, peace; the palm, martyrdom; and the scallop-shell betokened pilgrimage.

Finally the church building itself became a compendium of symbolism and every part had its meaning. In his "Mystical Mirror" of the XII century, Hugh of Saint-Victor wrote, "The material edifice in which the people come together . . . signifies the Holy Catho-

"THE MATERIAL EDIFICE IN WHICH THE PEOPLE COME TOGETHER . . . SIGNIFIES THE HOLY CATHOLIC CHURCH WHICH IS BUILDED IN THE HEAVENS, OF LIVING STONES."—AUXERRE.

lic Church which is builded in the heavens of living stones. . . . The towers be the prelates . . . who are her wards and defence. . . . The cock which is placed thereon is the company of preachers which . . . do stir up the sleepers to cast away the works of darkness, crying, 'Woe to the sleepers. Awake thou that sleepest!' . . . The door is Christ, whence the

Lord said in the Gospel, 'I am the door.' The pillars be Doctors, who do hold up spiritually the Temple of God by their doctrine, as do the Evangelists the Throne of God." The inclination of the axis of the choir, so noticeable in many Gothic churches, recalled the bowed Head of Christ on the Cross; the plan of the building itself was that of the Cross, the Altar was the Head of Jesus, and the apsidal chapels formed His Encircling Crown.

To this scholastic and oftentimes beautiful and poetic ingenuity there was no end. Bishop Durandus tells us that crypts denote the hermits, those holy men devoted to the solitary life of caves and desert-places; the apse is "the lay portion of the Faithful joined to Christ"; the pavement signifies the foundation of belief, the pulpit the life of the perfect, and the four side-walls represent the four cardinal virtues, Justice, Temperance, Prudence, and Fortitude. Even the cement, humble and yet most necessary part of the church, was not forgotten,—its lime was "fervent charity" and its water was "the Spirit." Besides the specific stories of their glass, windows, generally speaking, represented the "Holy Scriptures, which expel wind and rain, that is, all things hurtful; but transmit the light of the True Sun, that is, God, unto the hearts of the Faithful."

Not content with this instruction by means of suggestion and analogy, the prelates permitted, in the Cathedral and parish churches, plays which were often highly symbolic in character. "The Church," writes

"THE PILLARS BE DOCTORS, WHO DO HOLD UP SPIRITUALLY THE TEMPLE OF GOD."—BEAUVAIS.

Evans, "aimed to . . . direct the pleasures as well as to dictate the penances of the masses"; and the Bishops, as Viollet-le-Duc observes, "preferred to open their Cathedrals to the crowd and to permit . . . jollities within consecrated walls, rather than run the risk of dangerous fermentations of popular ideas outside. . . . Whatever concerned the moral or material interests of the community, whether it was to rebuke vicious habits, or to exterminate locusts, weevils, and other destructive vermin by exorcism, was the affair of the Church."

It was in the spirit of watchful guidance and instruction that many a "Feast," strange to modern taste, was piously inaugurated, "in good faith and without any intentional irreverence."

It has been said that the Roman theatre "died late and died hard" before the bitter opposition of the early Christians. But acting had scarcely disappeared from a heathen stage when, in a strangely different form and with a widely different aim, it reappeared within the walls of the church itself.

Civilisation overturned, many books and much knowledge lost, ignorance advancing with every onward step of the triumphant pagan hordes, the want of a thorough command of any common language in which to instruct these conquerors in the mysteries of the Gospel, were problems which seemed to demand from the Church some new variety of teaching which would meet the overpowering needs of the hour. At first,

processions within and without the sacred building were multiplied; many new hymns were composed, and it is said that the music of the chant, in which the pious story was told, was oftentimes more descriptive of a picturesque incident than solemnly liturgical.

However this may be, the aim was to teach great truths; and, in this increasing effort of the priesthood, persons were permitted to appear in the character and the supposed costumes of those whose story they enacted. Angels, Martyrs, Apostles, and Prophets declared the Gospel story, and crowded audiences, whether moved to tears or, like some Gothic heroes, to anger, listened with earnestness and ready faith.

It was from these beginnings that the Miracle and Mystery Plays were developed; and of them the strangest seem to have been the Festival Dramas, and especially those of the joyous Christmas season, the Feast of the Innocents, and the Feast of the Ass.

The former was said to have been introduced into the Christian Church by Theophylact, Patriarch of Constantinople, and seems almost a phantom-like recrudescence of the Roman Festa Stultorum. Choir-boys sat in the stalls of the Cathedrals, priests took their lowly places on stools, and the children elected, from among themselves, a Bishop who gave the episcopal benediction to the worshippers. Beleth, a reverend Doctor of Theology, of the XII century, writes that during Christmas-tide, the "month of liberty,"

four dances of priests, deacons, sub-deacons, and choristers took place in the church of Paris.

But even more extraordinary was the Feast of the Ass. On the Eve of the great day, the chosen animal was led to the door of the Cathedral; the clergy, in gorgeous vestments, advanced to meet it, and two little choir-boys sang;

O light to-day! O light of joy! I banish every sorrow;
Wherever found, be it expelled from our solemnities to-morrow!
Away with strife and grief and care from every anxious heart,
And all be filled with mirth who in the Ass's Feast take part!

The ass was then led before the Dean of the Chapter who read to it the order of "solemnities," —which sometimes were to last more than twenty-four hours.

The most shocking part of this feast was its apparent travesty of the holy and awful ceremonial of the Faith, the Sacrifice of the Mass. On the following day "the ass, wearing a cope and other priestly robes, . . . was met at the entrance of the church by the Canons and other clergy, and conducted up the nave into the chancel." The officiating priests were waiting, and "censers were swung which contained, instead of the usual fragrant gums and spices, fat black-pudding and sausage, which in burning exhaled anything but a pleasant perfume." The Introit, the supplication of the Kyrie, the praise of the Gloria, and the solemn Credo were chanted in "a harsh, braying tone," the

Ass's Litany was sung in Latin, the whole congregation roaring its French refrain.

From the regions of the East,
Came the ass, the worthy beast,
Strong and fair beyond compare,
Heavy burdens fit to bear.

. . . . .

Behold with what enormous ears,
This subjugal son appears,
Most egregious ass, we see,
Lord of asses all in thee.

. . . . .

Amen thou now mayest bray, O Ass,
Satiate with corn and grass.
Amen repeat, amen reply,
And antiquity defy.
Hey! Sir Ass, because you chant,
Fair mouth, because you bray,
You shall have enough of hay
And also oats to plant.

At the close of the Mass, the celebrant, instead of saying "Ite, missa est," broke forth into a loud "hee haw," which he repeated three times "as a parting benediction to the worshippers."

In an essay, "The Ass in the Middle Ages," which appeared in Didron's "Archæological Annals," M. Félix Clément makes these explanatory comments upon the famous Litany, "It is from the Orient that the Light comes to us; the Orient is the cradle of the human race; from the Orient came the wise men, the Magi, with whose gifts the ass was laden; in the Orient appeared

the star which guided them to Bethlehem. . . . 'Fair' refers to the moral beauty of Christ, . . . and 'heavy burdens fit to bear' to His fitness to bear the burden of a sinful world, symbolised by the heavy weight of the Cross.

"The superiority of the ass to the other animals, enumerated in the fifth verse, signifies that Christ surpassed in excellence all the Hebrew prophets. 'Antiquity defy' implies that old things have passed away and that the Synagogue has been supplanted by the Church. Even the refrain of the hymn, 'Hey, Sir Ass,' is an abbreviation of 'Hasten your steps, O divine Messiah!'"

It is also suggested that the animal was specifically honoured in the Scriptures as the Ass of Balaam, the Ass of the Flight into Egypt, the Ass placed by tradition with the ox in the stalls of Bethlehem, and the Ass of Christ's entrance into Jerusalem.

"But whatever symbolism there may have been originally," writes Evans, "was soon swallowed up and lost sight of in gross buffoonery, and the religious service degenerated into a sort of Saturnalian amusement." Pious prelates gradually began to fear more and more profoundly the lowering trend of these performances. "In 1212 the Council of Paris forbade nuns to celebrate the Feast of Fools; the Council of Bourges in 1286 and that of Bar in 1300 condemned all dancing in the churches and churchyards; and, in 1497," the Chapter of the Cathedral of Senlis issued an order permitting

the lower clergy to "enjoy their diversions before the principal portal of the church on the Eve of the Epiphany, provided they do not sing infamous songs with ribald and obscene words, or dance in a lewd manner, all of which things," they add, "took place on last Innocents' Day."

These plays, sacred songs, and dances, their development, and their downfall, have so much oddity and quaintness that the degeneration into which their naïve and poetic symbolism often fell has assumed a greater magnitude in proportion to the whole scheme of mediæval theological teaching than it really possesses. The very strangeness of these things, so long past that they are almost forgotten, lends to them an interest which is quite out of proportion to their true value in the religious, artistic, and literary perspective.

In the same way, the coarse symbols carved upon the walls and towers and screens and choir-stalls of churches appear, by their very vulgarity, so blasphemous, so violently intolerable to the modern sense, that they are remembered when the beautiful and appropriate portrayals of a myriad of familiar Biblical scenes have passed from the mind.

In the study of Gothic symbolism, all its phases should be considered; but, in studying them justly, it will be observed that the unpleasing representation, theatrical or sculptural, was a sign of the temper of the age, not of a special tendency or callousness of the ecclesiastical mind; and one quotation from the Bishop

"THE PORTRAYAL OF . . . FAMILIAR BIBLICAL SCENES."—AMIENS.

of Mende who wrote in 1286, that century of the greatest Gothic, will perhaps show how much the general moral viewpoint of a majority of Christian folk has changed.

"A woman," writes Monseigneur Durand, "must cover her head in the church because she is not the Image of God, and because by woman sin began. And therefore, in the church, out of respect for the Priest, who is the Vicar of Christ, in his presence as before a judge, she hath her head covered and not at liberty; and on account of the same reverence, she hath not the power of speaking in the church before him." This rather extravagantly low notion of woman as the Origin of Sin had its illustration in many forms less harmless than the good Bishop's homily, and in sculpture there are still many demonstrations, which art has preserved, of a past stage in the human evolution from animalism to refinement. Such standards of delicate and fastidious feeling as moderns have succeeded in attaining, however far from the highest, are displeased by these mediæval illustrations; but again and again, a mind which is not shocked into prejudice perceives that, rather than representing sordid religious ideals, they depict certain material ideas of that day, which were allowed to creep into holy places and profane them.

Symbolism has often proved a treacherous form of expression; it denotes a poetic and frequently an highly emotional phase of thought; and, in its portrayal

of religious emotion, the dividing line between erotism and fervour was too often obscured.

Another series of mediæval representations unpleasing to the modern religious mind are well illustrated by such extravagant symbols as those which materialise the word paintings of the Apocalypse or Revelation of Saint John the Divine. Even to-day the Apocalypse receives numerous strange interpretations; it is therefore not surprising that the Middle Ages, with far fewer sources of knowledge than ourselves, should have attempted to portray with literal fidelity this vivid Vision.

"IN SCULPTURE HE WAS CARVED . . . RIDICULOUSLY, HORRIBLY."—PARIS.

No better instance of this kind of symbol can be given than that of the Evil One. "A time came," writes M. Réville, in his History of the Devil, "when the idea that Satan had a distinct bodily shape became

settled; the form was that of the ancient fauns and satyrs, with protruding legs, hairy skin, tail, and cloven foot." He was evil in every abhorrent form; sometimes blasphemous as well as evil in language and often well pummelled on the church's stage to the satisfaction of a shouting audience. In sculpture, he was carved obscenely, ridiculously, horribly; made in later days to appear as a buffoon, a cynic, or a marplot; and, in the greater periods of Gothic art, he even rose to the awful dignity of Lucifer, the "Horror of earth's dread tragedy."

"It is important," writes Didron, "when we study a Cathedral door, a sculptured arch-stone, a Last Judgment, or a Hell painted on glass, that we should be able to distinguish Satan the Chief from his two principal agents, and those again from the crowd of lesser demons. The detailed description of the Apocalypse furnishes all the data for this distinction."

"And there appeared," records the author of this strange book, "another wonder in heaven; and behold a great red dragon, having seven heads and ten horns, and seven crowns upon his heads, and his tail drew the third part of the stars of heaven, . . . and the great dragon was cast out, that old serpent, called the Devil, and Satan, which deceiveth the whole world, he was cast out . . . and his angels were cast out with him."

Besides this arch-fiend of heavenly origin, and his company of fallen spirits, there was a subject, but mighty, "Demon of the Water," a beast which rose

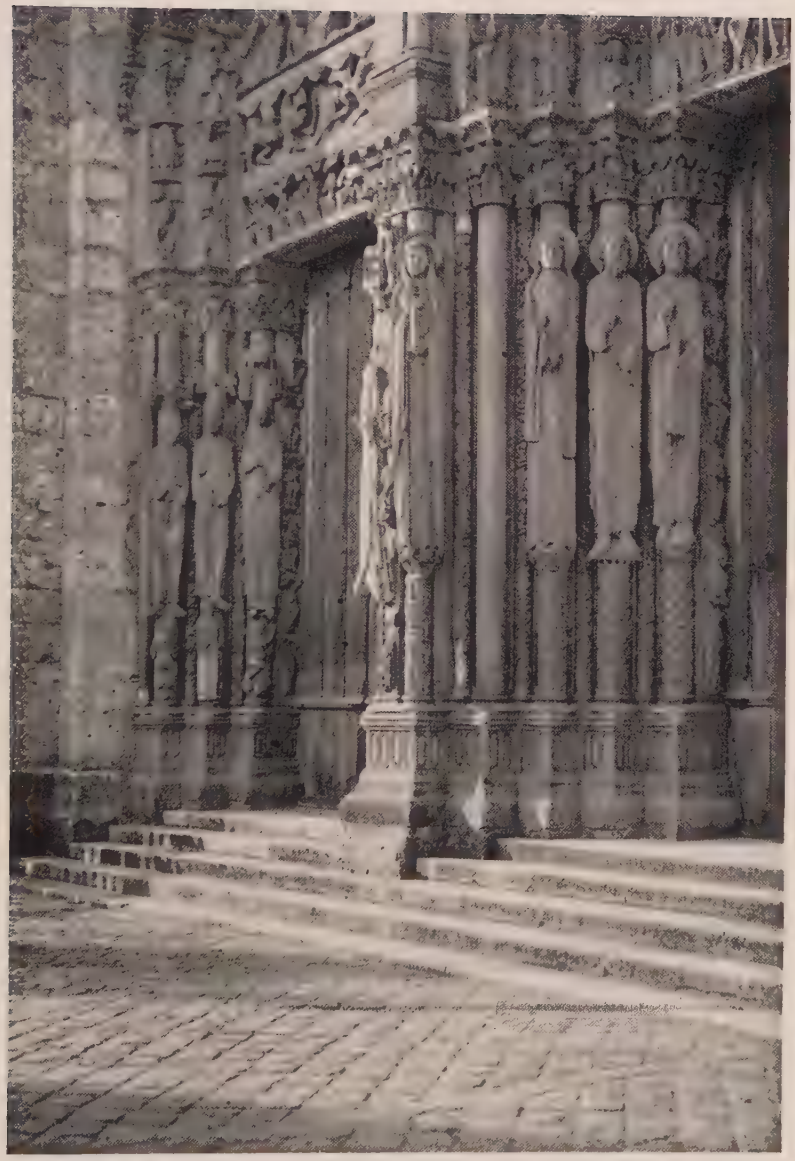
"up out of the sea, having seven heads and ten horns, and upon his horns ten crowns, and upon his heads the name of Blasphemy. And the beast . . . was like unto a leopard, and his feet were as the feet of a bear, and his mouth as the mouth of a lion; and the Dragon gave him his power and his seat and great authority."

Still another beast, a "Demon of the Land," came "out of the earth, and he had two horns like a lamb and he spake as a dragon," and he also had mighty power and completed this trinity of Evil.

There was also a multitude of other figures, beautiful and terrible,—"a mighty angel clothed with a cloud and a rainbow . . . upon his head, and his face was as it were the sun, and his feet as pillars of fire"; four seemingly lesser angels, "holding the four winds of the earth"; a "woman," who is supposed to prefigure the Virgin, "clothed with the sun, and the moon under her feet, and upon her head a crown of twelve stars"; and "a pale horse and his name that sat on him was Death, and Hell followed with him."

All these figures were vividly seen by the Faithful of the Middle Ages; they haunted his dreams, they soothed or terrified him; and they appear again and again in his churches and show a far greater and more literal familiarity with the Bible than is common to modern times.

Besides these terrors, and grave and serious absurdities of apocalyptic interpretations, another series of symbols grew into great favour; and some of them



A "CATHEDRAL-DOOR."—CHARTRES.

became so venerable in the eyes of the pious that, during his Pontificate from 1352 to 1362, Pope Innocent III affirmed in a Bull that "the Lance, Nail, and other instruments of the Passion are everywhere to be held in reverence of all Christian people," and he "instituted a religious festival in their honour." The pictures of the Chalice, not as a sacramental vase, but as "the full measure of the Lord's suffering," the Nails, the Seamless Coat, Hammer, Sponge, Ladder, Pincers, the Crown of Thorns, the Spear, even the Dice, recalled to the worshipper the last hours of Christ.

Efforts were made to create as vividly and, as it were, liturgically, other symbols which should show more abstruse theological verities and illustrate definitely, and yet with some degree of simplicity, a character or a theme. God the Father possessed the nimbus of Perfection, and Completion, a double triangle; a cruciform nimbus denoted, of course, Jesus Christ, the Crucified One; and the halo of Moses was formed by long shafts of light in interpretation—or misinterpretation—of the Biblical words, "and they saw that the face of the Lawgiver, when he came out, was horned." Judas's halo was usually a dull, gloomy yellow, and Satan's was black. When the Almighty Father was portrayed with a crown, it was capped and arched; the diadem of the Blessed Virgin Mary was capped but not arched; and there were degrees of holy rank indicated by the "nimbus," the "aureole," and the "glory."

It was difficult, if not impossible, to be entirely

specific. A dove is always a dove, but that of Noah betokened rest; that of David, peace; and that of Christ, salvation. Obviously, to express the artist's exact thought or lesson, it was necessary to add to his picture some explanatory detail beside the figure of the bird.

As the palm was the martyr's symbol and the scalloped shell that of the pilgrim Saint, so, in depicting one among the multitude of pilgrims and martyrs, some more personal token had to be given. The Apostles and Saints had always some emblem which made them easily distinguishable. Saint Thomas carried his carpenter's square; Saint Philip, who is believed to have been hanged from a high column at Hierapolis, stands near this strange gibbet. In memory of Christ's words, "I tell thee, Peter, the cock shall not crow this day before that thou shalt thrice deny Me," the Prince of the Apostles is sometimes represented with a cock, but oftener he holds the Keys in illustration of the nineteenth verse of the sixteenth chapter of Saint Matthew's Gospel, "I will give unto thee the Keys of the Kingdom of heaven."

Saint Matthew, who was put to death in Parthia, carries a hatchet, the instrument of his martyrdom, or the money-bags which show that he was once a receiver of taxes. The Beloved Disciple has a Chalice and, if a serpent issues from the Sacred Cup, the Christian was reminded of that impious priest of Diana who challenged the Apostle to drink from a poisoned glass, of the sign of the Cross which Saint John made over it,

and of Satan who darted away in the form of a snake and left the wine harmless.

The Evangelists have not only these personal signs, but symbols peculiar to their attributes as writers. The lion belongs to Saint Mark because his Gospel begins with the "Voice of one crying," like a wild animal roaming "in the wilderness"; the ox, emblem of sacrifice, denoted Saint Luke, who dwells upon the priesthood of his Lord. Saint Matthew is represented as the angel, and, to commemorate the "lofty flights" of his religious thought, Saint John is pictured as the eagle.

Saint Stephen often has a stone in his hand, Saint Mary Magdalene holds the box or vase of ointment; Saint Lawrence, who was "bound with chains upon a gridiron and slowly roasted to death," bears the instrument of his fearful martyrdom, and one particularly beautiful and poetic symbol was embodied in the ancient liturgical custom of placing the Blessed Sacrament in a hanging vessel formed as a dove.

The theological sculptor had, of necessity, to be deeply learned in the details, not only of Church history and tradition, but even of doctrine. "Among those masses of Cathedral sculpture," writes Doctor White, "which preserve so much of mediæval theology, one frequently recurring group is noteworthy for its presentment of a time-honoured doctrine regarding the origin of the universe. The Almighty, in human form, sits benignly making the sun, moon, and stars, and

hanging them from the solid firmament which supports the 'heaven above.' The furrows on the Creator's brow show that in this work He is obliged to contrive; the knotted muscles upon His arms show that He is obliged to toil; naturally, then, the sculptors and painters of the mediæval and early modern period frequently represented Him—as the writers whose conceptions they embodied had done—as, on the seventh day, weary after thought and toil, enjoying well-earned repose and the plaudits of the hosts of heaven.

"In these thought-fossils of the Cathedrals, and in other revelations of the same idea through sculpture, painting, glass staining, mosaic work, and engraving, during the Middle Ages and the two centuries following, culminated a belief which had been developed through thousands of years, and which has determined the world's thought until our own time . . . the conception of a Creator of whom man is an imperfect image, and who literally and directly created the visible universe with His hands and fingers." [1]

But the care for details, the minute differences between "aureoles," "halos," and "glories," the careful portrayal of an unimportant tradition of the merely physical aspect of a subject, betokens no neglect of the cardinal events of Gospel history and no ignorance of any portion of the larger Bible which the Church holds canonical. Nor is there any tendency to exclude great truths or to neglect the Gospel for holy legend.

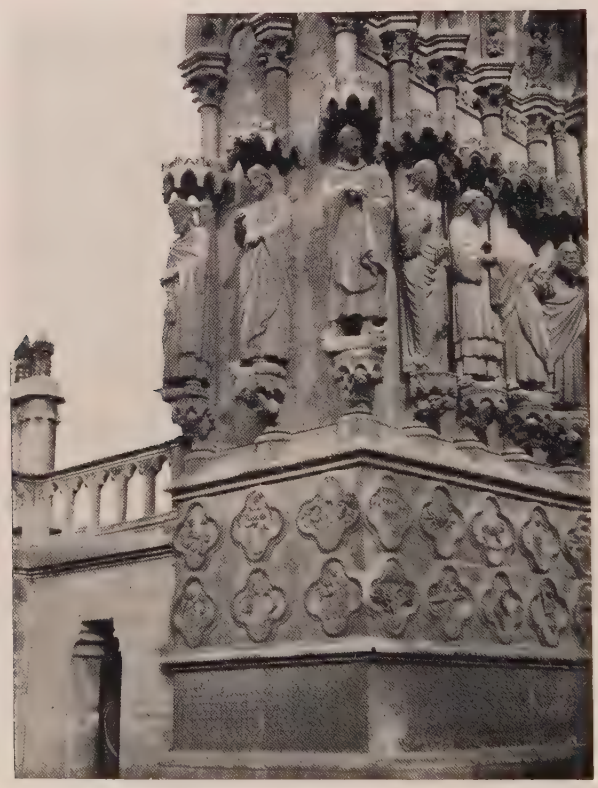
[1] White, A. D. *History of Warfare of Science with Theology in Christendom.*

Everywhere the supremacy of Christ is proclaimed,—Christ the new-born Emmanuel, the Child in the Temple, the Preacher, the Worker of Miracle, but especially Christ the Guide and Judge. The most prominent position is assigned to the scenes which portray these attributes of the God-man, and the most skilful and intellectual of the mediæval artists chiselled them. After they were completed, God was glorified in His Saints,—the Prophets of the Old Dispensation, the Disciples who accompanied Him, and the many holy ones of all nations and peoples who "followed in His train"; and, in more than one of the older Cathedrals of the Isle-de-France, the sculptures rise to the height of illustrating a wonderfully developed and complete theological scheme.

"EVERYWHERE THE SUPREMACY OF CHRIST IS PROCLAIMED,"—THE "BEAUTIFUL GOD OF REIMS."

Many of these sculptured copies of the Scripture were imperfect, as all human endeavour seems doomed to be, and

may perhaps be fairly likened to the efforts of those preachers of to-day who are uncultured, too literal, or uncouth; but many, on the contrary, were



"GOD WAS GLORIFIED IN . . . THE PROPHETS OF THE OLD DISPENSATION."— AMIENS.

suggestively and inspiringly noble and beautiful. At Bourges, Reims, Paris, Laon, and Rouen, the life of Christ, in Prophecy, Gospel, and Revelation, is the great theme, and the lesser subjects appear to have

been chosen with broad electicism, and Amiens, as Ruskin has truly said, has its great "Bible."

So far as she was able, the Church filled the land of France with these Bibles of stone, and such as still remain are a mute but magnificent refutation of the too sweeping statement that she kept the knowledge of

"IN MORE THAN ONE OF THE OLDER CATHEDRALS OF THE ISLE-DE-FRANCE, THE SCULPTURES ILLUSTRATE A WONDERFULLY DEVELOPED . . . THEOLOGICAL SCHEME."—CHARTRES.

Holy Writ from the people and held them in mere ignorant subjection. To the clerics, the only class of men who had books and cared overmuch to read them, she gave her manuscripts and the care of preaching and interpretation; to the layman, who could read but little, or not at all, she gave pictures, many hundreds of different pictures, which told the story of her

Faith; and, from sunrise until the night closed down, every one, from the proudest lord to the humblest old peasant, might find his Bible in the Cathedral, and might come as he would and study the Holy Book in stone, in fresco, or in glass.

The Early Gothic

THE EARLY GOTHIC

Sens.

According to the Thirteenth Epitome of Florus, the early inhabitants of Sens were "an uncouth race, . . . terrible in war, who caused such profound dread by their own size and that of their gigantic weapons that they seemed born for the destruction of men and cities." They held Meaux, Paris, Auxerre, and Troyes; and before the III century, when their barbarous ferocity was tamed by the more ordered ruthlessness of the Romans, their capital had become one of the most powerful cities of Gaul.

During the Dark Ages the martial history of Sens was still fiercely dramatic. It had passed from Pagan to Christian rulers; and in the same year that Charles Martel in Poitou accomplished his masterly defeat of the Saracens, Saint-Ebbon, the Archbishop, raised an army of his vassals and no less valiantly arrested their advancing co-religionists in Burgundy.

But ten centuries have passed since those war-like days, and Sens has lost its prestige. In political, in geographical, and even in ecclesiastical importance, it has steadily and surely declined, and in the eyes of the world of to-day it is but a pleasant town on the

plains of the Yonne. Looking across the neighbouring fields, a few groups of trees suffice to hide the little cluster of housetops; and, to those on the slow-moving barges and boats of the river, it is often only the

"TO THOSE ON THE SLOW-MOVING BARGES AND BOATS OF THE RIVER, IT IS OFTEN ONLY THE CATHEDRAL . . . WHICH TELLS THAT A CITY IS NEAR."—SENS.

Cathedral, rising heavy and bold, which tells that a city is near.

Many Sees claim that their Cathedral replaced a Temple, that their first Bishop was sent directly by Saint Peter, that he was a martyr, a thaumaturge, and even a friend of Christ. Sens makes all these claims, and adds to them that which is scarcely less interesting,

the fact of "having raised to God the first monument of Gothic form," of being "the first to conceive and execute in an imperishable work the marvellous lines of this new style."

In his architectural genealogy, Viollet-le-Duc places it between the Abbey of Saint-Denis and Notre-Dame of Paris. He writes: "Both in plan and in style . . . Saint Stephen of Sens is an original Cathedral; contemporaneous with . . . Noyon, it is without Noyon's delicacy and elegance, and in spite of the adoption of the new system of architecture, the amplitude of Romanesque construction still persists . . . like the last reflection of classic antiquity." These older traditions are marked in the foundations and the lower arches; but as the walls become higher, the pointed form grows more and more accentuated and the Gothic seems to spring and grow before one's eyes. Begun in 1124, or perhaps a few years later, the church's original plan included three aisles, a choir, ambulatory, and two or three chapels, and this plan was practically completed in 1168.

In the broad, side-aisles of Sens the illusion of the Romanesque is almost complete. The low windows open above little arcades and the vaulting springs full and rounded from pillar to pillar. The arches at the entrance of these aisles and the ambulatory suggest, however, the transition to the tentative Gothic.

Double columns alternate with great, clustered pillars in supporting the tall, dividing arches of the nave.

A low triforium has double arcades beneath large windows which form an higher clerestory. The breadth and regularity of this low central nave are beautifully measured; and it has strength and solidity, with an attempt at lightness. The alternation of double, round columns and the more complex pillars interrupts an effect which is almost monotonous, and, although the newer style seems uncertain and still, as it were, in the shadow of the old, there is appreciable progression in form from aisle to nave.

"BENEATH A ROMANESQUE ARCH . . . IS A WORN BAS-RELIEF OF SENS'S FAMOUS VISITOR, THOMAS-À-BECKET, ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY."—SENS.

With the exception of the Lady Chapel, built in 1206, the chapels which cluster about the apse do not add to its importance, they were not included in the original plan and are not an integral part of the church. They are filled with tombs which are also of secondary interest, and the more remarkable details of the choir lie in its ambulatory. Here,

beneath a Romanesque arch of the North side, is a worn bas-relief of Sens's famous visitor, Thomas-à-Becket, Archbishop of Canterbury. On the South side, beneath a graceful arcade, is the entrance to the barrel-vaulted Treasury; and on this side also, hidden high in the wall, there is a window which opens into the archi-episcopal Palace. In this window the Archbishop sat and looked down into his Cathedral, and, both seeing and hearing the officiating priests at the High Altar, could assist, unobserved, at Mass.

The nave has also several charming details. The monument which the Archbishop Tristan de Salazar erected against one of the pillars has not the slightest relevancy with the surrounding architecture. Where it seems graceful, the pillars, by contrast, are cumbersome; where their dignity is imposing, it seems light and trivial. In itself, however, this retable is a lovely bit of Gothic chiselling; in delicacy of fancy, it is exquisite and no other single ornament of the church is as beautiful.

At the right of the Southern portal of the façade, there are vestiges of an equestrian statue of Philip VI, the King of France who championed the cause of the Church in a General Assembly of the Clergy and Barons held in Paris on the eighth of December, 1329. In this noble Assembly, Pierre de Cugnières, a lawyer, vehemently arose and accused the great ecclesiastical lords of growing despotism. Pierre Roger, Archbishop of Sens, later Clement VI, strong in the sympathy of

the King, warmly defended what he termed "the immemorial rights and privileges" of his order, and the audacious layman was excommunicated. The great

"THIS RETABLE IS A LOVELY BIT OF GOTHIC CHISELLING."—SENS.

Archbishop, desiring to perpetuate the humiliation of his adversary, ordered that the head of de Cugnières should be carved on one of the pillars of the Cathedral. The people, delighting in this mask, mockingly called

"THE TRANSEPTS, CONSTRUCTED ALMOST FOUR HUNDRED YEARS LATER THAN THE BODY OF THE CHURCH, PRESENT THE GREATEST CONTRAST TO THE RETIRING SOBRIETY OF THE EARLIER FORMS."—SENS.

it "Jean de Coignot," and not content with the derision of the populace, the Canons marched before it and solemnly went through the impressive and awful ceremony of excommunication on each successive eighth of December. The head that now peers from the pillar is not the original, grimacing face which disappeared—perhaps in the Revolution of '89; and the new "Jean de Coignot" is neglected alike by clergy and people and, even among tourists, he has lost his fame.

"De Coignot" and the retable are merely details, but the stained-glass of the church is far more important. In the South aisle, there is a window created by the famous Sénonais artist, Jean Coussin, which represents the life of Saint-Eutrope; in the North aisle, the early XII century glass has great value, and there is XIII century glass in the choir. But the splendour of the art is found in the transepts,—the Last Judgment of the Southern rose, the marvellous windows representing the Tree of Jesse and the history of Saint-Nicolas; and the pictured apparitions of the Angel Gabriel to Daniel, to Zacharias, and to the Virgin Mary. There are also the stories of Abraham and of Joseph, the superb figures of sixteen Archbishops of Sens who are honoured among the Saints, and last—that marvel among marvels—the Northern rose, which shows Christ radiant and triumphant in the midst of His Angels.

The walls which hold these windows are, like them, of the late XV century. Constructed almost four

hundred years later than the body of the church, they present the greatest contrast to the retiring sobriety of the earlier forms. They have no triforium, the pointed arch is surmounted by a large and magnificent clerestory, and the Gothic appears in the glory of its tall windows and roses,—the creation of Martin Cambiche. This renowned architect built at Troyes, at Beauvais, and at Senlis; but, with the exception of Beauvais, these gracious and radiant transepts of Sens are his most beautiful work.

It is unfortunate that the first plan of the Cathedral should have undergone so many modifications that its original symmetry is almost lost. Unpleasing proportions and, as it were, architectural excrescences are too often due, not to the helpless architect, but to some powerful, pious, and inartistic donor of chapels; and in studying a Cathedral, it is often found that its more displeasing portions are addenda of later, uncomprehending generations. The transepts of Sens are so beautiful that their intrusion seems almost justifiable or at least pardonable, and by their position in the interior of the church they are so hidden that they do not materially disturb the general harmony. There is, however, not even a sophistical excuse for the introduction of the lateral chapels. In 1864, large chapels were destroyed that new ones might be built and the church "restored in its primitive style." It would seem as if the latter half of the XIX century should have developed a more critical sense;

for the "primitive style" did not include any lateral chapels at all, and these unhappy, modern constructions, far from possessing any inherent beauty, resemble funeral vaults. Little, Romanesque arcades open

"LITTLE ROMANESQUE ARCADES OPEN INTO THEIR LOW AND SOMBRE DEPTHS."—SENS.

into their low and sombre depths, and if they have any good quality it is that of a retiring modesty.

The church's exterior is, as a whole, rather heavy and cumbersome. Its apse and lateral walls have the characteristic feature of the French style, flying buttresses, but they are tentative and useful, rather than beautiful or decorative. The old North wall has, too,

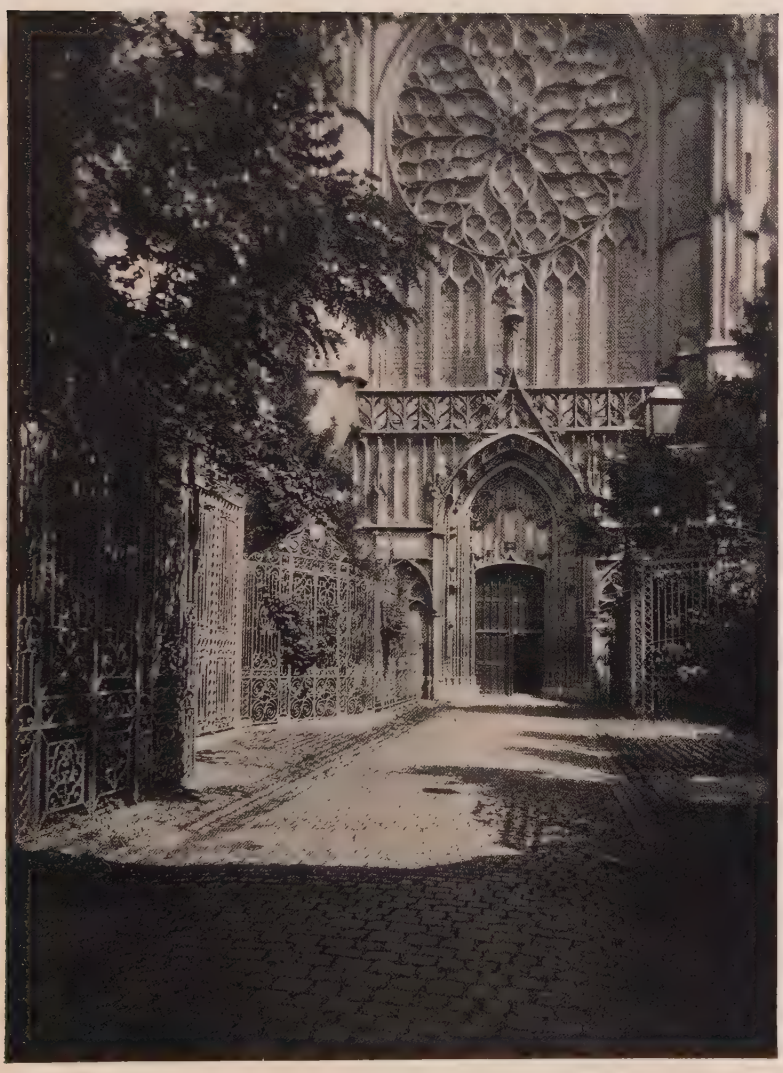
the door of Saint-Denis, a small but elegant portal which formerly opened upon the Canons' Cloister. But, since the Cloister has disappeared, the little door is neglected and almost forgotten and has lost its original significance in the architectural scheme. The façade is the most imposing part of the old plan. In juxtaposition with the masterpieces of Amiens and Reims, it would seem rather primitive and severe; it is not as graceful as that of the one-towered Cathedral of Auxerre, nor as barren as that of Soissons. Above the three portals, there is a story of dissimilar Gothic windows; the façade wall is then continued by a low gallery and a crude little rose; higher still, there is an archaic bas-relief of Christ in the attitude of benediction, with a worshipping Angel on either side, and this middle wall is terminated by three pinnacles, a Cross, and a balustrade. The towers, above their windowed stories, have practical balconies; the North side is ornamented with a blind arcade, and the South side has similarly decorated arches which protect five colossal statues of Saints. Philip Augustus built a portion of the North tower, which was called the "Tower of Lead," but, in 1845, every stone above the level of the façade wall was razed; and only the Southern belfry now stands complete, barely two hundred feet high, finely composed, but squat. On its heavy stages perches a little campanile, which is vulgarly called "the wart" on the great body of the church, and here the public watchman of the Cathedral used to live.

Perhaps the most interesting details of the façade are its three portals; and of these, the central door is much the more symmetrical and important. The Marseillais troops which traversed the city during the Great Revolution mutilated its sculptures and destroyed nearly all its large statues. That of the Patron Saint, Stephen, still stands on the dividing pier, because the fanatical soldiers of '93 considered the Bible, which he holds, a book of "the law," and thought the martyr a true "republican" like themselves and not a "vile, saintly reactionary." The other sculptured "reactionaries" were more easily recognised and, after the fashion of the Revolution, readily decapitated. The imagination, however, finds no difficulty in picturing the original scheme of the door and its familiar subjects. There are still almost fifty medallions, representations of the months of the year, the Liberal Arts, and the Wise and Foolish Virgins; and in the tympanum, there are scenes of the life of Saint Stephen. Angels and Saints, who adorn the vaulting, seem to assist at his triumph, and look towards the blessing Hand of the All-Powerful which appears from a cloud.

According to the loyal Sénonais, the "transfiguration" in architecture, which this Cathedral of the heavy façade and apse and the three unbroken aisles helped to inaugurate, "came at a providential moment." For between 1163 and 1165, Alexander III spent eighteen months of his exile in Sens; and, by making it the centre of Christendom, aided unconsciously in implanting a

knowledge and admiration of the new form in the minds of the Princes of the Church who came to do him homage. This propagation of an early Gothic ideal was more potential than would seem to the modern mind; for the great ecclesiastical Princes were also the great builders who inspired architects to new developments of the parent idea of Sens. Such is history as read by more than one learned antiquarian of the quiet, little town. They forgot the more famous Abbey of Saint-Denis and the fine and almost contemporaneous style of Noyon. Yet it is true that the primitive effort of the archiepiscopal city strongly impressed at least one illustrious visitor, exiled like the Pope,—Thomas of Canterbury; and Sens, although far from being the greatest of French Cathedrals, inspired one of the most far famed of those in England. William of Sens went in person to superintend the construction of the new Cathedral of Canterbury whose choir he planned, and France again helped in the beautifying of Norman England.

No local originality, of course, is claimed for the transepts. Except for their lack of the glory of colour, their outer walls are as beautiful as their interior perspectives. The Flamboyant in these transepts has a beauty in which there is no trace of the laboured or the artificial. A charming portal, with a heavy tympanum, is surmounted by a pinnacle and an open gallery. Behind this gallery, five Gothic windows rise as if to support the lovely rose. Higher than the rose,



"THE MOST CHARMING CORNER OF ECCLESIASTICAL SENS."

another ornamented gallery seems to connect the two rounded tower-like buttresses which support the wall, and higher still, between the buttresses, a big gable supports the statue of Abraham. The two walls are very similar. That of the Northern side is perhaps the more abundantly decorated; and if the whole plan were realised, statues and many little figures holding scrolls would be added to the lavish traceries of the niches, balconies, and windows, the gables, and the portals.

Leaving the Cathedral by the Southern door of Martin Cambiche, one enters the most charming corner of ecclesiastical Sens. In front a broad pathway, bordered by the high, finely wrought grilling which formerly enclosed the choir of the Cathedral, leads to an arched entrance and the small Renaissance door on the Grande rue. Behind rises the beautiful transept with the grace of its portal and the rich symmetry of the traceries of its rose. On either side, only half hidden by the tall, slim bars, are the trees and plants of the archiepiscopal gardens surrounding the Synodal Hall on one side and, on the other, the Palace itself with its window-frames carved in arabesques and foliage.

The Synodal Hall, which extends from the South side of the Cathedral, was built in 1231; and, although it is a comparatively low building and far later than the façade, the two structures are so closely joined that the harmony of the church's great Western wall is

seriously disturbed. Here, even more than at Noyon, the juxtaposition of Cathedral and Hall diminishes the effectiveness of each and produces an effect of unpleasing breadth.

In itself, however, this Officialité is dignified and notably well-planned. There is a subterranean story; a second story with a Hall of Judgment and convenient and gruesome cells; and above this, the great Hall of Synods. Six large and beautiful Gothic windows adorn the façade. The exterior buttresses, which rise between them, are plain and massive and seem to act as bases for the niches and their statues and the slender pinnacles which pierce the crenelations of the wall. Beneath the canopies of the first and the last buttresses, Saint Louis and the archiepiscopal builder kneel and apparently implore the Saints who stand in the other niches. The wall ends in crenelations, and is overweighted by a heavy, rather picturesque, and pointed roof of shining, coloured tiles.

It has been claimed by those careless of dates, or who desire to add to the interest of the Officialité, that Abelard was condemned in its great hall. But as he was judged almost a century before the Officialité was built, the anachronism is obvious. Other memories cluster about the building, however. Here, in 1234, Louis IX was married to Margaret, heiress of Provence, with the famous ring in which the words "God, France, and Margaret" were engraved. "Beyond this ring I have no love," declared the King.

Five years after his marriage, Louis had brought from the East the sacred Crown of Thorns, and remembering the city of his predilection, he came back to it in solemn state to place this most holy of relics in the safe-keeping of the Archbishop until the Saint-Chapelle of Paris should be built and made ready for its reception.

But all the history of Sens, even the pageant of Saint Louis's entry, pales in interest before the events which took place during 1140. In that year, a great Council was convoked for the "Translation and Veneration of the body of the new Cathedral's heavenly Patron, Stephen, the first martyr of the Christian Church." The King of France and his court, the magnificent Counts of Nevers and of Champagne, every Archbishop and Bishop in the kingdom, and many lesser knights and priests hoped at this time to come to Sens and render homage to the memory of the martyred Saint.

The aged Abelard, hearing of this great reunion, considered not so much its spiritual significance as the possible danger to himself. He remembered the persistent enmity of Saint Bernard of Norbert, Archbishop of Magdeburg, and the unceasing, inimical, and far-reaching propaganda of the good monks of Clairvaux, and his haughty spirit was still tortured by the humiliating memory of the Council of Soissons twenty years before. He therefore "resolved to anticipate rather than to await attack."

At this time, Henry, surnamed "the Wild Boar,"

occupied the archiepiscopal throne of Sens. This ungentle prelate had been drastically rebuked by Saint Bernard for "hateful cruelty"; and when Abelard appealed, the Archbishop was nothing loath to permit his saintly tormentor to be confronted—and, if possible, plagued—by the greatest logician of the day.

If the prelate could have foreseen the first effects of his summons, he would have begun to savour the sweets of revenge. Saint Bernard was overcome; almost, it might seem, panic-stricken. For a moment he forgot the force of his personal magnetism and the strength of a cause which he believed to be righteous. He remembered only that Abelard's skill was said to be so diabolically powerful that it could persuade good Christians that heresy was truth. Perhaps, too, in this moment of shock, the Saint realised that his was the religion of enthusiasm and acceptance rather than of argumentative proof. He knew that he was a true reformer, that he inculcated piety as well as orthodoxy; but he may also have realised that his monasteries were given to prayer, faith, and good works, and to meditations on the emotional and spiritual lessons of Christianity rather than to any profound research into its logical authenticity or credibility. At first, the Saint declined to meet the man whose theories he had so incessantly decried. With reason and with warmth his disciples pled, and their Abbot yielded. "I refused," he explained, "because I was but a child

and Abelard a man of war from his youth. When all others fly before his face, he selects me, the least, for single combat."

In temperament, Abelard was indeed the antithesis of his opponent. Like Bernard, he was sincere; like Bernard, he was a seeker after righteousness; but he was unimaginative, unexcitable, cold,—a dialectician. To his mind, statements beyond intellectual proof were suspicious, undemonstrable facts were unpleasant. Truth, humanly reasonable truth, was his standard. Although he despised the laxity of the monks of Saint-Denis, he did not stop at a matter of morals; but, admitting the sanctity of their martyred Patron, he attacked them also in a spirit of historic criticism and questioned severely and boldly, and to their unspeakable horror, the Saint's identity with the Areopagite, the Dionysius of Saint Paul's Epistle.

The Abbot of Clairvaux and his opponent have been well described. In Saint Bernard "the Past and the Present concentrated all their powers and influences, the sacerdotal, ceremonial, inflexibly dogmatic, imaginative religion of centuries, the profound and submissive faith, the monastic austerity, the cowering superstition. He was the spiritual dictator of the age, above Kings, prelates, even above the Pope, he was the model of holiness, the worker of perpetual wonders." Abelard, on the contrary, "was pure intellect, . . . logical to the most naked precision, analytical to the minutest subtlety; even his devotion had no warmth;

he ruled the mind. At best, he was a wonder,—Bernard was the object of admiration, reverence, love, almost of adoration."

Throughout the Christian world the news of the approaching clash between the two men caused the most intense excitement, and all eyes were turned towards Sens.

The magnificent religious ceremony of the Translation filled the first day of the Council. The second was to be devoted to the doctrinal controversy. Abelard had arrived with a train of pupils; Bernard came with a few attendant monks.

Early on the morning of the second day, crowds began to pour into the square of the Cathedral. The building itself was unfinished, and covered by a mere temporary roof; but, in honour of Saint Stephen, the interior had been superbly decorated with tapestries, and on the warm June day, the coolness of the white nave was calming and restful. The King, followed by a glittering Court, entered the Cathedral; the great, heavy-faced Wild Boar of Sens, resplendent in sacerdotal magnificence, ascended the archiepiscopal throne. Grouped about him, in scarcely less glory of vestments, were his seven powerful suffragans, the Bishops of Chartres, Auxerre, Meaux, Paris, Orléans, Noyon, and Troyes. The first letters of their Cathedral cities spelled the mystic word "Campont," which was proudly written above the Metropolitan coat of arms. Other Bishops, with attendant priests, sat in the nave;

the Abbeys had sent brown, grey, white, and black garbed monks, and there were many great lords and knights. Saint Bernard was among friends. The haughty laymen who could not tolerate the opposition of the humble to the great, nor of nameless to recognised authority, found in him their champion; of the

"THE WHITE . . . NAVE."—SENS.

merits of the theological discussion, they were intellectually quite unfit to judge. The ecclesiastical lords, born in the same class or raised to rank by churchly preferment, generally shared the same prejudices; and to them religion very generally meant practical authority and spiritual emotion according to sanctioned form,—it was not a subject for unbridled discussions.

Saint Bernard felt the presence of his friends, but he recognised also the power of his foe. He knew himself to be an instrument of God, Whose power was undeniable; yet God moves in mysterious ways. To the Saint the Black Art was no chimera, and the powerful Devil of the Middle Ages did not desert his votaries while they lived. The decisive moment had, however, arrived; and, with Abelard's heretical treatise in his hand, the troubled Abbot ascended the steps of the pulpit. At the same time there was a whispering among the people, Abelard himself had entered the church, and, gazing about him, walked slowly down the nave. Coming to the pulpit, he found himself face to face with his opponent.

The silence was breathless. The King and the great prelates leaned forward, while the humble folk stood and peered around the heavy pillars. A tournament was about to open, not such an one as they were accustomed to see, but one whose feints and parries they could follow, although they could not always understand; and the battle was between foes and to the death. Abelard sat impassive; Saint Bernard, remembering the vehemence of his past imprecations, was tense, contained, pale.

The reading of the questioned passages had scarcely begun when a most strange event occurred. Abelard arose. "I appeal to Rome," he said, shortly and distinctly; and before another word was pronounced, before his amazed adversary could recover himself,

the old monk had walked down the nave past silent King and gaping prelate and was out of the Cathedral.

The people of Sens, believing that he had denied the doctrine of the Trinity, would have attacked him bodily; but his appeal had placed him temporarily under the all-powerful protection of the Pope, and, amid taunts and curses, he escaped from the city.

Meantime, the Council had recovered from its momentary stupor; and Saint Bernard was not slow to perceive that, without reason or effort, by the mere dramatic effect of Abelard's flight, he had triumphed absolutely. The psychological cause of this flight will, perhaps, always be a mystery. The Abbot's sympathisers claimed that Abelard had been stricken dumb, and Saint Bernard himself immediately burst into exultant sarcasm.

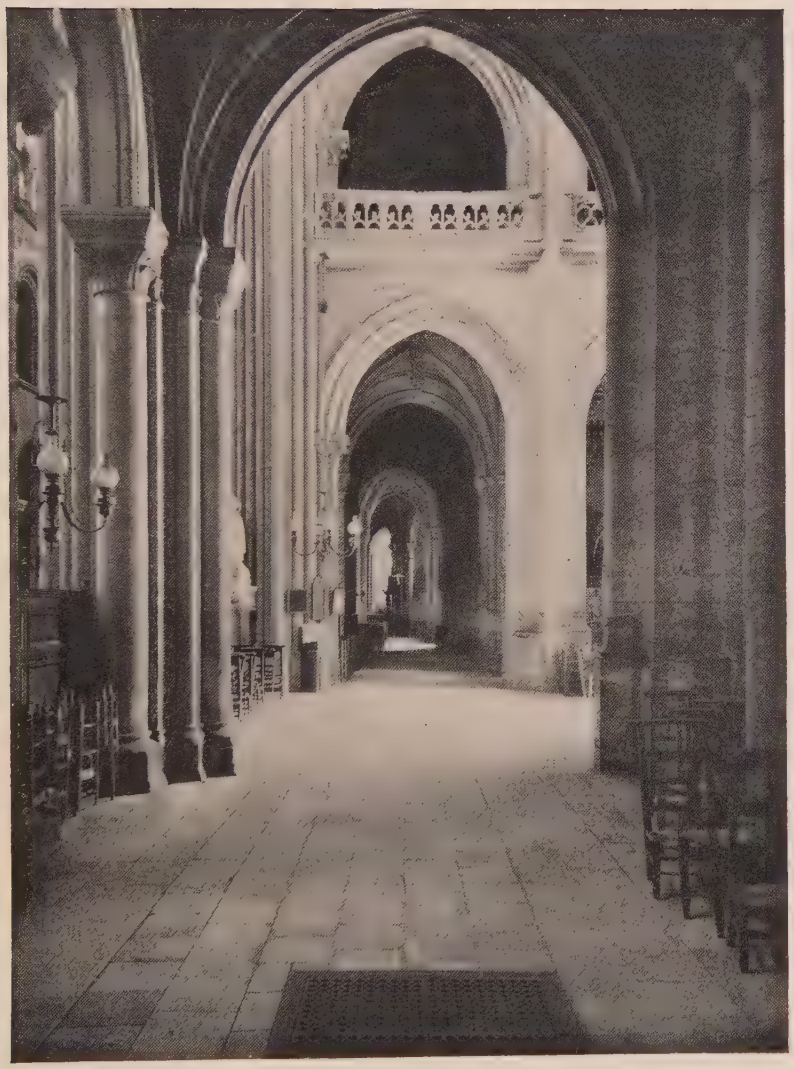
But this was not the end. The King, the nobles, and the Bishops of warlike race, who could have appreciated a combat, even one of words, were not so interested in a mere disquisition. To this, however, they were condemned. The victorious Abbot commanded that Abelard's arguments should be read at length, and—equally at length—he answered them. The listening Bishops could fight or pray, but they were often unlettered and still oftener untrained in close reasoning, and, to them, much of this allocution was as incomprehensible and as tiresome as a tilt against a windmill.

The scene, as the day dragged slowly on, is well

described by an eye-witness. The Bishops, grown "weary, relieved their fatigue with wine. The wine and the weariness brought on sleep. The drowsy assembly sat, some leaning on their elbows, some with cushions under their heads, some with heads dropping on their knees. Still the reader droned on, the assembly snored. When he came to some thorn-bush in Abelard's field, he exclaimed to the deaf ears of the Bishops, 'Damnatis? Do you condemn this?' At each pause they murmured sleepily, 'Damnamus. We condemn,' till at length some cut short the word and faintly breathed 'Namus.'"

In this manner was Abelard condemned; and with his sentence, the most famous chapter in the history of the Cathedral came to a close. It is justly famous, not only in that history, but in the annals of religious thought; and he who, standing in the nave of the white church, pictures in imagination the drama which was enacted there, sees not only an impressive scene, but a step in religious evolution which may well encourage the pessimists of to-day. For, whatever may be the discrepancy between the priestly ideal and the priestly life, it is inconceivable that the most enlightened ecclesiastics of to-day could meet in open Council and, drowsing over wine-cups, condemn that which they had scarcely tried to understand, or that the Christian world would not now turn from such a Council in utter indifference, disbelief, and disgust.

Even after this vivid scene, the history of Sens con-



THE AISLE OF "A CHURCH WHICH WAS A CATHEDRAL."—SENLIS.

tinues to be interesting. Clement V, always picturesque in his practical Machiavellianism, visited the archdiocese, and the effulgence of the papal presence was so costly that, when it was withdrawn, the impoverished host declared that "he had nothing left" and begged his suffragans to provide him with food and the dress of a monk.

A century later, when Henry V, the English warrior, lay before Sens, he found two competitors struggling for the archiepiscopal power. One, Jean de Norrin, was a loyal Frenchman; the other, Henri de Savoisy, had married the English King to Katherine, the daughter of his discomfited suzerain. "In Troyes, you gave me a wife," said the conqueror bluffly, after he had taken the city, "and now I give you one—your Archbishopric."

The last picturesque figure of the Cathedral-building period of Sens was Cardinal Duprat. It was only after the death of his wife that this noted and detested man had entered the priesthood. He served Charles VIII, Louis XII, and Francis I assiduously, became Chancellor of France, Archbishop, Cardinal, and Legate, and desired to become Pope. The King is said to have impoverished him; he, in turn, persecuted Protestants with rigour; and when, at his death, Francis I heard that he had endowed a large hospital ward, the royal master merely remarked: "It must be a very spacious ward indeed if it is intended to hold all the poor and afflicted his Eminence has made."

With the XIV century, Sens declined. It is true that, for a time, the rather interesting, politically minded Cardinal Duperron appeared upon the scene, but the town's political significance waned, its greatest men were dead, its Cathedral was left unfinished.

As the church was then, so, essentially, it appears to-day, after the passing of four hundred years. Its crypt, that venerable, mysterious place of early Christian prayer, is either destroyed or unexplored, and the site of its Cloister is marked only by the pretty little door of the North wall. It has fine details,—a small Capitulary Hall which is now a chapel, the reredos of Tristan de Salazar, the two old chapels of the transepts, "Jean de Coignot's" little head, the magnificent stained glass, and the tombs and statues. But none of these details compare in interest with the Flamboyant transepts and the transitional nave.

The perspective is much disturbed by the jarringly incongruous canopy of the High Altar, but the Cathedral-seeker becomes accustomed to ignoring such blatant details for the greater whole. In the nave of this broad, white church, he sees that the Romanesque is not so persistent as at Langres, that the new forms are more robust than those of the contemporary Cathedral of Noyon, that the classic tradition has lost its finest distinctiveness, and that the Gothic here makes an interesting essay and shows its real constructive worth. Yet from any point of view it would be an exaggeration to claim that Sens arouses

great enthusiasm or that it compels awe. Even without "odious comparison," its façade has only a solid, substantial interest, its transepts are charmingly rather

"IT IS A CHURCH OF IMPOSING GRAVITY."—SENS.

than supremely beautiful, and the nave and aisles form an interior of true, cold simplicity that awakens a sincere and reasoned admiration. It is essentially a church of imposing gravity rather than richness of ornament or beauty of proportion.

Senlis.

Many towns which lie within a five or six hours' drive of Paris are peacefully quiet, idyllically rural, as if, instead of being neighbours of the great metropolis, they were buried in the forest-land of the Ardennes or the furthermost plains of Champagne.

At the end of a long road, the continuation of a principal street, is a small railroad station which bears the name of the town; trains pass at a discreet distance, and their whistle is scarcely echoed in the quiet village. Certain of these towns are as old as Paris, and have an historical antiquity sometimes as distinguished as her own.

But, to the tourist, they seem often much alike. A church, seldom without its good, or even distinguished, bit of old architecture, stands, with open doors, in a quiet, dusty square; and all about the church, and between the shops and the post-office and the hotels, rise strong walls, and plain, quiet houses; and on the other side of these houses, windows open on peaceful, old-fashioned gardens. Yet the gardens are no more quiet than the streets; and sometimes, even along the principal thoroughfare, roses peep above the high walls, and hawthorn and lilac bushes grow tall and remind the wanderer, who walks wistfully without, that behind almost all French walls there are shady paths and beds of sweet-smelling flowers, little tables, and inviting chairs, and often a statue of the protecting Virgin.

"A CHÂTEAU WITH VINE-COVERED WALLS AND A GARDEN OF STATELY GREEN CONES AND GRASS PLOTS."—SENLIS.

Besides the houses and shops, the church, and the roses, each town has its own characteristics, those native peculiarities which are not so obvious to him who rides through in his motor, or merely stops to lunch or to sleep in the roomy hotel; but the real, heart-felt differences which make Noyon "home" to the Noyonnais, and Senlis peculiarly dear to the "child" of that town, although both Noyon and Senlis have respectively about six thousand inhabitants, a church which was once a Cathedral, and other traits which, in a guide-book, require very similar words of explanation.

Many of these small, old towns lie in and about the Isle-de-France, and among them Senlis is one of the most quaintly charming. It also possesses an unusual relic of olden days—a château with vine-covered walls, and a garden of stately green cones and grass plots. A shady promenade follows the line of the ancient ramparts; just beyond, in the pleasant fields, the modest ruins of a Gallo-Roman Arena show that ten thousand inhabitants of an older and a greater Senlis came to the classic games; and, over the pagan Arena, as over the mediæval garden and above all the little Senlis of to-day, rises "one of the most beautiful spires in all the length and breadth of the land," the spire of the church which was once a Cathedral.

Originally this small Cathedral was one of the earliest of Gothic buildings. Its plan had the comparatively modest size and dimensions of the old Romanesque, in its sculpture and in its forms it bore the marks of the

period of transition, and it had only three aisles, a choir, and ambulatory, and shallow apsidal chapels.

Piety and ambition led the prelates of later centuries

"ORIGINALLY THIS CATHEDRAL WAS ONE OF THE EARLIEST OF GOTHIC BUILDINGS."—SENLIS.

to build additions about this strong and simple construction, and the church of the XII century is partially hidden by more ornamented walls. The nave has chapels of a mature Gothic epoch, with delicately

"THE TRANSEPT, . . . THE GRACEFUL AND FLOWERY CONCEPTION OF MARTIN CAMBICHE."—SENLIS

carved piscinas, and vaultings whose religious subjects are daintily fanciful; the Lady Chapel is of the pseudo-pointed style of 1840, and the transepts, re-built after a fire, are the graceful and flowery conception of Martin Cambiche.

Owing to the small size of the church, the work which this artist created at Senlis was necessarily less imposing than his North and South walls at Sens and at Beauvais; but it is not only in size, it is in artistic power and symmetry that these smaller walls are inferior. The chisel of Cambiche is easily recognisable; the gables, the traceries of the roses, the little curves and arches, the general lines, the tympana of the portals, all betray the delicate and pronouncedly individual manner of the master; yet the combination of these luxuriant designs has produced that general effect of pretty confusion which so often mars the grace of the Flamboyant.

The deeply religious feeling of earlier builders, expressed in many carefully conceived Biblical scenes, no longer actuated the architect; if he built to the glory of God, the motive seems obscured in myriads of beautiful but meaningless arabesques,—symbolism had given place to æstheticism. One of the portals, shorn of its holy statues and surmounted by the letter F and the salamander of Francis I, its royal donor, might well be the pretty door of a château of the Renaissance; and the little musical angels on the vaulting of a chapel are more nearly akin to cupids than to the

glorious cherubim and seraphim of an archangelic host.

Nothing could be in more striking contrast to these rich and delicate, yet decadent, symbols and pictures than the virile and simple strength of the earlier walls; and the sharp contrast produces an appearance of architectural disparity, a lack of homogeneity which destroys much of the effect of beauty that, in itself, each style would produce.

These decidedly differentiated styles are, as it were, segregated; but, unfortunately, the upper story of the XII century nave was burned, and the new clerestory and vaulting, which were built in the XVI century, are too lofty, too slender, too developed in form, to harmonise naturally with the lower and older arches. These and all the contemporary portions of the Cathedral were built after one of the best types of the nascent Gothic, the Abbé Suger's Abbey of Saint-Denis.

The short nave of Senlis is not unlike that of Noyon; but it lacks the purity of Calvin's beautiful church. The low, broad gallery of the triforium is crypt-like in massive and primitive heaviness, and many of its capitals are broadly and simply carved. The side aisles are also low and shadowy; the apsidal chapels, small and tentative, are virtually graceful, shallow alcoves; and, in the ambulatory, the firm and deep-cut capitals are still somewhat archaically rich in the heavy style of the Byzantine school. A tradition, appropriate only to primitive architectural periods,

"THE LOW BROAD GALLERY OF THE TRIFORIUM IN ITS MASSIVE AND PRIMITIVE HEAVINESS."—SENLIS.

shows the early date of these monolithic pillars. Even in the days of the Renaissance, they were believed to have been made artificially,—thrown into a mould, and "composed of several materials, . . . hard stones, . . . bricks, tiles, gravel, lime, glass, incense, mastic, ox blood, vinegar, and . . . other things, . . . the whole pulverised and ground together"; and Francis I, on hearing of these marvels, came from Paris to Senlis for the express purpose of seeing them and testing their composition.

Perhaps no part of the interior presents such fine, strong, and harmonious outlines as are found in the exterior views of the apse and the façade. The slender walls of the choir with their small, well-formed flying-buttresses, the high, comparatively pointed roof-line, the tower and spire beyond, are delicately, firmly outlined, and resemble, in pleasing miniature, the larger forms of a great Cathedral.

The façade, because of its details, is even more interesting than the apse. Its central portal, built at the end of the XII century, is one of the earliest of Gothic doorways; and, although it has not the elaborate development of later portals, like those of Amiens and Reims, it is a prototype for the best qualities of the style. In all its comparative simplicity there is no crudity, and there is none of that ungainly awkwardness clothed in magnificence which characterises much of the French ecclesiastical sculpture of the XII century. Here the Gothic school has virtually emerged

from foreign influence; it is still young, but it is growing sure of its own genius; and, both in thought and in expression, it has grace, proportion, power, and individuality. The statues of Abraham holding his son and listening to the Angel who has turned away the sword, of Simeon with the Infant Jesus, of David, of Moses showing the Pascal Lamb to a suppliant, and of Saint John the Baptist, have real personality. The Coronation of the Virgin, which fills the upper and larger part of the tympanum, is considered a mediæval masterpiece and one of the oldest representations of this subject. "Some bas-reliefs, at the end of the XII century and of the school of the Isle-de-France," writes Viollet-le-Duc, "are very strongly dramatic in feeling. We will cite among others that one which, on the tympanum of the Cathedral of Senlis, represents the death of the Virgin, where the execution is most beautiful. In this scene, at which angels assist, . . . an idea is expressed with majestic grandeur. The event moves the celestial spirits more than the Apostles, and in the emotion of the angels there is a sentiment of triumph which touches the heart and takes from this scene all appearance of an ordinary death. . . . It is a soul liberated from earthly bonds, at whose coming heaven rejoices."

The lateral portals of the façade are very curious little doorways. They are partly Romanesque, partly Gothic; no figures or statues decorate any part of their surface, and their tympana are curiously ornamented

"ITS CENTRAL PORTAL, BUILT AT THE END OF THE XII CENTURY, IS ONE OF THE EARLIEST OF GOTHIC DOORWAYS."—SENLIS.

with arches and columns and miniature architectural forms. Whether they were painted is, perhaps, not certain; but the central doorway was formerly highly coloured, and shades of blue, red, yellow, and black can even now be traced on some of its carvings.

Although it is much smaller, the wall in which these portals are placed has something of the grave and religious severity, the stern nobility, of the façade of Chartres; but, perhaps because of its more modest dimensions, it seems at once less imposing and less bare. One of the towers which should rise above it is a mere trunk, crowned by a low peaked pinnacle. The other tower, which belongs to the XIII century, has been completed. In charm, in lightness, in aerial grace, in distinction and loveliness, it has scarcely been surpassed; and, with its strong, slender base and the delicate columns and pinnacles and lancets of its upper stages, it is a masterpiece of finished construction. Without any particular resemblance to the spire of Chartres, it is worthy of a place in architectural history beside that beautiful tower; and it served for many years as a model for all the later belfries of the Valois country and in much of the Soissonais.

Notre-Dame of Senlis cannot properly be compared with any of the greater Cathedrals. It is not to be described by any sonorous adjective. All its dimensions are so modest that their enumeration seems commonplace and uninteresting. It is, however, a small building which possesses many beautiful parts. To

one who cares only for "type," in completion and grandeur, it would, perhaps, be merely pretty and palling; the critical could find better "specimens" of Martin Cambiche's work, of fine tribunes, of greater naves, and of more lofty portals;—but for those who enter churches as booklovers finger an ancient parchment, as epicures linger over the flavour of an old and smooth liqueur, as artists search for the tiny treasures in a museum. Senlis will have a subtle charm, faint and exquisite as the odour of the fine incense slowly burned at its Benediction.

Noyon.

It is sometimes difficult to recall that the Cathedral of the Middle Ages was not only a holy place of prayer, but the centre of a vast ecclesiastical settlement, that it was surrounded by the dwelling places of Canons and priests, by schools of letters and of theology, by halls of judicial administration, and that, in itself, it was often a place of refuge, a fortress in which the inhabitants of the besieged city could gather to make a last, strong stand. The tendency of the centuries has been to relieve the Church of the cares of temporal government and to place the more technical and unspiritual branches of knowledge under the charge of national schools and lay instructors. With the passing of the mediæval customs and cares, the great dependencies of the Cathedral disappeared, the "Bishop's City" became a memory, and the

"THE BEAUTIFUL CHAMBER OF CAPITULAR SESSIONS, . . . LARGE, RECTANGULAR, AND FULL OF LIGHT."—NOYON.

Cathedral often remains in solitary grandeur to suggest the past.

To this rule of fate the ancient and episcopal city of Noyon is an interesting exception. It has not preserved all its reminders of mediævalism; some walls, gates, and portcullises have been destroyed, but it has now no more inhabitants than in the days of its great and heretical son Calvin, it has acquired none of the modern haste or mannerisms, and the Cathedral is still surrounded by the Capitulary Hall, the Cloister, and the close, the prisons of the Chapter, the protecting crenellated wall, the Library, and other ecclesiastical dwellings and buildings.

The Capitulary Hall of Noyon, which prolongs the façade of the Cathedral almost as unhappily as the Officialité disturbs that of Saint-Etienne of Sens, was built in 1230. Its cellar, whose magnificent vaulting is sustained by four heavy pillars, extends beneath the entire Hall and was built to receive the wines of the Chapter. The room beneath the roof was the storehouse for the harvests and the "tithes" of grain which belonged to the Canons; and between this upper floor and the cellar lies the beautiful Chamber of Capitular Sessions. This hall is large, rectangular, and full of light. A huge fireplace opens at one end; slender pillars divide the room into two aisles; the Eastern and Western windows are richly carved; the vaulting springs with charming grace, and every proportion is conceived with elegance and delicacy.

The façade of the building has the appearance of a one-storied structure, with a plain useful entrance-way, buttresses with ornamented pinnacles, and five large and handsome Gothic windows.

On the opposite side, the Hall opens upon a Cloister.

' IN THE DAMP LITTLE CLOSE, A WEEPING WILLOW CASTS ITS SHADE, . . . AND WEEDS AND SHRUBS GROW AS THEY WILL."—NOYON.

Here the most poetic and melancholy decay now exists. Because two sides of the walls needed restoration, they were destroyed; and the third side, which escaped this fate, was then propped by great ungainly buttresses; in the damp little close, a weeping willow casts its shade across the borders of an abandoned

well, and weeds and shrubs grow as they will. Six large, partly broken bays, boldly designed and beautifully decorated, help to support the vaulting of the sole remaining wall; and each bay is composed of two

"THE CORBAULT GATE."—NOYON.

arches which are divided again by little columns and surmounted by three open oculi. Although this part of the Cloister is a storehouse of boards, dust, broken statues, and building stuffs, it is still beautiful; one

side is decorated with blind arcades, the Northern wall has its little tower, its door, the frieze, and the terminating, protecting crenellations of warlike times; and, if a restoration could be accomplished, this would be one of the most typical and charming of claustral walks.

Overlooking the small close on one side and near the Corbault Gate, there is an austere building whose wall is pierced with a few barred openings. This is the Tribunal, the Hall of Justice, indispensable to a Chapter which exercised civil as well as religious jurisdiction in the "Bishop's City." The Canons, in whose hands lay the terrific power of the "Interdict" which could throw whole communities into religious disorder, had themselves received from Charles the Bold the privilege of "Immunity." The confirmation of several succeeding Kings and several Popes had firmly established this privilege and rendered the reverend Canons, whatever their accusations or judgments, personally inviolable; and so great was their impunity and so numerous their differences with the Commune, nobles, religious communities, and even with their Bishop, that the far distant papal authority had sometimes to intervene.

If the Canons were tenacious, their opponents were often equally so; and one disputed question, which was disciplinary rather than soul saving, remained unanswered for fifteen years. In 1525, John de Hangest had succeeded his uncle upon the throne of Noyon,

but, as he wore a beard, the Chapter refused to allow him to enter the choir. The new prelate, who was only twenty-seven years old, was unwilling to part with an attribute of manly beauty and the deadlock became complete. It was not until 1540, at the riper age of forty-two, that the Bishop's combat ended in his victory, and a special dispensation from the Head of Christendom allowed him at once to wear the beard and to sit in the choir of his Cathedral-church.

Whatever their secret judgment, the Chapter could not, of course, incarcerate so august a person as their Bishop; but other individuals of less fortunate rank were often subjected to persuasions of this rigour, and cells were built above and below the Chamber of Judgment and arranged with a just and appropriate sense of punitive proportion. The upper floor, with light and air and opportunities for work, was reserved for lesser criminals; the more hardened were sent to the dark cells of the first floor; and the most guilty to the cellar. Not one ray of light, not a breath of fresh air reached the dungeons, and, as no staircase led to their depths, the manner of reaching this place of punishment must have been indeed awful, and those who were thrown there lived—or died—in a horror of darkness and filth.

At a little distance from this sinister Hall, near the North transept of the Cathedral, there is a low, rectangular building of wood and stone roofed with tiles. This pleasant edifice was the Capitular Library. A

modest flight of stairs leads to the two rooms of the second floor, where book shelves lined the walls, and desks were placed before each window that the laborious Canons might see clearly to read and study. The lower floor was used as a "study-walk," and its pillars of old oak, ornamented with shields and coats of arms,

"A LOW, RECTANGULAR BUILDING OF WOOD AND STONE ROOFED WITH TILES . . . THE CAPITULAR LIBRARY."—NOYON.

and the great beamed ceiling form a picturesque specimen of a minor construction of the XVI century.

On the other and Southern side of the Cathedral extended the episcopal residence. Like the subterranean chamber of the Capitular Building, its cellar is a vaulted room, and the XIII century staircase leads into a passageway curiously ornamented with eight

niches. The upper stories of the Palace are by no means so well preserved. There are the gaping Gothic walls of a charming little "Sainte-Chapelle"; and, in the badly paved street of the Evêché, a little tower shaped like a pepper-box and a small façade with carved windows are picturesque but meagre remains of the architecture of the Renaissance mingled with the flowery Gothic forms of the XVI century. A sign which reads "Day Nursery" hangs on the ecclesiastical door, and the legend "Economical Oven of the City of Noyon . . . founded by public subscription, December 4, 1890" prosaically decorates the Renaissance wall of the Palace; but within, where bread may now be baked, was signed the Treaty of Noyon which ended the first wars between the young princes, Francis I, and Charles V; there Leo X, in a more spiritual "enjoyment" of the powers of the Papacy, made known his project for a new Crusade; there the good King Henry IV, of less orthodox memory, rested after the arduous capture of the town; and, on his way to Flanders, Louis XIV also stopped there.

Flanked on the Northern side by the Cloister and the Capitular Halls and protected on the South by the remains of the episcopal structures, the façade of the Cathedral is surrounded by a semicircle of eight houses whose entrance-ways are adorned by large pilasters. These are the last vestiges of canonical opulence, the residences in which "the intransigeant Revolution surprised the grave Canons." The Treasury

is also another ecclesiastical "annex" closely united to the Cathedral. Its beautiful, vaulted, spiral s aircase leads to an upper chamber, probably an old chapel, which is lighted by two Romanesque windows and the Cathedral's only rose; and the lower floor, which was formerly a vesting-room, has a pavement whose sonority reveals the presence of some kind of subterranean chamber now closed and ignored. The inventory of the Cathedral's ancient possessions would be incomplete without the mention of the cemetery on the North side of the church, whose walnut-groves yielded an annual harvest which brought thirty sous to the Vestry.

The Bishop—and ruler—of this domain was usually a strong and powerful personality. In the XI century the See had been raised to a conté-pairie, he was given the right to use the royal fleurs-de-lys, and at the King's coronation, he was the sixth among the peers of France and carried the royal baldric.

About Noyon lived ambitious lords, rivals, and enemies, and from his Cathedral-tower the Bishop could see Coucy with its majestic donjon; Quierzy, the Fontainbleau of the Kings of the First Races, where Popes received hospitality; Mont-Renaud where the ruins of the rich Carthusian Abbey of Ourscamp now stand; and the "golden valley" of the Oise with its woods and forests where, during the League, the Duke of Guise, Charles of Lorraine, and the Catholic party lay when Henry IV besieged and took Noyon in 1591.

To create and to conserve the episcopal power in the

midst of these ambitious feudatories had not been the work of humble weaklings.

In the XI century, the royal authority was evidenced by a tower which rose near the Cathedral, but Bishop Hardouin de Croy, who could not endure this continual reminder of suzerainty, armed the citizens and razed it to the ground. Less than an hundred years later, Bishop Baudry, wisely interpreting the signs of the times, convoked all the knights, burghers, and tradesfolk, and presented them with a charter which conferred the election of magistrates upon the burghers and gave to the inhabitants of the city the right of trial before these lay judges, and entire liberty of goods. The revolution which produced this change was pacific, and through the wisdom of its prelate, Noyon, with Beauvais, offered to other cities of France the finest model of a communal constitution. But some succeeding Bishops were not content with this stewardship of power, they often declared and thought themselves "lords absolute" by virtue of their office, and in 1791 this fabulous notion of episcopal glory had grown so great that, on his death-bed, Monseigneur de Clermont-Tonnerre permitted himself to say, "God looks twice before he judges a man of my quality."

The pith of such expressions explains much that engendered the mad spirit of the Revolution and it is a pleasure to leave these incomprehensible pretensions and to return to the simpler subject of the origins of Notre-Dame. The good Saint-Médard, driven from

the ruins of his city of Vermand by Attila and the Huns, re-established the episcopal seat in Noyon, a stronghold near his birth-place. Many famous historical events took place in the new Cathedral-city. In 768, Charlemagne was crowned there at the same time that his brother Carloman was crowned at Soissons; and there also, in 987, Hugues Capet was acclaimed King of the Franks. But these scenes took place in two of the four Cathedrals which preceded the present edifice.

In a suit instituted in 1385 by the people of Noyon against the Bishop, Chapter, and parish priests of the city, the Canons claimed that the Cathedral was built by Charlemagne upon the foundations of the Château of Roland, but the legend is prettily and fantastically romantic. The earliest architectural trace which the present edifice seems to bear is that of a church of 1131 which was almost totally destroyed by fire; a fifth Cathedral was begun a few years later; and between that time and 1230 all the more important structure of the Notre-Dame of to-day was brought to completion.

As Baudoin II, the builder of this Cathedral, was a friend of the Abbé Suger of Saint-Denis, a strong presumption of architectural affinity would be suggested between Notre-Dame and the Abbey, and this practically exists. Yet Noyon possesses much originality. With the conventional form of a Latin Cross, its transepts are unconventionally rounded, and, unlike many transitional edifices whose imperfect outer walls cover

an interior of more harmonious unity, its exterior possesses architectural lines which are at once austere, grave, and dignified.

A peristyle, a stage of three severe windows and a gallery, and another of slender Romanesque and Gothic arcades, form the first stories of the façade. Above them the wall ends in a tiny central gable and two big towers. It would scarcely be possible to devise a more sober plan, nor one whose extreme simplicity could be more impressively imagined or proportioned.

In general appearance the sturdy towers seem identical; they are of almost the same height, neither has received the spire which should probably have crowned it, they have the same general outlines, and the angles of each high, slated roof are ornamented with little, peaked turrets. But in detail they differ. On the South side the early Gothic of the XIII century shows the plainness of its strength; on the Northern side the elegance of the XIV century style is developed.

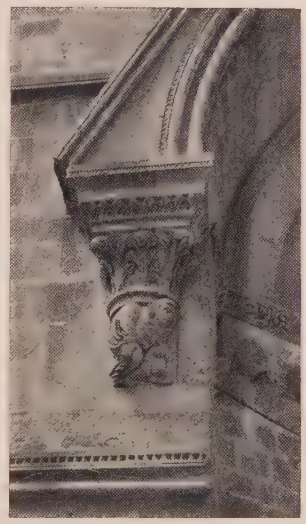
Approached by a broad flight of steps and upheld by two great, jutting buttresses, the peristyle is a heavy, original, and not unpleasing construction. Through the wrought-iron gates of its three outer arches are seen the vaulted porch and the doors which lead to the nave. It is said that on each of the tympana of these XIII century portals one of the three subjects, "Purgatory," "Hell," and the "Entrance of Souls into Paradise," was formerly portrayed, and that these

large scenes were coloured and sculptured with all the realism of a Dantesque conception. In other—and greater—portals, all these scenes and Christ's Judgment and the Resurrection of the Dead are compressed within the arch of the tympanum, and it would have been most interesting to have seen this comparatively original and Titanic portrayal. But of all the figures which adorned the portals, the monolith of the central door alone remains,—Our Lady holding, with Byzantine stiffness, the Divine Child, her feet resting upon a little Temple whose vague symbols seem to suggest Sacrifice, Charity, and Immortality. Some carvings which have no religious significance, the tapestried decoration of the bases, the vines and conventional designs which ornament the doors, also remain; but, by municipal order of 1792, the symbolic sculptures were mutilated beyond recognition and even the little scenes of the medallions were totally erased.

"THE LAUGHING DEMONS AND THE LOST SOUL." —NOYON.

The transepts of the Cathedral, with their dignified stages of Romanesque and Gothic windows, are fine and severe absidal constructions. Both of their portals

open towards the East. That of Saint Peter on the Northern side, beneath the Treasury, is a deep, unornamented porch; that of the South transept is a more decorated conception, and the laughing demons and lost soul which support one side of its outer arch, and the anxious mortal who holds the other side and from his vantage watches the poor, lost soul, are very typical of the mediæval mind.



"THE ANXIOUS MORTAL WATCHES FROM HIS VANTAGE."—NOYON.

At the meeting of the choir and the transepts, two truncated towers are just distinguishable, and the apse seems to open like a large fan.

Although greater in number than those of the Romanesque, the little chapels nestle about the parent wall like those of the older style; above the pointed bonnets of their roofs appears another story of windows surmounted by the huge peak of the great roof. Two rows of flying buttresses of the most timid and dwarfed dimensions support the upper stories and are adorned either by small pinnacles or the funereal-looking urns of the pseudo-classic period. The beauty of the structure does not lie, as is usual in Gothic apses, in these pinnacles and the supporting buttresses, but in

the symmetrical development of its three stories; and this is contrary to the rule of the matured Gothic whose distinctive absidal form is created by flying-

"THE BEAUTY OF THE STRUCTURE DOES NOT LIE, AS IS USUAL IN GOTHIC APSES, IN THE PINNACLES AND SUPPORTING BUTTRESSES, BUT IN THE SYMMETRICAL DEVELOPMENT OF ITS THREE STORIES."—NOYON.

buttresses and their ornamentation. Like the Romanesque, the dignity of Noyon is created by the disposition of the walls themselves. Their construction seems more closely allied to the old style than to the

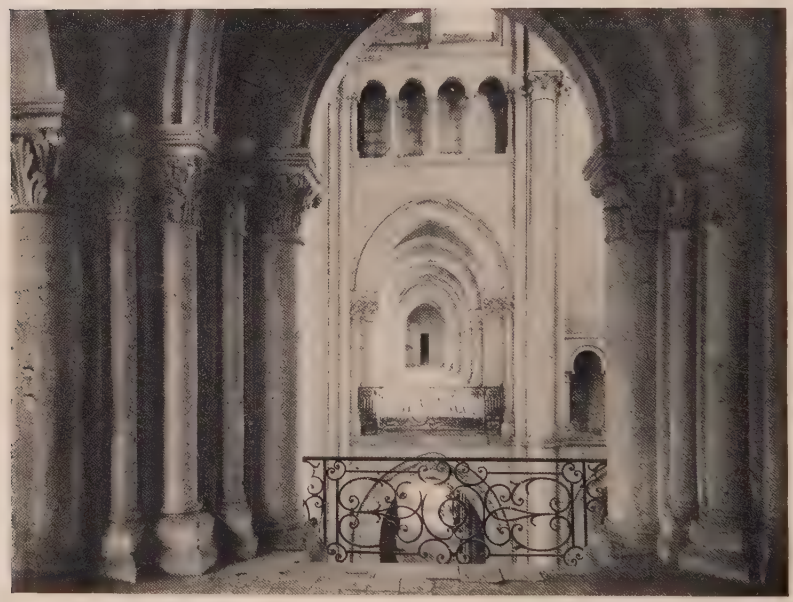
"THE WHOLE WALL CONSISTS OF COMPARATIVELY SHORT ARCHES, . . .
SO CUNNINGLY DISPOSED AND SUPERIMPOSED THAT THE
FIFTH AND HIGHEST STORY IS REACHED WITHOUT
ANY SENSE OF MONOTONY."—NOYON.

new, and if there is any reminiscence of a greater Gothic form, it is a very modest suggestion of the towering apse of Bourges.

The rounded transepts are deeper than those of Soissons, their exterior walls are much plainer, and the interior has received a different development. The fire of 1293 caused much injury to this part of the Cathedral, and the vaulting and some of the capitals were re-made in the XIV and XV centuries; but the original style of the Transition has not been lost. Tiers of Gothic windows succeed rows of Romanesque windows, and pointed arcades follow rounded arches, and the Teutonic influence which the Church of the Holy Apostles and Saint Mary of the Capitol at Cologne typifies, the influence which was felt at Tournai, was also felt at Noyon and is still preserved in its transepts. The low, blind arcade is succeeded by a series of Gothic arches which should be open; a tribune unites the transept with the broad galleries of the choir and nave, a higher, wider tribune is lighted by large windows, and the clerestory opens between ribs which rise to the vaulting. The whole wall consists of comparatively short arches, but arches which are so cunningly disposed and superimposed that the fifth and highest story is finished without any effect of monotony.

As in the transepts, so in the choir, the two styles are skilfully commingled; nine rounded arches separate the Sanctuary from the ambulatory and nine chapels open on this single walk.

The nave has three aisles with Gothic arches, and, like Saint-Nazaire of Carcassonne, its columns are alternately isolated and grouped. Iron cages, in which prayer-books were locked, formerly hung from these pillars; and the Faithful could put their hands through holes in the cages, turn the pages, and read



"THE BROAD GALLERY WHICH IS SUCCEEDED BY A LITTLE TRIFORIUM."—NOYON.

the services of the Church. Unfortunately other and less interesting furniture has survived and these curious relics have disappeared.

The style of the main body of the church is very like that of the transepts, but its dispositions are different and the older form tends to disappear. The Gothic

"THE PROTOTYPE BOTH OF THE SMALLER NAVE OF SENLIS AND THE GREATER NAVE OF LAON."—NOYON.

becomes more slender and more pure, and the classic plants and animals of some of the capitals give place to a careful—if somewhat stiff—representation of a simpler and more natural vegetation. Above the first arches there is a broad gallery, which is succeeded by a little triforium and the high windows of the clerestory. A beautiful Gothic vaulting covers the nave and gives it an appearance of grace and height greater than those which mathematically exist.

Later in date than Sens, which never became a popular type, Noyon was the prototype both of the lesser nave of Senlis and the greater nave of Laon. In the large gallery, although less high, less spacious, the forms of Noyon are very similar to those of the tribune at Laon; but it would be perhaps difficult to decide which of the two general conceptions is the more truly artistic, the grace of Noyon or the majesty of the Cathedral of the hill-city.

Much of the architectural effect of the smaller Cathedral is utterly eclipsed by the artistic irrelevance of the furniture. Formerly the Altar was placed in the back of the Sanctuary and, according to ancient custom, it was closed during the Mass from the Canon until the Communion. Now the choir has been extended into the crossing, an incongruous High Altar of the XVIII century is placed in the sight of all the people, and black iron fences, given in 1770, extend across each arcade of the upper gallery. The most barbarous taste could scarcely have accomplished a more unhappy

result;—the beautiful whiteness of the church is marred and the long perspective is seriously broken.

The Cathedral has few details which equal the Chamber of its Treasury. The burial-vault of the Bishops and Canons lies beneath the paving of the choir; and below the Altar there is a subterranean chamber, called the "columbarium," whose walls are symmetrically ornamented with earthen vases. This curious construction, which was destined to augment "the echo" or acoustic properties of the choir, is now closed.

A little door in the Northern side-aisle which leads to the Cloister is quaintly old, and both aisles have chapels "applied," as it were, beyond the original buttresses with more generosity on the part of the donors than respect for the building itself or for its architectural unity.

These chapels, which date from the XIII to the XVII centuries, display many manners of construction. The XVI century, which had lost all power of noble creativeness, possessed the faculty of gracious adornment, and in 1525, a period which just preceded the stuccoed Renaissance, the declining Gothic filled a Southern chapel with the graceful forms of its florid, rambling imagination. The effervescence is too fervid, the art is utterly irreligious and luxurious, but it is charmingly delicate. The reredos is covered with dainty little statues, niches, and pinnacles, and the ceiling has been compared to that of a fairy grotto adorned with fanciful and lovely stalactites.

During the year that this chapel was added to the Cathedral, the most famous and heretical of Noyon's sons, then a boy of fourteen, went to Paris to continue his studies for the priesthood. Two years before, this child, Calvin, had received the tonsure and a chaplaincy, and a few years later he assumed curacies; but in 1534 he came to Noyon to resign his benefices and to refuse ordination,—he had become the "Reformer."

"THE CEILING HAS BEEN COMPARED TO THAT OF A FAIRY GROTTO ADORNED WITH FANCIFUL AND LOVELY STALACTITES."—NOYON.

Very little is known of the earlier years and the first theological studies of the young seminarist. The light of history is searching; but the halo which admirers offer produces such blinding rays and the pitch thrown by his enemies casts such a shadow that the central figure of Calvin himself is seen through a mist. In his lifetime, aspersions seem to have gathered about

other members of his honourable burgher family. The orthodoxy of the father, Apostolic Notary, Bishop's Secretary, and Fiscal Attorney, has not been attainted; but, through the instrumentality of a legatee, he and a Canon, as executors, were excommunicated because they had refused to make known the accounts of an estate. The elder Calvin died fortified by all the Sacraments of the Church, but because the spiritual weapon of excommunication had been used by an ecclesiastical court for the punishment of a civil misdemeanour, the excommunicatory sentence had to be lifted and a sum of money was given the Church before his interment took place in consecrated ground. Charles Calvin, John's brother, who made the necessary arrangements for this funeral, is said to have been "a singular priest who had repeatedly been in trouble with the Canons and haled into the Bishop's Court for high temper and a very free use of his fists." After his father's death, he was cited before the Chapter for heresy, and it is said that on his death-bed he refused Extreme Unction, and, in consequence, was buried beneath the gallows-tree.

The student life of the younger and great Calvin was so severely strict that his companions dubbed him "the Accusative Case." Converted to the beliefs of the Huguenots, he composed, in 1532, a thesis for his friend Cop which was so heretical in tone that his superiors were filled with horror and wrath, and Calvin fled to the South of France to be protected for a time

by Margaret, Queen of Navarre. Then, the moment of renunciation or ordination having arrived, he returned to Noyon to resign the benefices which Bishops had formerly conferred upon him.

His appearance in the Cathedral on the Eve of the Feast of the Trinity is said to have provoked a stormy scene. The vague description ends abruptly, but the scene may be imagined. It was the Vigil of a solemn Feast, the confessionals were doubtless full, and in the side-aisles the devout were praying and waiting their turn. Sacristans were probably decorating the Altars, and priests were coming in and out. The sight of Calvin disturbed this religious moment. To the truly pious Catholic, he was a blasphemer; to the priests who had taught him as a child, he was a renegade; to all the orthodox of Noyon, he was a citizen who had tarnished the ecclesiastical record of his native town. The new religion had its adherents and probably Calvin was accompanied to the hostile "Temple of Baäl" by some of his sympathisers. Hot words, scorn answered by scorn, provoked the "stormy scene," and Calvin was arrested and confined for a time in the light and airy upper story of the Capitular Hall of Justice.

Very little is known of this episode. Protestants, foolishly overlooking the essentially theological nature of Calvin's "misdemeanour," have considered this imprisonment as a possible stigma and have endeavoured to minimise its duration or to ignore it entirely. Bolsee, a Catholic, has with equally foolish fervour maliciously

perverted its causes. It is now accepted that the austere Reformer was twice arrested because of his militant beliefs; but, in spite of the consternation and horror which he caused the orthodox, his punishment was neither long nor rigorous. He himself seems to have become as discouraged by the continual dissensions between his co-religionists of Noyon as by the hostility of the Church, and, returning in May, he left in September for a life-long exile.

After this period, the architectural history of Noyon is one of repeated dangers. When the Gothic Altar was replaced by the inartistic marbles and gildings of the XVIII century, eight Canons protested in vain. Because Michael Angelo had put the High Altar of Saint Peter's in the transept, some educated and travelled priests of a later day tore down the old rood-screen of Notre-Dame, changed the disposition of the choir, and, in pursuance of this destructive classicisation of the Gothic, walled in the lower windows of the transept and transformed them into niches. The Revolution, scarcely more stupid, but less religious, converted the side-aisles into a stable for eight hundred horses, the transepts into store-houses, and the choir into a dance-hall. Yet, in spite of these blasphemous and absurd changes, and the fires, invasions, pillages, sieges, and storms of other times which added their disasters, the Cathedral has survived to these better days of care and restoration and is not essentially unlike the church in which, as a de-

"ARCHITECTURAL CONSERVATISM AND . . . ARCHÄIC ORIGINALITY WERE DISPLAYED HERE."—NOYON.

voted child, the great Arch-heretic of Noyon was wont to pray.

In the history of Gothic architecture, this Cathedral has an important place as one of the most beautiful and valuable works of the period. Its exterior is so unlike that of any of the other famous Cathedrals as to be utterly incomparable. The greatest architectural conservatism and perhaps also the greatest archäic originality were displayed here, and, in looking at these simple, dignified walls, one seems to detect their analogy with the temper of mind of the son who turned away from them. The interior belongs to the group of broadly galleried Cathedrals, and although it is not so large as either Paris or Laon, it is peculiarly well-proportioned. The outer walls have strength and a dignified austerity, the qualities of a Mantegna; the interior is Raphaelesque, full of beautiful simplicity, satisfying grace, repose, and classic calm.

Laon.

If the thoughtful traveller of to-day wonders to find so magnificently large and stately a Cathedral in a hill-town of barely four-thousand inhabitants, the student of history is even more surprised to find that the Bishop of this small, isolated city was, by virtue of his office, Duke of the Realm, one among the six ecclesiastical lords of the great College of Peers, and the bearer of the Holy Oil at the coronation of the Kings of France. But Laon is an ancient town and

the seat of an ancient See. Even in the V century, it was an important place of learning. Saint-Remi was sent by his parents to its school and, in the days of his maturity, the Saint endowed this school with part of the wealth which he had received from Clovis. Not only had the city of the churchly Dukes a venerable renown, its lords, far from being the vassals of a powerful suzerain, long owed allegiance to small Kings, "whose dominions did not extend beyond four or five modern departments and whose power was so limited that the road between Paris and Orléans, their two chief cities, was commanded by the castle of a rebellious noble."

Whether from an impunity which was encouraged by the weakness of their overlords, or from the isolation of their hill-top which made chastisement difficult, the See which was formed under the holy care of Saint-Remi and his nephew Génébaud, its first Bishop, grew to a strange Mediævalism; turbulence seems to be the word which best describes the condition both of the Church and the State; and, generally speaking, the Bishops were unedifying Fathers in God and Laon a strange example of communal government.

In 1111, during an absence of Bishop Gaudry, the citizens induced the Chapter to grant them a Charter and Louis the Fat to confirm it. Later the prelate was equally successful in persuading the King to rescind this privilege; and, returning to his episcopal city, he displayed to the dismayed townsmen the docu-

ment of revocation. If he had been content with the return of his power, Bishop Gaudry might have enjoyed it for some time, but he began to press the people for the sum of money which he had been obliged to give to the King; in a word, he attempted to make them pay the price of their own discomfiture.

An insurrection soon broke out, and, wounding and killing as they fought their way through the streets, the people of Laon reached the episcopal Palace and battered down its gates.

High and low they searched for their oppressor. They tore through his Cloister, his chapel, his halls, and his stately suites of rooms, but they hunted fruitlessly.

At length, some of them went to the wine cellar and began to refresh themselves; and one rioter, who had selected a heavy, promising cask, tried to draw wine from it and discovered his cowering Bishop.

Yelling in triumph, he was quickly joined by others; —the prelate was murdered with unspeakable brutalities, his body was thrown into the street; and in fitting climax to this frenzied scene, a fire broke out, and thirteen churches and a large part of the city were reduced to ashes.

As the flames from the burning town on the hill-top lighted the whole country of the Laonnais, many of the guilty conspirators decided to retire to a neighbouring castle; and the peasants of the surrounding plains then climbed the mountain, pillaged the smoking

ruins, and gave themselves, in turn, to "the worst excesses."

Although severely chastised by the King, who in 1113 captured and hung many fugitives, the next generation of Laonnais again made war on their Bishop; and we also read of a Monseigneur Roger de Rocroy who, in 1177, "marched against his vassals and cut them to pieces." The one side, whose bold spirit seems to have been irrepressible, was continually clamouring for liberty; the governing force, whether from love of power or mistrust of the people, tried as continually to regain and increase its privileges; and during the great Cathedral-building age there seems to have been no end to the giving and revoking of the Charters of Laon.

The uprising of 1113 was responsible not only for the murder of a Bishop, it burned an early Cathedral and left the new Bishop without a church; and, by a strange destiny, the grave and beautiful edifice of the present Notre-Dame of Laon was built during the most stormy periods of the city's communal struggles.

Not only the dignity of the priestly Duke, that also of the Chapter demanded a great Cathedral-building, for the Chapter of Laon had much local authority and prestige. In the XII century, it had become a large body of eighty members, presided over by a powerful Dean; and as, during the course of the Middle Ages, it gave Urban IV, Nicolas III, and Clement VI to the papal

"THE CATHEDRAL OF A SMALL HILL-TOWN."—LAON.

throne, it possessed Catholic as well as provincial distinction.

During the early days of 880, King Eudes issued a Charter which forbade "Kings, Queens, the mighty, and all the members of the Judiciary from penetrating into the Cloister of the Canons of Laon." Infractions of this specific law were not left unpunished, and, in a Bull of 1384, Clement VII gave to the Chapter the terrible power of excommunicating all ecclesiastical or secular judges who should try any criminal belonging to the canonical jurisdiction, whereupon each year the Canons gratefully offered a golden florin to the Holy See.

They governed the large community whose every member owed daily service to God in the Cathedral; their lord was the Bishop, their head was the Dean, and beneath them were fifty-six chaplains, priests, and many minor clerics and "helpers," the "custodians" who guarded the church, and the choir-boys who lived together and went to school nearby.

For the housing of this large body of men and the proper fulfilment of their vocations, many buildings were necessary; and the episcopal city contained the more or less claustral dwellings of its Canons, their Capitular Hall, the Singing School, the Bishop's Palace, and, finally, the place towards which all priestly steps were naturally turned,—the Cathedral.

Episocpal Laon was, in reality, a city within a city; and it was called "the Quarter of the Cloister." In

spite of this peaceful name, it was a fortress, it had only four entrance-ways, and these were guarded by heavy gates which the Chapter alone had the right and "the discretion" to open and close.

Within these gates the Church reigned supreme.

As the Middle Ages waned, the passing of the centuries brought to the Bishop and the Chapter a gradual but steady decrease of authority. With the decline of feudalism and of the timorous respect which its iron force engendered, their temporal organisation, which was largely formed after this mediæval pattern received its death-blow. The coming of Protestanism also brought both material and spiritual defections, and it is said that in 1682 there were so many adherents of the new cult in Laon that they wished to build an Institute opposite that which the Chapter had planned.

Strange customs and reprisals began. The Memoirs of Antoine Richart tell that at night pilgrims, emissaries of the Calvinists of Geneva, passed along the streets and threw "little books very nicely bound and adorned with beautiful letters of printing, which were the Psalms of David in French and in Latin," into the cellar windows;—whereupon a law was passed which forced the inhabitants to close all lower air-holes and openings, and one curious method of propaganda was suppressed. Other books printed in Geneva found a ready sale, "The Abolition of the Mass" and "The Pope's Saucepan Overturned" made many scoffers, and Richart quaintly recorded that "still further

in these times came from Geneva to this town . . . one who had married the daughter of a citizen, and who, with his wife, walked the streets after the fashion of the pilgrims of Saint James, and in a loud voice sang the Psalms of David."

By these persistent and often curious methods of conversion, so many were turned from the older Faith that, on one Corpus Christi Day, the Catholics who walked in the procession felt it necessary to protect themselves by carrying arms, and all Laon was shaken by the shocking apostasy of the Reverend Commendatory Abbot of Saint John who resigned his benefice and openly professed Calvinism.

The early part of the next century brought official protection and restoration to the Church; but the Revolution caused, in Laon as in other cities, an upheaval which was temporarily even more appalling than the heresies of Calvin. As was usual, the Cathedral became secularised. It was dedicated to the Goddess of Reason, and, on the Feast-day of the deity, a hill of flowers, moss, and leaves was built beneath the great lantern; on the top stood a small Temple of Philosophy; in the middle, the flaming "torch of Truth" was planted; and a young girl dressed in scant, classic robes, impersonating the Goddess of Reason, received the homage of the civil authorities and the crowd. Crowned with a Phrygian cap, she was borne in procession by four citizens; and in the evening, after a banquet to which each one, in true republican fashion,

had brought his own viands, the nave of the Cathedral was fantastically lighted by torches and the night ended in wild songs and dancing.

Later, during the "Terror" of 1793, Notre-Dame was dedicated to another Personality, vague and illy defined in the French mind of that day, and rather bombastically called the "Supreme Being." At this time, all the statues of the Saints were torn from their bases and broken; the choir-stalls, carved with curious mediæval scenes of the exorcism of a young woman possessed by a devil, fed the bonfire in the Cathedral-square; two spires were pulled down; and, to further some occult interest of the Revolution, it was considered that the towers also should be destroyed. But at this point the municipality hesitated,—it could not determine the exact meaning of the word "tower." Did it signify spire and was the work therefore completed, or did it betoken spire and base as well?

"The question was momentous," writes Fleury, "and the word was deserving of a definition." As these wise Dogberries of the Council "could arrive at no conclusion, they demanded an interpretation from the Departmental Administration; but its Directors did not consider themselves sufficiently learned linguistically to answer the question, and called to their aid the especial light of the Chief Engineer." Happily for the Cathedral, this luminary, M. Becquey de Beaupré, was a man of culture; and "without compromising himself" —a difficult feat in those days—saved the towers by

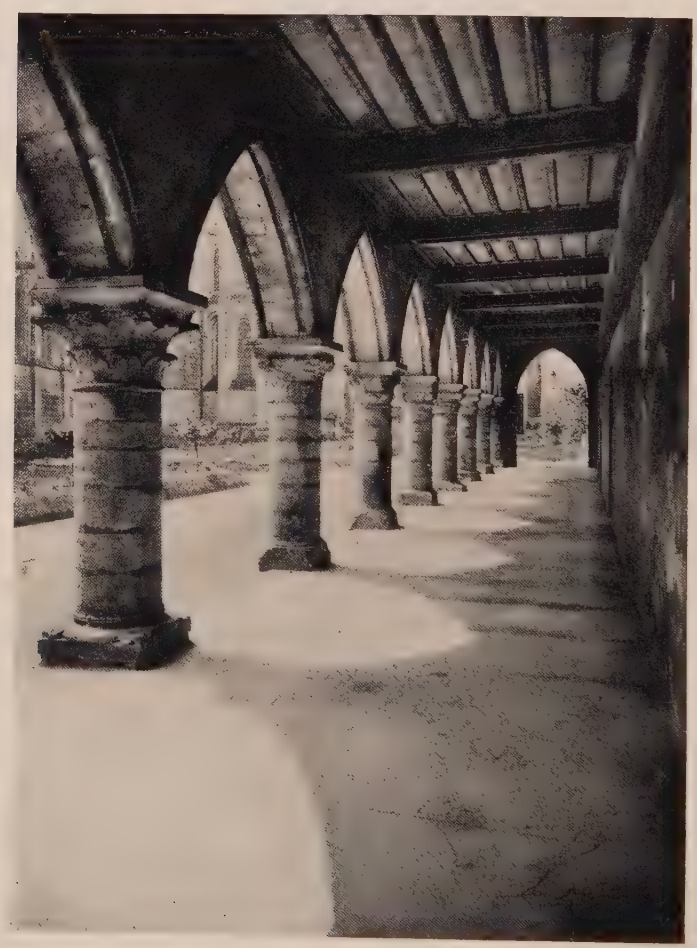
declaring that it "seemed to him as if their demolition might menace the safety of the whole building, and that he would have to study long and seriously before he could give an expert opinion."

The Cathedral was saved; and, finally, in 1802, it was restored to its holy purpose. Priests gathered on the parvise, the Te Deum was about to be sung, salvos of artillery were booming, the portals were again open,—it was a day of joy; but the joy was not unmixed with sadness, for, since the Revolution, many brother priests had died in exile, and by the Napoleonic Concordat the Holy Father had sanctioned the suppression of Laon's ancient See.

These vicissitudes left the Cathedral sadly, but not radically, mutilated; and in the later, unhappy year of 1870, the explosion of a powder magazine crushed the huge and important windows of the choir. Fortunately a gentleman carefully picked up and preserved the broken pieces of stained-glass and made a perfect restoration possible, and the statues and other mutilated parts of the façade were re-made by Boeswillwald.

Political and religious upheavals, as well as evolution in architectural taste, in ideas of hygienic building, and in methods of strategic construction, have made great changes in the aspect of Laon. Its mediæval walls have disappeared or have lost their warlike appearance, a few gates remain as picturesque old archways;—the town is pleasant and old-fashioned,

and its magnificent isolation on a high, steep hill makes it one of the most characteristic of the hill-top cities of France.



"ADORNED BY HEAVY, EARLY GOTHIC PILLARS."—LAON.

Those buildings of episcopal Laon which still stand suggest strongly, even if imperfectly, the imposing

temporal greatness of the mediæval Church. With its large, hall-like rooms, the bare and stately Court between it and the Cathedral, and the walk adorned by

"A LOW WALL EXTENDS ALONG A STREET FLANKING THE SOUTHERN SIDE OF THE CATHEDRAL."—LAON.

heavy early Gothic pillars, the old Palace attests the dignity of departed ducal prelates; and, on the other

side of the church, other buildings show less completely the ancient and semi-independent power of the Chapter.

A low wall extends along a street flanking the Southern side. It is supported by small, straight buttresses, and a frieze decorates its upper part. At one end of this wall, beneath a dais, is a beautiful, worn statue of an angel with outstretched wings, who holds in his hands a modern sun-dial. The old figure is interesting both in its resemblance to that of the tower of Chartres and because it is an example of a popular type of clock which used to exist along the mediæval highroads. In 1267, Louis IX commanded that these clocks should be removed "to more convenient places," and they gradually became unpopular; but as a form of Gothic sculpture they are historic, and they show much graceful and symbolic idealism.

The sturdy wall which supports the angel is pierced by little windows and doors which seem to belong to modest dwellings, but it is through these doors that one enters upon the ruins of the Canons' Cloister.

Owing to the narrowness of the space which was allotted to the architect, this Cloister was originally a parallelogram whose length was seven times greater than its width. "It was," writes Viollet-le-Duc "practically a gallery, composed of seven bays which faced the Cathedral, and was united to it by only one bay." The walk of the interior court was covered by a simple vaulting with curious keys, supported on one side by a series of early Gothic arcades and small

columns. The capitals were decorated with upright leaves and fantastic animals, and each twin arch was surmounted by a rose of unusual form.

Within the claustral court stood the Capitular Hall, a beautiful Gothic room, now the Baptismal Chapel, which opens into the Cloister, the Cathedral, and also into a narrow passage-way that leads to the South transept.

Of all these structures, so precious both from the archæological and the architectural point of view, the Baptismal Chapel is the only one which is now in a satisfying state of repair. That part of the Cloister which extended below the transept has practically disappeared, and priests now live in the portions which remain. Their tiny gardens, formed of bits of the close, are quaint; but the walks, sometimes made into little storehouses, are in a state of melancholy dilapidation, and the traveller feels regret for another real, if not yet irreparable, loss of early Gothic art.

But the Cloister and the fine Capitular Hall, the Canons' houses and the Bishop's Palace, and indeed the whole episcopal city of Laon formed, as it were, but a setting, a line of protective ramparts, to guard the great and complicated Cathedral which rose in their midst, with its sacristies and cells, its large and small chapels, its high walls, and slender, soaring towers.

In 1112, a "new" Cathedral having been destroyed, the Chapter sent nine Canons and six laymen to carry the Holy Relics from city to city and ask alms and gifts

for a new church. These pious pilgrims first spent several months between Issoudun and Tours, Angers and Chartres; in 1113, their journey was extended through the North of France and even into Norman England; and it is said that, during this long absence, the people of Laon, waiting and anxious to aid, went themselves to get stones from the quarries, and some carried blocks with great effort to the summit of the mountain.

Whether these stones form part of the present edifice, whether any of the moneys gathered during these pilgrimages were used in the construction of the present Cathedral, are open questions. Quicherat says that Notre-Dame of Laon was begun in 1155 and chiefly built within twenty years; another authority writes that "the original plan was consummated in the first thirty years of the XIII century"; certainly another dedication took place between 1236 and 1257.

The style of the edifice would indicate that the nave, the principal portals, and the lower stories of the towers might have been executed in the latter part of the XII century, the square apse, an hundred years later; the chapels, architecturally inopportune, were added in the XIV century, and, in 1572, a number of chapel gates, still more inharmonious, were commenced.

These general dates denote broadly and dryly a series of long architectural periods to which, together with many other Cathedrals, Laon belongs. Accurate,

"THE TEN . . . BAYS OF THE CHOIR STRETCH IN A LONG PERSPECTIVE."—LAON.

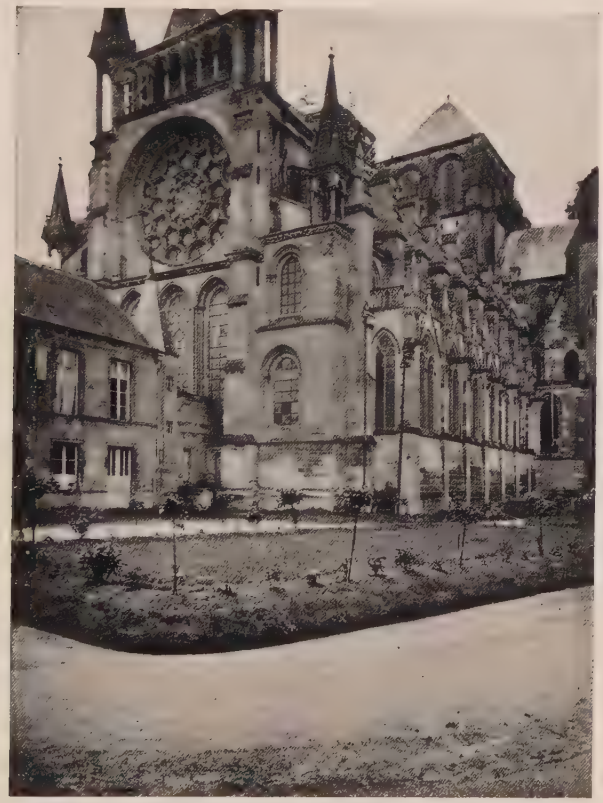
specific dates, which would form suggestive comparisons, are lacking; but to the leisurely and untechnical traveller, hairsplitting speculations concerning this year or that are less inspiring than the analogies and differences of style which he may be able to perceive in the actual Cathedral-buildings themselves. The choir of Notre-Dame of Paris, which was commenced in 1160, presents several similarities with that of Laon; and, whatever the actual dates of the hill-top church may be, it is intellectually of the special school of Noyon, of Paris, and of the Southern transept of Soissons, and it has a plan of imposing magnificence. Beyond the twelve bays of the nave, the ten similar bays of the choir stretch in a long perspective of more than four hundred feet; great galleries extend above the low aisles and are surmounted by a conventional, narrow triforium and the well-proportioned windows of the clerestory; the central vaulting has a broad sweep of line and an appropriate strength of curve, and the large straight wall which closes the Eastern end of this spacious hall is almost filled by the handsome glass of its three long lancets and its rose.

In the early years of the XIII century, presumably in 1205, Jean de Charmizy gave a quarry to the Church, and the stone of Charmizy is found in large quantities only in the Eastern portion of Notre-Dame. This apse was therefore constructed after the opening of the new century, perhaps towards 1350, and it is known to have replaced a more conventional circular apse

whose curve began with the fourth bay, and to have been built because of the increasing number and wealth of the Canons. In the absence of substantial facts concerning the reasons and details of its construction, the unusual contours of this part of the church have given rise to much speculation. With the single exception of Poitiers, no other great French Cathedral has this angular absidal form, and as the style was usual in England and the pilgrims who had begged money for a re-building of Laon had been in that far-off country, English writers have seen a proof of English influence. Viollet-le-Duc, on the other hand, tells us that many small native churches, found not only in Normandy, Brittany, and Burgundy, but in Champagne and the Isle-de-France, had this peculiar trait; and his inference is that both the square and the rounded apse were forms inherent in French genius, and that, having imagined both methods of construction, the critical native taste generally approved the rounded style. However these things may be, Laon has by far the noblest among the square apses built in France. With its massive exterior, and the rows of heavy, handsome pillars and aisles of the interior closed by the Eastern wall which is so splendidly set with glass, it is the embodiment of a sober and majestic ideal of the early Gothic and, whatever the source of its inspiration, it was not unworthy of French builders.

Between the choir and the nave rises the square lantern, with its triforium-like gallery, its eight windows,

and its vaulting which is an hundred and thirty feet above the level of the church's paving. In these heights, as in nearly all far-away corners of mediæval



"A SQUARE APSE WHICH, WHATEVER ITS INSPIRATION, WAS NOT UNWORTHY OF FRENCH BUILDERS."—LAON.

Cathedrals, the workmanship is as careful as that of the most frequented portions of the edifice; and the heads of men and monsters, the angel with folded hands and outspread wings, and the large wreath

which forms the key of the vaulting are beautifully executed, and the capitals and groups of slender columns are arranged with all the art which the makers of Laon could command.

Whether the purpose of a Cathedral's spires were primarily artistic or whether they were evolved in conformation with definite symbolic precepts, their practicality, their beauty, and some at least of their ecclesiastical significance are facts which, to the Christian mind, would scarcely need explanation. The central tower, however, with its vaulted height opening above the church's crossing, is at once a more complicated effort and one whose symbolism is less obvious. That the open lantern embodied an ecclesiastical idea which was not universally adopted is proven by the fact that some great Cathedrals of all periods, from early Sens and Paris to mature Amiens, were built without it, and their spires—where spires exist—rise over a vault of solid masonry. It is said that, in early times, the Blessed Sacrament lay beneath the lantern and that this tower, higher than any other tower of the church, proclaimed the Holy Place. Whether this is or is not strictly accurate, old manuscripts tell us that a crown of finely wrought iron formerly hung in the lantern of Laon and that the crown's many candles, lighted at the midnight Mass of Christmas and other solemn festivities, cast an "indescribably beautiful" and mellow glow into the shadowy heights of the tower.

The transepts extend North and South from either

side of the central tower. Whether they add to the perfection of the general effect, even when in themselves most admirable, is a matter of opinion rather than of fact. It would be an able pleader who could prove that Bourges with the addition of these transverse aisles would be more magnificent than it now is; and not infrequently they seem only huge alcoves, or, as those of Paris, massive settings for the glowing jewel of some great rose.

The arms of the Latin Cross of Laon, however, have unusual dignity and architectural interest. Instead of being narrow and, in comparison with the rest of the interior, contracted, they have a broad central walk and side-aisles and a spaciousness of proportion which makes them akin to the nave, and they are an harmonious, if not an essential part of a grand whole. Much of their construction belongs to the earliest period of the present church, but the Northern and Southern walls were modified in the XIV century. Lateral portals were built or re-built; the early rose of the South side was replaced by a large window with radiating tracery; and the North side was in a like process of transformation, but, fortunately for the history of stained-glass, the venerable stone circle, with its seventeen round windows and their paintings of the Liberal Arts, was left untouched.

Besides their essential, important parts, the transepts contain smaller and interesting details,—two quadrangular rooms which lie in the angles between the choir

and the transept, four large chapels, a cell-like room, several of those tiny doorways which abound in old churches and often lead to important stairways, and the chapels of the XIII century which are built on the Eastern side of each transept.

These chapels are two-storied, and the upper rooms are on the level of the broad gallery. The lower rooms, with their short, thin columns, sharply pointed arches, and high, narrow windows, are in striking contrast to the strong and heavy forms of the early Gothic of the aisles, and they are most graceful,—but their grace is surpassed by that of the chapels which rise above them. One of these rooms was a Treasury and contained the archives of the Cathedral; it also served as a chamber for the "custodians" who watched the church by day and night, and, to add to their comfort, a chimney-place was built in it. Both rooms have, however, distinctly ecclesiastical forms and seem like miniature churches. Much of their effectiveness is now destroyed by the plain, white glass of their windows, but the little polygonal apses with double rows of lancets, the slender columns which sustain the arches, and the ribs which rise from the capitals to meet in the vaulting have the harmony of exquisite proportions and unite in forming tiny Gothic structures of very remarkable perfection whose architectural delicacy and finished elegance, hidden in far-distant Laon, are not unworthy of the school of Saint-Urbain of Troyes and of the Sainte-Chapelle of Paris.

The Capitulary Prisons are details which suggest a psychological interest. Having the duties of both "High" and "Low" justice, the Chapter necessarily had its places of incarceration. Whether because the Canons were desirous of placing malefactors beneath, as it were, the very shadow of the church, and within the inspiration of its holy services, or whether it was considered fitting that ecclesiastical offenders should suffer within consecrated walls, is not known; but, strange as it may seem to the modern mind, these cells were virtually a part of the Cathedral. The room or chapel under the tower of the North transept is said to have been the largest "dungeon," and its handsome window, opened in the restoration of 1892, was formerly blocked by stones. In the wall, above the door, there was a niche with an iron-barred gate, and the person who was confined here could hear the words of the Mass. Near by was another cell about seven feet long and half as wide. A short stone slab, raised a little above the floor and covered with straw, was the prisoner's bed, food was passed to him through a square hole in the wall, another small opening shed a dim light into the room,—and it was here that the most insubordinate were incarcerated. The cell was indeed chilly and melancholy; but, in comparison with hundreds of other mediæval prisons, it was a place of cheer and comfort; and if this is, as it has been averred, the most terrible spot into which the Canons of Laon could throw their prisoners, they were, in this respect

at least, among the most humane justiciaries of Mediævalism.

To see a procession of those who once occupied the niche and the big and the little cell would be most curiously interesting. In 1544, there was no less celebrated a prisoner than the Canon who had created "a frightful scandal" by wearing "very fancifully slashed" knee-boots; in 1603, a cell is said to have been occupied by Pasquette le Jeune, daughter of a tavern-keeper, who claimed that she was "possessed by the enemy"; and numbers of other figures as strange, as fantastic, and perhaps more wicked, "heretics" and "demoniacs," and lay and tonsured offenders, passed in and out the chambers of the Northern tower; but few among them have the interest of Nicole Obry of Vervins, who was brought to the Cathedral in 1566, three days after her marriage. The case is strange and obscure, fully and yet vaguely described, not without symptoms of real hysteria, and still not without symptoms of charlatanism on the part of the young woman. Whatever may have been in reality her mental or moral disease, she was believed to be "delivered over to a demon," and the Bishop was besought to pronounce over her the strange and impressive ceremony of "exorcism." In order that her soul might be fortified and that Satan should be discomfited by assistance at the Sacrifice of the Mass, the young woman was placed in the niche with the iron grating; and at the hour of the ceremonial she was brought

out and led to a platform in the centre of the Cathedral and in the sight of all worshippers.

The news of the "demoniac of Vervins" and of the expected miracle caused the greatest excitement among the people of the surrounding country, and more than ten thousand persons daily crowded up the hill-side and poured through the gates of the town. It is said that "doctors and chemists" and "authorities of justice" came to peer at her, she was made to touch sacred relics, Canons advanced and intoned prayer after prayer in her behalf, the Bishop pronounced exorcisms—and the multitude of people who filled the nave and aisles and transepts looked and waited. Several days went by and the "demon" remained enthroned. It was the time of the Religious Wars, and the subject of the demoniac naturally aroused the most passionate discussions between Catholics and Huguenots. Finally Monseigneur de Montmorency, Governor of the Isle-de-France, was obliged to intervene; and, a week later, after two months of daily rites, the "devil" departed from his victim and the Catholics triumphed.

Although histories of this long drama abounded in the XVI century, it is difficult to find one in our own day. The lateral enclosure of the choir of Laon, on which the "principal circumstances of the exorcism" were represented, would have been a valuable monument of theological archæology, but it also has disappeared; and the story of Nicole Obry is almost forgotten.

Many years before these events, the plan of the

Cathedral had received the usual, uninteresting modification—the addition of a number of lateral chapels, founded, as was customary, by clergy and laity who desired to secure during their stay in purgatory the prayers and care of the Church. These endowments were multiplied, and to fulfil the requests of the donors became the life-work of fifty-six Chaplains.

The inevitable architectural changes took place. The exterior walls of the nave and choir were pulled down, rows of small, monotonous alcoves were constructed between the huge buttresses, and, seemingly to make an unbeautiful effect totally inharmonious, the good people of the Renaissance began in 1522 and finished in 1620 a complete series of chapel screens of the pseudo-classic form.

The unnecessary, petty perspectives of the chapels have disturbed the effectiveness of the low side-aisles, which in themselves have one fundamental disposition that is persistently unpleasing,—the alternating axes of the point of intersection of the arches of the vaulting; but in spite of these defects, the aisles are dignified walks. In contrast with them, and at the same time in complete consonance of style, are the large dimensions of the majestic nave. Among the twenty colossal pillars which aid in its support, four have most curious characteristics. Each of the tetralogy is flanked by four slender pillars, which, adding to the strength of the ponderous central cylinder, have a constructive value. The device is not artistically displeasing, and

seems to have been an attempt to create a new form which should be at once practical and decorative. Why the form was abandoned in the building of other pillars is not known, and the four stand near the entrance of the choir, unique, mysterious,—without written history; and happily their lesser differences do not break upon the larger harmony of so great an interior.

"A GREAT PILLAR . . . FLANKED BY FOUR SLENDER COLUMNS."—LAON.

The first three bays of the choir, like those of the transepts, are of the Romano-Gothic of the middle XII century; the square bases of the columns, ornamented with claws, are reminiscent of an Attic form, and many details betoken the period of transition. The later bays of the choir and nave have fewer hesitancies, fewer traces of passing styles. The bases of the huge pillars are octagonal, and their capitals have two, three, or four rows of leaves which are very graceful and varied but at the same time extremely simple. From the abacuses of the capitals, bundles of three or five slender columns ascend with elegance and boldness to meet the ribs

of the vaulting, and between these clusters, the twin arches of the gallery and the arcades of the triforium rise successively.

The first gallery of the Cathedral is one of those broad, cloister-like walks which found passing favour in the eyes of early Gothic architects. It resembles those of Senlis and Paris and Noyon. If not more elegant than the slender Gothic of the gallery of Notre-Dame of Paris, it has the merit of being in truer harmony with the style of the rest of the interior; and, as Laon is more magnificent than the fine, small Cathedral of Noyon, so, proportionately, the broad gallery of Laon surpasses that of Calvin's church.

"THE . . . SLENDER GOTHIC OF THE GALLERY OF NOTRE-DAME OF PARIS."

No mere enumeration of technicalities can give a true idea of this beautiful gallery. In perfect consonance with the church's general style, spacious without being

"THIS BEAUTIFUL GALLERY."—LAON.

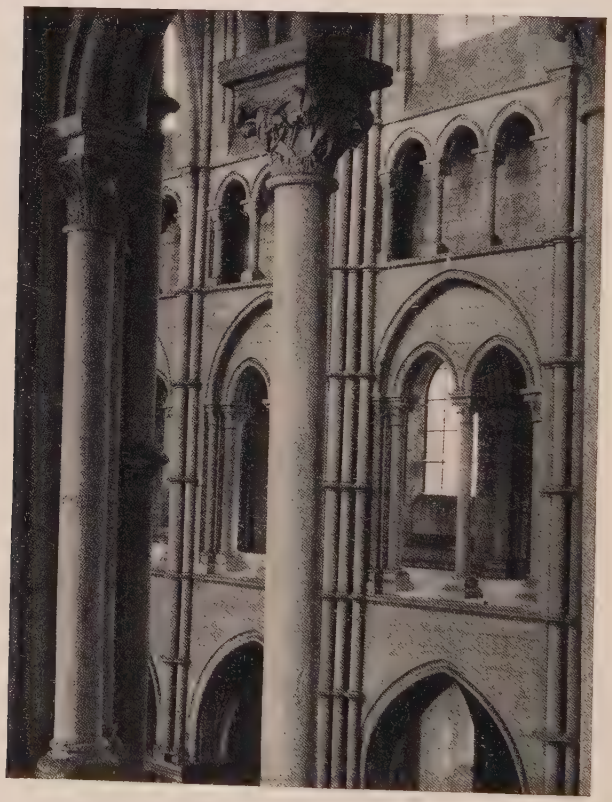
ponderous, and yet combining obvious strength with an equally obvious symmetry, it is a place of lovely perspectives, charming vistas, and interesting detail. Some capitals are deeply, luxuriantly cut with the animals and conventional plants of the Romanesque; others are early Gothic,—simple, natural, and charming arrangements of different leaves; but, as in all the interior, form, not sculpture, was the means through which the builder was pleased to create.

The true triforium, rising above the gallery, is constructed after the conventional, accepted model—each bay contains three little arches resting on stumpy little columns and is bounded above by a horizontal cord of stone; the clerestory, with its rows of white windows, is also plainly dignified and conventional; and the keys of the broad, simple vault, which seem lost in the heights, are in reality great crowns of foliage.

In spite of the vast difference between high and low lighting, the architectural similarity between this nave and that of Notre-Dame of Paris is obvious; and although Laon was the earlier conception, the superiority does not always rest with the metropolitan church.

The capitals of the nave columns of Laon are far from possessing the richness of those of Paris, and the forms of the broad gallery are not so exquisitely slender, but the concord reigning between the different stories of the aisle seems proportionately greater. In looking from the gallery of Notre-Dame of Paris into the nave,

one feels a surprise that it should be so heavy; and in glancing upward into the gallery, a wonder that it should be so slim. At Laon, this is not so; the upper



"BREAKS THE UPWARD LINE INTO MORE SYMMETRICAL PROPORTIONS."—LAON.

arcades have a fine and definite strength; and, whether the pillars of the nave are less massive in comparison with those of this first gallery, or whether the small triforium makes an additional story and breaks the up-

ward line into more symmetrical proportions, the nave seems more happily planned than that of the more famous Paris, and the harmony which reigns between its parts is felicitous and satisfying.

A portion of the Cathedral which is seldom seen is the crypt, a small, circular chamber that is believed to occupy the site of the grotto of Saint-Béat, the missionary who came to Laon in the III century. It is not, as is usual, entered from the choir, but from the Court of the Bishop's Palace, by a staircase of forty steps which is covered with a finely vaulted, semicircular dome, and, like many crypts, it is no longer used for services.

The exterior of Our Lady of Laon is entirely devoid of the harmonious unity of the interior. Its effect is by no means as heterogeneous as that of the outer walls of Rouen; but its details, often exquisitely, sometimes strangely beautiful, and sometimes interesting, lack unity, homogeneity of style.

The Northern and Southern walls were much changed by the addition of the lateral chapels, and as each mediæval period built according to the taste of its own genius, the lower structure naturally has the more highly developed, more ornamental forms of the XIV century. Above these new details stretch the arms of flying-buttresses which are simple and primitive, and almost tiny in comparison with the large bulk of the church; but the Transition declares itself with much classic reminiscence in the high parts of the walls, the

comparatively small windows of the clerestory are finely decorated, and the whole upper gallery has a richly carved frieze carried by caryatides. In the oldest gargoyles, only the rude beginnings of this favourite form of mediæval sculpture may be studied. They are large, few in number, and grotesquely crude, but they have none of the Rabelaisian imaginativeness which characterised later conceptions; and they are worthy of only a modest place in the Zoölogical Garden of gargoyles, that "world of animals" of which Viollet-le-Duc says that "in all France he knows no two alike."

The glory of the Cathedral's iconography, and, as it were, its great Stone Bible, is gathered on the façade, above the doors where it may be easily read, about the windows, and sculptured as graphically in the heights, far beyond the vision of the worshippers who come and go in the little Square. The three portals, beneath the heavy, shadowing porches, are full of the Church's lessons, two huge gargoyles under the pinnacles symbolise Evil Spirits flying from the Cathedral; and back of them, half-hidden, are eight small windows and a cornice. The rose, noted for its "perfection of workmanship," rises above, and is flanked on either side by windows whose deep bays are filled with representations of subjects dear to scholastic theology. Higher still is a large gallery with graceful little columns, small arcades, and heavy pinnacles; and finally, between the two towers whose separate stages now begin, there is an insignificant gallery and another

"BUT THE GLORY OF THE CATHEDRAL'S . . . GREAT STONE BOOK OF THEOLOGY IS PRINTED ON THE FAÇADE."—LAON.

suggestion of heavenly things, statues of the Virgin and of Angels.

In considering a part of these sculptures, the great French critic writes: "The Cathedral of Laon, whose façade cannot antedate 1200, even in its lower structure, shows on its doors bas-reliefs or sculptures which have preserved a well-defined archaic character. The artists, creators of these works, are impregnated by the example of Grecian paintings, and there is, in the adjustment of the figures and in the composition, a careful symmetry which recalls that of the vignettes of Greek manuscripts. This is shown even in the choice of subjects, in the draperies, and in certain accessories such as seats and däis.

In the XIII century, a Dominican Saint, Vincent of Beauvais, compiled a book of "all sacred wisdom, and all profane wisdom which was also an emanation of the divine wisdom." The sculptors who illustrated such a compendium carved only less voluminously than their text, which usually included, either categorically or in substance, the "Natural Mirror," or natural phenomena which, at Laon, are illustrated in the "Creation" of the South façade window; the "Doctrinal Mirror," whose Virtues and Vices are shown in the vaulting of a portal; and the largest subject, the "Historical Mirror," which occupies nearly all the sculptured spaces of the three porches.

Since the restoration of these carvings, their many themes may be clearly read. It is said that some of

the statues were re-made, not in imitation of the ancient models, but according to the intuition of the modern architects; and, in mediæval style but not according to mediæval custom, the heads of the "masters" of the work of the XIX century, Boeswillwald and Nieuwerkerke, were carved on the Western wall.

"THE HEADS OF . . . BOESWILLWALD AND NIEUWERKERKE WERE CONSPICUOUSLY CARVED ON THE WESTERN WALL."

There seems to be no very legitimate reason for the addition of these portraits; but, if the large statues were destroyed, they could scarcely be replaced by copies, and to the honour of the restorers it should be said that their delicate, difficult task was judiciously planned and that the new statues are imprint with the spirit of the XIII century.

The North portal tells of the early Life of Christ and the Virgin. Its large figures represent with sincere dramatic feeling the Visitation and the Presentation, the tympanum holds the scenes of the Nativity and the Magis' Adoration, and among the assisting Angels of the vaulting, the Holy Ghost hovers in the form of a Dove.

The statues of the South portal are worthy repro-

ductions, but the interest of the door lies in the sculptures of the vaulting and the tympanum. Within this comparatively restricted space is depicted the sermon which was more often given to the largest of stone canvases and placed above a Cathedral's chief portal; yet the story of the sermon is told with clear detail. Its text would seem to be the last chapters of the Gospel of Saint Matthew, and in the centre of the tympanum, as is fitting, is the Last Tribunal, and Christ the Just Judge, before Whom all mortals are coming. Near His dread and colossal Figure kneel the imploring Virgin and Saints; and, above them, as if to intercede through memories of His human life, Angels hover, bearing the Instruments of the Passion. Below, the naked dead are arising; and another Angel, with a sword, is keeping the Elect upon the "right hand" of Christ and driving the Lost, King, Bishop, Abbot, and commoner alike, toward a grinning and hungry Devil.

In the vaulting, members of the heavenly hosts are carrying the new-born souls of the Righteous, which look like babies, to the "bosom of Abraham"; and after this entrance into heaven, there is the distribution of rewards. The spectator is reminded of the words of the second chapter of the Revelation of Saint John, "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life,"—for angels are giving crowns, martyrs rejoice in their palms, others are blessed with flowers, all the Just sit upon thrones, and the eternal glory and happiness of heaven reign.

"The conclusion which the living should draw from this striking spectacle" was perhaps even more obvious to the Faithful of mediæval Laon than to the Christian of to-day. He was accustomed to read these "sermons in stones," and every time that he entered this Cathedral he was reminded to watch and pray, "for ye know neither the day nor the hour wherein the Son of Man cometh."

According to general custom, the central portal is the largest and finest of the church's doors. It was here, on the day of "Solemn Entry," that the Bishop first came to his Cathedral from the Abbey of Saint Vincent; and here, bare-footed, and escorted by many monks, he paused to present the Bulls to the powerful Chapter and to be formally received by its members. Then the Dean gave the new Prelate the Cross that he might kiss it, and presented him with Holy Water; and, after the Bishop had sprinkled himself and those who stood near him, he went in to be enthroned; and the organs pealed and the beautiful bells of Laon rang out, and one more name was added to the list of the holy Saint-Béat's successors.

About this historic threshold stand statues of eight Apostles, and the central pier bears the Mother, crowned and holding the Infant Jesus. The tympanum contains the representations of the triumphant death and glorification of this Virgin Mother; and in the vaulting, Angels carrying symbols of which Solomon's Song and the Apocalypse speak, crown, sun, palm, and

"THE RECOGNITION OF THE LOWLY FOUND DURING THE MIDDLE AGES . . . WITHIN THE CHURCH, HAS NO . . . MORE ARTISTIC EXPRESSION THAN IN THESE BIG OXEN."—LAON.

crescent, seem to assist at the solemn and imposing scenes.

The Church's story was continued in the pinnacles of the porch, and within the central peak the Blessed Virgin again sits, enthroned; on the Southern side, Saint Raphael and Saint Gabriel suggest the mysterious description of the so-called "apocryphal" Scriptures; and the statue of a young maid and two attendant Angels recall to the mind of the Laonnais one of the pure, young martyrs of his own country-side, Sainte-Preuve, and incite him to "follow in her train."

But some of the most famous of the Cathedral's sculptures are in the distant embrasures of the upper windows. Viollet-le-Duc considers that the figures of the Liberal Arts carven here are among "the finest" of mediæval conceptions of that subject, and, to the student of theological evolution, the illustrations of the Creation have especial significance.

"So literal was this whole conception," writes Doctor White, "that in these days it can scarcely be imagined. The Almighty was represented in theological literature, in the pictured Bibles, and in works of art generally, as a sort of enlarged and venerable Nürnberg toymaker. . . . Such representations presented no difficulties to the docile minds of the Middle Ages . . . ; and in the same spirit, when the discovery of fossils began to provoke thought, these were declared to be 'models of His works approved or rejected by the great Artificer,' 'outlines of future creations,' 'sports

of Nature,' or 'objects placed in the strata to bring to naught human curiosity'; and this kind of explanation lingered on until in our own time an eminent naturalist, in his anxiety to save the literal account in Genesis, has urged that Jehovah tilted and twisted the strata, scattered the fossils through them, scratched the glacial furrows upon them, spread over them the marks of erosion by water, and set Niagara pouring—all in an instant—thus mystifying the world 'for some inscrutable purpose, but for His own glory.'"

In the Middle Ages, however, no such complicated explanations were necessary for the average intelligence. God is shown as He considers the world He is about to make. He seems to be counting on His fingers, computing, perhaps, how long it will take; He creates the celestial hierarchy, separates the waters, and, finally, "on the seventh day," He leans on a staff, "rests," and sleeps.

The outer walls of the transepts of Laon have comparatively few storied sculptures, and they exemplify the fact that incompletion is maiming to the grandeur of the Gothic. With both her arms, the Venus de Milo would, perhaps, be no more beautiful; the mind of an artist has never conceived a "Winged Victory" more gloriously triumphant than that of Samothrace as it is to-day; but an unfinished architectural scheme often presents a mere travesty of the builder's concept, and, large and generous as their dimensions show the original plans to have been, the transepts in their

"LAON IS A CATHEDRAL OF COMPARATIVELY SIMPLE STYLE."

present condition are so frankly incomplete that their magnificence is somewhat rudimentary and they are only huge walls of secondary interest. Akin to the square apse-end in angularity of shape, they are also reasonably akin to it in style. In completion they would be imposing, but they now fail of this quality, and perhaps their chief interest lies in the curious absidal effect of the two-storied chapels, and in two or three details of the Clock Tower,—a little statue of Laon's apostolic pilgrim, Saint-Béat; traces of ancient paintings which represent the Apostles; and a small and very remarkable rose which is best studied in the little passage-way near the Capitular Hall.

One of the most original of the artistic conceptions of the Cathedral is that of its towers, and, in the XIII century, the chimes of these towers were famous throughout France for sonority and exquisite harmonies. Almost all Cathedral-chimes, although still musical, are no longer as perfect as they were five hundred years ago; and it is almost universally true that the towers which hold the bells are seldom seen as they were planned. Of the seven which were to have adorned Laon, only four exist; and the lofty central spire has been realised in a heavy, square base which ends in a squat and peaked roof.

This truncated reminder of the spire is frankly disappointing, but the towers of the façade and the transepts are wonderfully graceful. Rising above the last, galleried stage of the walls, their lower division

has long, twin lancets with little columns and ornamentations of foliage; the higher and last division, above a flowered frieze, has an effect of simple, spontaneous symmetry, it seems almost as if it had grown, and its plan has the lovely and delicate complication of a flower. Here one long bay pierces each side of the tower; and the angles of its walls are hidden by small, two-storied, turret-like structures. It would be scarcely possible to exaggerate the beauty of these tiny turrets, and only those who climb to study the details can enjoy their perfection and the perfection of two of the most exquisite of mediæval constructions which they contain—the spiral staircases. No detail that could add to the grace of these narrow, winding ways has been forgotten—each of their steps is supported by a shaft, and each shaft has its carven detail and its base; and it seems both a wonder and a pity that so unique and elegant a conception of the lighter Gothic forms should be placed behind the arcades of the tower,—so well hidden in so remote a height.

The façade towers are ornamented by forty animals; and the strange attitudes of some of them, the frightful or peaceful expression of others, the portrayal of passions and sentiments which are human rather than brutish, lend an intimate interest to these distant beasts. Among them are the famous and colossal oxen, which stand at the angles of the towers and seem to look with patient philosophy over the low country which surrounds Laon. To find statues of these

"A NOOK IN THE TOWER."—LAON.

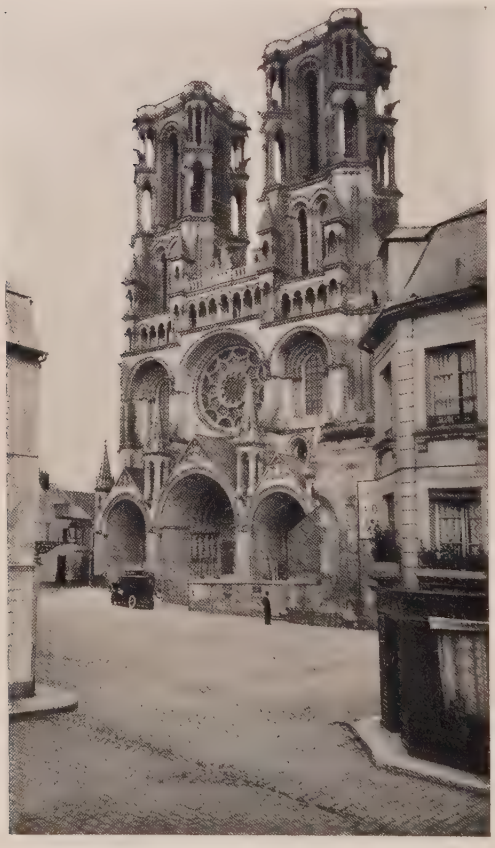
animals at so conspicuous, so marked a post,—a place of honour, as it were, in a Christian Cathedral,—is unusual and astonishing. History is silent; but, as is often the case, a quaint and touching legend supplies a possible and, indeed, a probable interpretation.

According to this legend, the stone of the Cathedral was brought from quarries down the mountain-side, and these stones were laboriously hauled by oxen. It is said that one of the beasts sometimes voluntarily walked to the cart, pulled it up the steep road to the summit where the Cathedral was to stand, and returned for a second load. Sometimes the tradition has a few little variations; but it always typifies the recognition and exaltation of the lowly, which during the Middle Ages was found only within the Church, and nowhere has this Christian idea found a more unusual and artistic materialisation than in the big oxen of the towers.

Old Vilart de Honnecourt, writing in the century of great churches, exclaimed, "In no place have I seen towers like to those of Laon!" and the modern traveller might say even less ambiguously that he has seen few which are as beautiful and none more original or more characteristic. The towers of the transepts follow the same general plan as those of the façade; that called "Saint Paul" is higher, more slender, and more graceful than its companions, and all of them seem to approach the ideal of some lovely campanile.

Laon is of comparatively simple style; yet to learn

to know so large an edifice, it is necessary to take many steps, to study many nooks and corners; and in the discovery of these details, a sense of the whole is often lost. When, however, every nook of every tower has been explored, when all the sculptured pictures have been seen, and the church has become so familiar that its beauties are like a favourite, oft-told tale, the moment has come when parts are considered in their relationship to the whole. This is the moment of recapitulation, of inevitable—if futile —comparisons.



"THE SLENDER TOWERS . . . RISE ABOVE MASSIVE SUSTAINING WALLS."—LAON.

Is Our Lady of Laon, like Rouen, a mere heterogeneous compendium of fine and interesting architectural bits? Is its every part, like Reims, conceived in almost perfect harmony;

or is it rather akin to the majority of the ecclesiastical structures of the Middle Ages in realising a number of more or less fairly consonant compromises?

If the great, square, terminating walls of the transepts and the apse are of kindred style, the lateral walls, with their early upper stage and the later Gothic of

"ITS NOBLE AND MAJESTIC SIMPLICITY."—LAON.

the chapels, give an effect of inconsistency; and the façade, that portion of the exterior which is most admirable in part, is also the least harmonious as a whole. Its porches are, in themselves, stately and proportioned with fine dignity, and their iconography is particularly interesting and careful in execution; but between the towers and the portals, the façade

seems mannered and unsuccessful in creating a sense of unity, and the towers, here as on the transepts, seem too light, too open, too graceful, to rise above such massive walls. Yet the exterior is largely, splendidly beautiful in distant view, with its four campanili silhouetted against the sky; it is imposing in the near perspective; and the errors of judgment of its architects are powerless to destroy the essential magnificence of their plan.

The style of the Western portals, fine, simple, and massive work, coincides with that of the great nave, and before its noble and majestic simplicity, the four roses with all their symbolism, the lovely absidal chapels of the transept—every part of the interior pales in ineffectual beauty. It seems colossal, but it is not stupendous in all its measurements. It is large and long and broad, yet in that incomparable quality of the French Cathedral, in loftiness, it is mathematically deficient and measures only about eighty feet. The mediæval builders, however, rightly disregarded mere theoretical figures in the desire for the realities of effect; and the nave, with the satisfying unity and regularity of well-balanced proportions, is also so imprint with grandeur that it is sublimely reposeful.

The criticism that this great aisle appears too white and cold, that it is without the appropriate suggestiveness of shadow which bespeaks religious meditation, is just. For, contrary to the ideal custom of the Gothic church, the front door is almost always open, and the

"LAON STANDS MOST NOBLY ON . . . A HIGH, ISOLATED HILL."

windows of the nave and lantern and side-chapels and part of the transepts are filled with glass that, at best, is so delicately tinted as to seem white. To insinuate, however, that this defect is inherent, that it is an imperfection of the original plan, is to betray ignorance of the universal dicta of the Middle Ages. Dim light and stained-glass were as integral parts of the mediæval church as the aisle, or the choir itself; and in comparison with a Cathedral which, like Chartres, still has its original glass, the nave of Laon, although its every stone were perfect, is but a ruin; to re-create it in its primitive glory requires almost as much imagination as to picture the ruins of Jumièges in all their ancient splendour; and he who can see in the great interior only bareness and coldness of architectural effect is not yet fitted to enter the portals.

Chartres, Reims, Bourges, Amiens, Paris, and Beauvais are popularly supposed to be the greatest works which the Gothic produced in its home-country; but rightfully, by virtue of beauty, strength, and originality, Laon has its place among these splendid edifices. That it has been neglected is due both to its comparatively unimportant part in the annals of national history and the insignificance into which its little city has declined; that, with the growth of travel, it will increase in fame until it secures its rank in the history of architecture seems certain. Naturally the French have appreciated it longer and more truly than the English-speaking folk, but some years ago one among these folk, in his "History

of Architecture," finely wrote, "Laon stands most nobly on . . . a high, isolated hill, . . . it is in many respects one of the most interesting of the Cathedrals of France," and the people have named it truly, "the great church."

Paris

Of supreme importance to the celebration of the Holy Mysteries, the apse was usually finished before any other portion of the church. "Yet it would be a fallacy to believe that the original plan is always perceivable by looking at the Eastern end of a Cathedral as it now stands." For it became a pious custom to add chapels, sometimes one by one, sometimes by groups, to the flanks of the holy edifice, and these chapels so often essentially disturb the fine proportions of the building that they are scarcely more embellishing than hoop-skirts to a woman. The Southern line of Chartres is unpleasantly broken by the Chapel of the Bourbons, the Northern wall of Séez has a similar excrescence which, happily, is to be destroyed, and Laon possesses two long series of comparatively unimportant, angular, cell-like additions.

The Cathedral of Paris has also its later additions. A half circle of chapels of a far more developed style than the choir stands about its apse. Almost all of their wall space is sheer glass, but by rare good-fortune they are concealed during many months of the year by thick foliage, and the upper walls of

"THE UPPER WALLS OF THE CHURCH RISE IN THE UNSPOILED SPLENDOUR OF THEIR SOMBRE ANTIQUITY."—PARIS.

the church rise in the unspoiled splendour of their sombre antiquity.

For so massive a Cathedral, the vessel is exceedingly slender. In its rounded end, it suggests the great apse of Bourges; but is much lighter, much more delicately formed, and seems more soaring and more elevated. From its sides, the elongated, giant arms of the flying-buttresses reach the straight piles of the chapel walls, and these piles end in ornamented niches and quaintly tall and peaked needles. But the great flying-buttresses themselves are severely plain; so severe and plain that by every law of chance they should also be stiff and ugly. The genius of the constructor was, however, so true that, by their form, by the well calculated proportions of their lines, and by the bold breadth of their sweep, the flying-buttresses of Notre-Dame are magnificent in daring and successful originality.

There is no finer view of the Cathedral than that from the river opposite the Ile-Saint-Louis. The lines of the great apse loom in majesty and power, and if, in comparison with its stately sobriety, the transepts seem too ornate, the massive towers rise in perfect harmony. The spire, like the transepts, appears disproportionately fragile, but its soaring height adds markedly to the architectural perfection of the imposing church.

Although it is both beautiful and effective, this spire is but lead and wood. At the time of the Cathedral's conception, the crossing of a church was usually

surmounted by a stone tower; but, at the end of the XIII century, this splendid custom was passing away and Paris followed the newer and poorer style.

"ALTHOUGH IT IS BOTH BEAUTIFUL AND EFFECTIVE, THIS SPIRE IS BUT LEAD AND WOOD."—PARIS.

The lateral walls of the church have been suggestively described by Mr. Ferguson. "As originally designed," he writes, "they must have been singularly beautiful, for, though sadly disfigured by the insertion of chapels which obliterate the buttresses and deprive them of that light and shade so indispensable to architectural effect, there yet remains a simplicity of outline and an elegance in the whole form of the building which has not often been excelled in Gothic structures."

If the last part of the quotation savours of a slight hyperbole, it is not unjustifiable, but any praise of the transepts which was not measured would

"THE FLYING-BUTTRESSES OF NOTRE-DAME ARE MAGNIFICENT IN DARING AND SUCCESSFUL ORIGINALITY."—PARIS.

be inexcusably exaggerative. The beauty of the great roses, which lies in the stained-glass as well as in the design, belongs to the interior. It is scarcely necessary to learn from the documents that these walls were not part of the original plan. Even from a distance they seem foreign to the general style of the church. They are not only too highly ornamented, but they are not in themselves ideally proportioned, their lines tend to the stiff and formal; and, in close study, it is easily discoverable that the sculptures, which would be notable in a fine church of the second rank, are much inferior to those of the façade.

"There is no human work," writes Viollet-le-Duc, "which does not contain in itself the germ, the principle, of its own dissolution." The qualities of the architecture of the XIII century, exaggerated, became defects. The progressive march was then so rapid that the Gothic style, full of youth and strength in the first years of the reign of Saint-Louis, commenced to fall into abuse in 1260.

"There were scarcely forty years between the constructions of the Western façade and the South portal of the Cathedral of Paris; the great façade still shows traces of Romanesque traditions; while the Southern portal is of an architecture which presages decadence. From the end of the XIII century there was no longer—above all in religious architecture—that individual stamp which characterises each of the 'edifice-types' of the beginning of that century. The broad lines

and manners of constructing and ornamenting already assume the monotonous aspect which made architecture an easier study and was favourable to mediocrity rather than to genius. One sees that rules were being established which placed the art of architecture within the reach of the most ordinary talent. Everything was foreseen, one form inevitably led to another. Reason replaced imagination, logic killed poetry. But, at the same time, execution became more even, more scientific, the choice of materials was more judicious. It seems as if the constructor's genius, having nothing more to discover, satisfied its need of novelty by applying itself to details. All parts of the architectural structure became more meagre, sculpture delighted in the infinitely small. The sentiment of real grandeur as a whole was lost; the desire was to astonish by boldness, by the appearance of lightness, and by mere contrivances. Science became greater than art and absorbed it. . . . Sculpture lost its importance, impoverished by the geometric combinations of architecture, . . . and architecture . . . leaves . . . one unmoved before so much effort in which there is more reasoning than inspiration."

In the transepts of Notre-Dame the depth of this artistic degradation is approached rather than reached, and the portal of Saint Stephen is finer than that of the later Northern wall. This wall was built in part during 1313 with booty gotten from the confiscated possessions of the Templars and recalls one of the most appalling

IN THIS PORTAL, " 'ONE SEES THAT RULES WERE BEING ESTABLISHED, . . . REASON REPLACED IMAGINATION. BUT AT THE SAME TIME, EXECUTION HAD BECOME MORE EVEN, MORE SCIENTIFIC.' "—PARIS.

scenes which ever took place on the Parvise of Notre-Dame, and one of the last in the tragedy of the great knightly Order.

History has not solved the enigma of this tragedy. With Philip the Fair as an accuser, and Pope Clement V and his Council as judges, the prosecution and the court present at the same time both the deepest villany and the most venerated ecclesiastical rank. To peculative souls, the immense and well-known wealth of the accused fraternity was a tempting spoil, and the history of the human race would seem to prove that, to the Knights themselves, it must have brought relaxations from a purely spiritual life and, in consequence, a certain degeneration from their loftiest ideals.

At the opening of the year 1313, through the machinations of Philip and the wisdom of Clement V, they had been charged with vile and unspeakable corruption. Testimony was extorted from them by the exquisite torture of the rack, their prestige and riches vanished beneath the crushing power of the head of Christendom and the French King; their case had been judged; and, for five years and a half, James de Molay, the Grand Master of the Temple, Guy, the Grand Precentor, a nobleman of illustrious birth, Hugues de Péralt, the Visitor General of the Order, and the Grand Preceptor of Aquitaine, had lain in prison. By mediæval methods it was not usually difficult—and with due time it was seldom impossible—to force a

captive to make a desired confession, and one purporting to come from James de Molay had been made public.

"This document," writes Addison in the "History of the Knights Templars," "the Grand Master . . . afterwards disowned and stigmatised as a forgery, swearing that if the Cardinals who had subscribed to it had been of a different cloth, he would have proclaimed them liars and would have challenged them to mortal combat." The other Knights had also made confessions which they had subsequently revoked. The secrets of the dark prisons of these illustrious Templars have never been brought to light, but on the eighteenth of March, 1313, a public scaffold was erected before the Cathedral-church of Paris and the citizens were summoned to hear the Order of the Temple convicted, by the mouths of its chief officers, of the sins and iniquities charged against it.

Early in the day the people thronged towards the Parvise and looked at the sinister gibbet and, at the hour of the ceremony, the square was crowded. The Papal Legate appeared with the Bishop of Alva and a large priestly train; soldiers came to guard them from the condemned, so-called "criminals"; and, at length, dragging heavy chains, pale and emaciated from torture, anguish of mind, and long imprisonment, the Knights were led before the stern prelates.

Then, in a loud voice, the Bishop of Alva read their confessions, and the Papal Legate, turning towards

the Grand Master and his companions, called upon them to renew in the hearing of the people the avowals which they had previously made of the guilt of their Order. Hugues de Péralt, the Visitor General, and the Preceptor of the Temple of Aquitaine signified their assent to whatever was demanded of them; but the Grand Master, raising his arms, bound with chains, towards heaven, and advancing to the end of the scaffold, addressed the awe-stricken throng and boldly courted death.

He began by averring that to speak untruth was a crime in the sight of both God and man. "I do," he continued "confess my guilt, which consists in having, to my shame and dishonour, through the pain of torture and the fear of death, suffered myself to give utterance to falsehoods, imputing scandalous sins and iniquities to an illustrious Order which hath nobly served the cause of Christianity. I disdain to seek a wretched and disgraceful existence by engrafting another lie upon the original falsehood."

The Legate, startled beyond expression, gathered himself together and motioned that the prisoner should be prevented from uttering such undesired sentiments; and Guy, the Grand Preceptor, "having commenced with strong asseverations of his innocence, the Provost and his officers hurried them both back to prison.

"King Philip was no sooner informed of the result of this strange proceeding than, in the first impulse of

his indignation, without consulting Pope or Bishop or ecclesiastical Council, he commanded the instant execution of both these gallant noblemen. The same day, at dusk, they were led out of their dungeons, and were burned to death in a slow and lingering manner upon small fires of charcoal which were kindled on the little island in the Seine between the King's garden and the Convent of Saint Augustine, close to the spot where now stands the equestrian statue of Henry IV.

"Thus," concludes Addison, "perished the last Grand Master of the Temple."

This shocking scene had a milder parallel in one whose climax was also enacted on the Parvise of Notre-Dame,—the humiliation of the fallen Count of Toulouse. It was 1229, and the long struggle for the suppression of heresy in the Midi, and incidentally for royal supremacy, had ended. Raymond VII was humbled to the dust, the royal suzerainty was firmly established, and the Church triumphed. But to satisfy mediæval victors, degradation had to be public as well as actual. "On Holy Thursday," writes an old Chronicler, "bare-footed and bare-armed, and naked to his shirt," the once unconquerable and unbending Southerner meekly approached the door of Notre-Dame. The Papal Legate stood under the large arch of the portal; and Raymond, advancing, besought him to grant a reconciliation with the Church. Then, continues the Chronicler, "it was sad to see so great a man, who had so long resisted many and great nations, conducted

. . . like a penitent to the Altar where, in the presence of the dignitaries of Church and State, he received absolution." This act was portentous, for it meant that the Church was victor and that the Holy Inquisition was firmly rooted in the South.

The sombre record also relates that, in 1381, so notable a person as Ambriot, Provost of Paris, condemned through the University for "heresy and sin," was led to the Parvise and "preached at" before an interested audience, and then led away to a cell and a diet of bread and water. However, all the ceremonies which took place before the Cathedral were by no means penitential.

In 1572, six days before the massacre of Saint Bartholomew, a gay couple appeared on the Parvise, the jovial Henry of Navarre and his bride, the still gayer Marguerite of Valois, and with them were the impassive Queen-Mother, concealing her sardonic thoughts, the nobles and ladies who knew of the impending catastrophe, and the whole court of France in brilliant array. But the procession halted at the portals, for Henry was a Protestant and could not be married within the holy walls. After the short ceremony was finished, Marguerite and the Faithful went in to Mass; and the bridegroom, with a few of his train, walked about the Cloister, and is said to have gaped and kicked his heels against the coping until his bride re-appeared and he could escort her to the wedding festivities at the Louvre.

With the Cathedral of Paris are connected also memories of the death of the most distinguished Frenchman of his time, the great-grandson of Lucrezia Borgia, the nephew of Tasso's Leonora, and supposed to have Lucrezia's golden hair, if none of her more baneful characteristics. This was Henry of Guise, "King of Paris, King of the League," and actually more powerful than the wretched sovereign whom the mocking Parisians called "Henry, by the grace of his mother, King of France, man milliner, hair-dresser, lover of little dogs, and superintendent of the Capuchins." Yet the great Duke, Le Balafré, not five months after the Barricades of Paris when the King had fled leaving him monarch of the capital, was, in spite of his superb and confident mien, a desperate man almost at the end of his resources, almost at the end of his patience.

"He resolved," writes Pasquier, "to play double or quits," to force the worthless, effeminate, weak-minded, and despised King virtually to abdicate in his favour at the meeting of the Estates of Blois. So to Blois he went—in spite of warnings which poured in on him as they had poured in on Coligny.

A friend at Chartres reminded him "that Henry had bidden them kill the Admiral at all costs because he had played the King,—what had Guise done?"

His cousin, Christine of Lorraine, "assured him the King would kill him."

"Madame, he does not dare," was the reply; and to the Spanish ambassador the Duke said, "They cannot

kill me except in the King's cabinet, and"—contemptuously—"he is not likely to keep any plot so quiet that I shall not know of it."

And so, when the Estates met in the hall of the old Castle on the ninth of October, Guise, as Grand Master of the Royal Household, sat on a stool at the foot of the throne; and it was on him that all eyes were fixed.

The Estates had been ostensibly convoked to assist the King in the matter of the succession and in the arrangement of administrative reforms, but really it sat as a Court of Appeal which the King hoped would restore some of his lost power.

But, as he offered concession after concession, the League grew more insolent.

In vain he appealed to them "to consider his quality and not to prostrate the authority of the crown." At every sitting of the Clergy and the Third Estate, insults rained on him; on holidays, preachers assailed him from the pulpit; and Guise, coldly looking on, said, "I have no power to interfere."

As the year darkened into winter, the King left Guise and the Estates to do what they would while he fasted and prayed. He also built, in the story above his room, a row of cells in which to lodge some Capuchin monks, and spoke of giving the reins of government to his mother and Le Balafré that he might attend to his own soul.

The people regarded him as virtually a monk; and Le Balafré, seeming to see royal power within his grasp,

became impatient and lessened that semblance of respect he had hitherto preserved, and the gloom of hatred and mistrust spread over the old town.

Everyone knows the story of that dark December morning at Blois. The King, expecting to go to pray at a Hermitage six miles from the castle and return for a meeting of his Council, was called at four o'clock. He rose at once; and picking up the keys of the little cells which he destined for the Capuchins, took his valet upstairs and locked the frightened fellow into one of the rooms.

Henry then returned to his own room, where his special guard of forty-five Gascons, sworn to his commands, were assembling.

As they stood awaiting his pleasure, he informed them that he had suffered enough, and that either he or the Guise must die that morning.

The forty-five gaily declared that he could count on them.

"Cap de Diou," called out one in his Gascon patois, familiarly tapping the King's shoulder, "be at ease, I will kill him for you."

At the end of the unholy conference, eight men armed with daggers were stationed in the royal chamber; twelve others went beyond into the old cabinet or ante-room. Two chaplains were then called into the adjoining Oratory and prayed, as they were bidden to pray, for "the success of the King's undertaking," and half an hour later, Henry interrupted them to beg

that they pray even more fervently as "the hour was come." But, in the interval they had peeped into the cabinet and had seen two Gascons dancing:—one flourishing a naked dagger and the other crying that "when it was done he could be thrown out of the window."

Guessing that the man spoke of Guise, the horror-stricken priests returned to their devotions, this time praying that the King's heart might be changed.

In the meantime Henry wandered nervously to and fro, and begged the guardsmen to take care the Duke did not hurt them.

As the King was not in the Council Room, Guise, whose gray satin suit was too thin for the wet December morning, shivered by the open fire which was kindled for his benefit, and talked with his brother, the Cardinal, with the Archbishop of Lyons, Rambouillet, and others; and then sent his secretary to bring the handkerchief and comfit-box he had forgotten.

This slight act almost saved his life. Returning with the silver shell, the secretary was not allowed to enter. This startled him. Immediately he tried to see the Duke's young son, but the boy was going to breakfast with the King's nephew and laughingly ran away. The poor secretary could only burn his master's papers, hastily warn his mother, and await events.

Meanwhile the Duke, summoned to the King's bedside, passed into the next room and the door was instantly closed behind him.

The guardsmen, saluting respectfully, followed him closely, and as he turned to find the meaning of this unusual attendance, their daggers were in his breast, throat, and side. He tried to draw his sword—it was caught in his cloak. He succeeded, however, in dragging three of his assailants across the room. Then, dropping at the foot of Henry's bed, he gasped, "I am betrayed. God have mercy on me."

The King peeped cautiously from behind the curtains.

"Is it done?" he whimpered; and, if the Duke's keen ear was not yet deafened, he must have caught that faint, awful echo of his own voice floating to him across the space of fifteen troubled years.

Coming closer to the body Henry muttered, "I did not know he was so tall."

At the sound of the scuffle and the fall, the Cardinal and the Archbishop had tried to go to Guise's aid, but they were not permitted to enter the King's room. Shortly afterward, de Lognac came in with the information that "the Duke had been very hard to kill," and the two great priests were arrested.

Then Henry went to tell his mother; for, as she was ill, none had ventured to explain the cause of the noise overhead.

"I feel better," she said.

"So do I," answered her son, "this morning I became King of France, the King of Paris is dead."

The forty-five Gascons having trooped away, joking

and laughing, the two priests stole into the royal room. The valet was mopping up the floor. Seeing the holy men, he drew back the piece of tapestry with which someone had covered the dead body and placed a handful of straw, twisted into a cross, on the Duke's breast. As the priests looked at the pale face whose habitual serenity was not distorted by the violence of his death, they murmured a hasty De Profundis, and these were the only funeral rites; for the body of the murdered Duke with that of his brother, the Cardinal de Guise, who was killed next day, were either buried in quicklime or burned in the furnaces of the castle.

"Henry III," writes MacDowall, "discovered too late that his rival was more formidable in death than in life"; and as soon as it became evident that the King was incapable of following up his crime with the necessary energy, the general consternation produced by the news of the murder was succeeded by uncontrolled fury.

The whole city of Paris went into mourning, and day and night the churches were crowded with congregations who replied in a chorus of sympathetic hoots and imprecations to the preachers' denunciations of the crime. Portraits of the two brothers, "martyrs for Jesus and the public weal," were placed on the Altars, and the Sorbonne declared the King's subjects released from their oath of allegiance.

Finally, on a cold New Year's Eve, a long procession of protesting citizens wound through the dark streets,

the flames and smoke of their lighted torches filled these narrow ways with strange and fearful shadows, and to those who peeped from the upper windows, the line of the march seemed unending. At length the procession reached the bridge of the Ile de la Cité, crossed it, and quietly massed in front of the looming façade of the Cathedral.

There was absolute silence. First one and then another of the flaming torches were extinguished upon the sacred threshold of the church, until the surging mass of people could be but dimly, confusedly seen in the large square. Then, as the last torch went out, from the darkness of the night, from the depth of this surging mass, rose an awful cry to the God Who dwelt within the walls of the great Cathedral, "Thus—thus—may the House of Valois be extinguished!"

Under the trees of the historic Parvise, in front of the Hôtel-Dieu, there are now a few wooden benches, where one can sit very restfully and look up at the big, dark façade. The Traveller, for whom the sombre majesty of this old wall has a mysterious charm, had found a convenient corner on one of the benches and was trying to sketch details which he might later be glad to have for memory's sake. As he awkwardly tried to force his pencil to make the necessary lines, he was led from thought to thought; and he wondered how many of the hundreds who daily go in and out the Cathedral had studied the wide differences which exist between portions that are well within the range of

"THE LOOMING FAÇADE OF THE CATHEDRAL."—PARIS.

everybody's vision, the first story of the three portals. Even the statues on the door-piers are as different and as interesting as people. In the Southern door, there is a long, attenuated figure of Saint-Marcel, almost as archäic as his story. This holy Bishop lived in a time when animals which are now extinct—or live only in allegorical form—were common, a period when Europe was infested with gigantic and heathen beasts, the "gargouille" of Rouen, the "tarasque" whose effigy may still be seen at Tarascon, and the "dragon" of Paris whose likeness is reproduced on the pedestal of the statue. Like Saint Martha and Saint George, Saint-Marcel overcame this scourge of his diocese, and triumphantly thrust the end of the episcopal crook into his mouth; and in gratitude, the devotees of the XII century built, to his honour, this fine and rather Byzantine memorial.

The statues of the door-piers, of a later date, exemplify the artistic power and the religious spirit of the sculpture of the XIII century. Although the Christ of the middle door does not typify so lofty an ideal as the "Beautiful God of Amiens" and has a far less appealing personality than the grave Christ of Reims, His expression possesses ascetic dignity and strength, His figure is well proportioned, and the draperies, if stiff, have no traces of archäism.

The Virgin before the Northern doorway holds the Infant Jesus on her arm and a rose in her hand, and below her feet peers the woman-head of the serpent.

This Virgin is the Queen-Mother, that serene and wise Protectress towards whom the XIII century aspired; and to judge how much nobler this grave conception

"THE VIRGIN BEFORE THE NORTHERN DOORWAY . . . IS THE QUEEN-MOTHER, THE SERENE AND WISE PROTECTRESS TOWARDS WHOM THE XIII CENTURY ASPIRED."—PARIS.

is than that of following centuries, it is only necessary to compare it with the later statue of a light-hearted and light-headed young woman which stands near the High Altar of the Cathedral and is called "Our Lady of Paris."

The pedestal of the Queen-Mother of the portal represents, with beautiful harmony of composition, scenes from the lives of our first parents. Above her crowned head two angels hold a royal däis, and her glorious position in the redemption of a world and in the sight of heaven is still further emphasised by the Ark of the Covenant which rests upon the däis. This holy Ark, often used by mediæval artists, usually appears in windows and in scenes from the Old Testament; but here it has a symbolic meaning. It is placed, as it were, between the Old and the New Dispensation, and to the people of the Middle Ages it was full of profound religious significance.

From the distance at which he sat, many of these details were barely suggested to the Traveller, but he saw clearly that the central portal seemed a little more obese than the others, and he recollected with amusement that its form had been changed in the XVIII century. During five hundred years, it had been large enough to admit processions of the Blessed Sacrament, many reverend prelates, and generations of Kings, but Louis XV did not find it sufficiently broad to admit his decadent majesty and his equally decadent Court—therefore, it was promptly widened.

Unlike the re-cutting of the doors of Saint-Gervais-et-Saint-Protais of Soissons, this effort of the XVIII century at Paris brought little harm to the earlier conception, and the portal still stands very much as its builders planned it. Attendant upon the Christ on the

dividing pier are His twelve Apostles who fill the side walls of the arch. These huge statues rest on pedestals which are held by bent, caryatid-like figures; and, below the figures, there are a row of frames and a row of medallions which contain symbols of the times and the seasons; and these in turn are sustained by a base of richly carved, tapestried stone.

Although they are strong figures, the Apostles do not show the skilful differentiation nor the fineness of execution of those at Amiens and the portal's greatest detail is its tympanum. The subject is the usual one, poignantly depicted,—the Last Judgment. Christ, impassive as justice, accompanied by His kneeling Mother, by Saint John and two Angels, is rendering the last, awful decree. Beneath His feet lies heaven, a mediæval castle; and before a soul can enter there, it must be weighed by an Angel assisted by a devil. With habitual trickery, a satellite of the Evil One is slyly clinging to his side of the scale, and the jeopardised soul, in terror, is trying to climb out of the balance. On one side of the scene, the lost are being driven into Hell. On the other side, a procession of the Elect, looking heavenward, are marching to everlasting joys. Beneath, two Angels are blowing the last trump and a group of the dead are responding to the call. Pushing aside the stones which have lain above them, a Crusader, a Queen, a Bishop, and many others are solemnly and fearfully emerging to be judged.

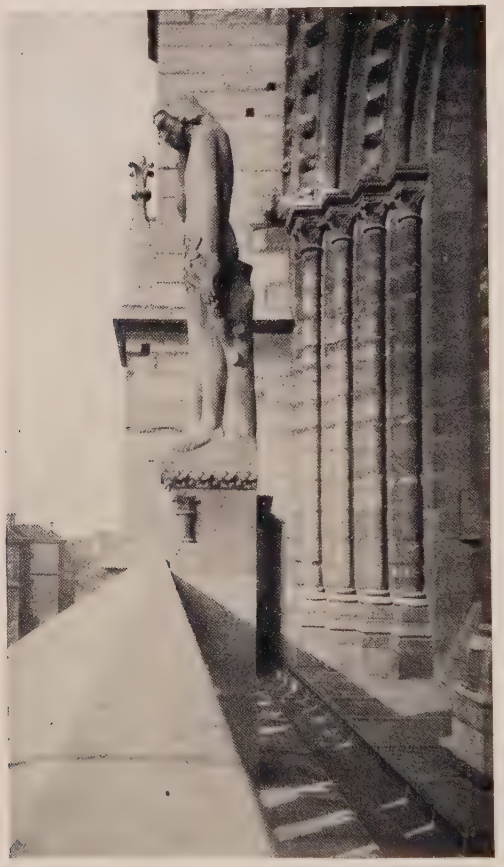
At Chartres, Amiens, Reims, and Bordeaux, writes

Viollet-le-Duc, the compositions of this subject "are far from equal to that of Notre-Dame of Paris." In some of the former, "the dramatic sentiment is exaggerated; in others the groups are confused, the damned grimacing, and the demons ridiculous rather than alarming." At Paris, even the watching Angels in the vaulting seem anxious and interested, and the scene—particularly the resurrection of the body and the apparent re-awakening of the intelligence—is portrayed with powerful and vital sincerity.

The portal of Saint-Anne was chiefly—and skilfully—composed from fragments of an earlier door. In general perspective it forms an harmonious part of the first story, but in detail, it is more archäic; its Saints are reminiscently Byzantine, and, although they have been assembled with a due sense of proportion and are curiously interesting, the subjects of the tympanum are too numerous and too closely packed in the limits of the arch. Sculptured with less dramatic force than the central door, this portal represents the art of the XII century as well as the larger doorway portrays that of a hundred years later.

In the judgment of experts, the Virgin's portal is artistically stronger than either of the others. "The sculpture of this door," writes the author of the great Architectural Dictionary, "is original in character, and we know nothing else of this epoch which can be compared to it in grandeur of composition and beauty of execution." The flowing draperies of its Angels

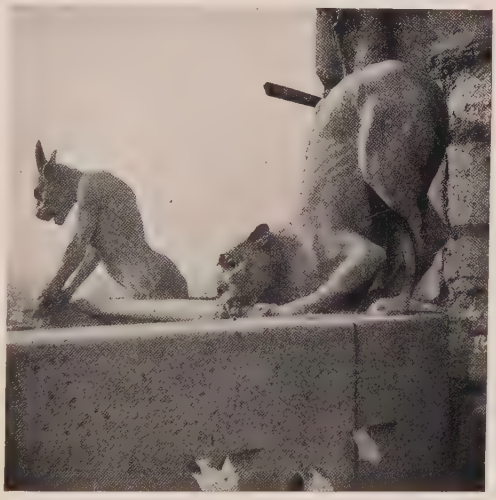
are natural and graceful, its Saints might have been studied from living models, and the subjects of the tympanum and all its details are conceived with admirable clearness, power, and proportion.



"ADAM, BOWED WITH THOUGHT AND RESPONSIBILITY."—PARIS.

Thinking all these things, the Traveller continued his little sketches. He tried to draw the figures of the Church and the Synagogue, the monk and the Bishop, which stand in the niches of the four great buttresses that flank the walls. Then his eyes wandered to the long row of Kings that stand in dignified poses between the columns of their portico. Surmounting the strong stone roofing of this portico, is a narrow, open terrace. Above the centre of its balustrade, in front of the rose

window, have been placed the figures of the Mother and Child guarded by two Angels, and before the Gothic windows on either side of the rose, there are large statues of our first parents. Our Lady and the Angels form a conventional group; but the two solitary statues, Eve, young and abashed, and Adam, bowed with thought and responsibility, are so finely and strongly carven that to climb the narrow staircase of the tower to the high terrace will amply repay the student of mediæval statuary.



"CHIMERICAL BEASTS."—PARIS.

Above the terrace and the Gothic windows and the rose, there is a very tall and ornate gallery which, uniting the towers, also hides their first stages and the pinnacle of the nave. Still higher is another terrace and the low balustrade whose "chimerical beasts" and birds and demons the Traveller could just distinguish; and from this stage rise the two towers.

The mere, cold analysis of a fine construction seems a thankless task. That the whole is composed of its parts is a truism, but the gigantic mass is not solely a

collection of properly disposed portals, windows, and galleries. Like every great work, it is also pervaded by spirit. Here lies the force of the XII century, and Notre-Dame seems filled with the earnest and still sombre faith which emerged from the terrors of the year 1000. Although its construction took place between 1208 and 1223, this Western front presages little of the elegance and lightness of the XIII and XIV centuries,—it is rather a grave and reverend monument.

The Traveller had a post card of the façade, and was trying to aid his imagination, trying to decide whether the addition of the stone "needles" which the early architects had planned would have added essentially to the symmetry of the Cathedral. A voice startled his lazy reveries.

"Would the intrusion of an old—a very old—man be pardoned?"

At this tentative remark, the Traveller turned and saw that a newcomer was seated on the bench, a short, slender, alert man of fifty-five or sixty, with a pleasant mouth and dark eyes, and the clear-cut face, the moustache, and the imperial of a Frenchman of the Second Empire. Later, the Traveller noticed that the tightly buttoned frock-coat had a number of small, neat darns.

"I have been here quite twenty minutes,—the Cathedral is closed—and after five, I always rest for an hour or two on one of the benches. Yet I will not say that I came to this particular seat without purpose,—I saw

"NOTRE-DAME SEEMS FILLED WITH THE EARNEST AND STILL SOMBRE FAITH WHICH EMERGED FROM THE TERRORS OF THE YEAR 1000."—PARIS.

you as I went in at two, you were then looking at Notre-Dame,—I come out at five and spy you again—with a pencil. 'An artist!' I say to myself, 'perhaps, or perhaps not, with a soul.'—By way of parenthesis I will say that I prefer them without.—So I could not resist coming over. You do not perceive of my existence—I wait—and, I will confess it, I steal deliberately a sight of the sketches, for twenty minutes I eavesdrop and enjoy. You did not seem like an artist—" the man grew confused.

"I mean," he began again, "that is—one can see that you are not—well, not manually an artist. Therefore, one who makes sketches and is not of the profession must draw because one feels the beauty of the subject, and who thus sketches—parbleu! must love the subject. It is for this reason that I could not help speaking."

He paused a moment, the two looked inquiringly at each other, and the Traveller wondered if this were a learned vagabond, a clever beggar, or a harmless old gentleman.

He continued, "It is a very great church indeed, a very great church,—although few who have travelled days to come here have hours to spend in it. Twenty-five years have I lived in trying to show its beauties to the maddening—and I sometimes think the mad—stranger. What is it that the Eastern poet says, 'They come like water, and like wind they go'?"

"You are a guide?" the Traveller asked.

"Yes," the little man shrugged his shoulders and rubbed his thin, shrivelled hands, "at least, between nine and five I am a guide. Then, for a couple of hours, I am a dreamer.—I impede your work?"

"Not at all," answered the Traveller, "I am a bit of a dreamer myself, and, at times, I find much pleasure in speaking to another."

"Ah yes—but you may perhaps choose your hearers, while I! I must be thankful for the franc of a beer-seller. There are many of us about the Parvise of Notre-Dame!"

"Yet," said the Traveller, "after these years the people must know you."

"That is truly a great help," the old man answered quickly, "to be well received is a great help. But I, unfortunately perhaps, have the mania of my profession, I am getting old, and sometimes I forget my globe-trotter and my beer-seller. I am impressed by the serenity of the Queen-Mother, the tranquil practicality of the Virgin of the North transept, and—may she pardon me!—the pretty inanity of Our Lady of Paris. I attempt to show these interesting character studies to my clients—pouf! They throw one a fee, it is true—but I am left to myself, standing alone in the middle of my tale!"

He paused. "I see my folly and the humour of it, yet—to one who cares it is a little desolating."

"I sympathise with you deeply," said the Traveller, "but do you not sometimes feel discouraged? Do

you never copy other guides and say things by rote?"

The man sighed. "I am not always so stupid as to read Viollet-le-Duc to a fashionable visitor, but I could not turn myself into a parrot for seven hours of every day. Besides, my moods change as well as my clients. Some days it is a detail which amuses me, sometimes I am overwhelmed by the majesty of the whole. At times, the comparative conventionality of the transepts displeases me; at other moments I am ravished by the flying-buttresses of the apse—and I linger according to my visitor and my mood."

"I must confess," said the Traveller, who was beginning to be much interested, "that I am delighted to have met a man who confesses to a mania for the Cathedral and a habit of dreaming dreams. There is a question I have wanted to ask just such a person."

"Ask it," said the old man simply, but with a glimmer of eager interest.

"Well," said the Traveller, "I have often put this question to my friends, but, as a rule, it has not greatly interested them. The façade of Notre-Dame was once painted, was it more—or less—beautiful?"

"Ah!" cried the old man in genuine distress, "I truly think you could have catechised me with nine hundred and ninety-nine questions and I should have replied,—but this is the thousandth. Yes, I have sat on this very bench many times and tried to picture the sight,—the three portals with their vaultings and

their tympana entirely painted and gilded, those four niches of the buttresses and their four colossal statues also painted, and we know that black and reddish brown —rich, majestic colours—were used. Then, too, the Gallery of the Kings was gilded, the pointed arches of the Gothic windows were painted, the great rose glittered with gold, and the roofs were brilliant with colour. That much we know—but how it looked! 'Chromo,' say the light-headed. 'Beautiful,' protest the Faithful who believe that even the dust on a church is holy. As for me—" he hesitated.

"In principle," said the Traveller tentatively, "I dislike the painting of Gothic architecture. Solid colouring and even frescoes, as we see them in so many chapels, are to my eye ugly and inharmonious."

"I also am of the same opinion," replied the old man. "It is disfiguring—it is like the blot of sin. But whether in the case of this façade, it was a magnificent sin—I have been unable to decide."

They sat in silence for a few moments.

"My misfortune—or my fortune—", he soliloquised, "has been to read too much about the church."

His expressive face lightened and he nodded his head energetically. "Do you, for instance, know of Biscornet? Ah, now that is quite interesting. In the XIV century there was a man by the name of Biscornet, a locksmith, and he was commanded to forge the iron for the doors of the Cathedral. Like many stupid people, Biscornet was both ambitious and incapable,

and, also, he was cunning. He made many plans and combinations, but he never succeeded in designing anything that could bring him fame. Finally, as he was drawing and fretting in his dark, little shop, he bethought himself of the Devil who is both talented and ambitious; and in a moment of awful temerity he called for aid; and Satan promptly responded. At the end of their interview the locksmith had signed a contract, in which he agreed to sell his soul for a masterpiece of iron-work which the Devil promised to forge.

"Accordingly, the two, Biscornet and the Devil, began to work; and, in due time, the lateral doors were placed on their hinges. Biscornet commenced to dread his fate—but he persisted. The Devil, on the contrary, began to shrivel up and to tremble. At the sight of the central portal, the door through which the Blessed Sacrament is taken to and from the Cathedral, he became powerless and fled. The contract was, therefore, void, the Church was enriched, the locksmith had learned new secrets of the art and still had his soul—and there are all the doors!

"Ah!" he continued, "perhaps even you do not know how many stories, how many strange things, how many interesting little tales and details lurk about the corners of Notre-Dame."

"I am quite sure of that," said the Traveller, "but I could wish that I did."

"Truly? Very truly?" The old man's eyes

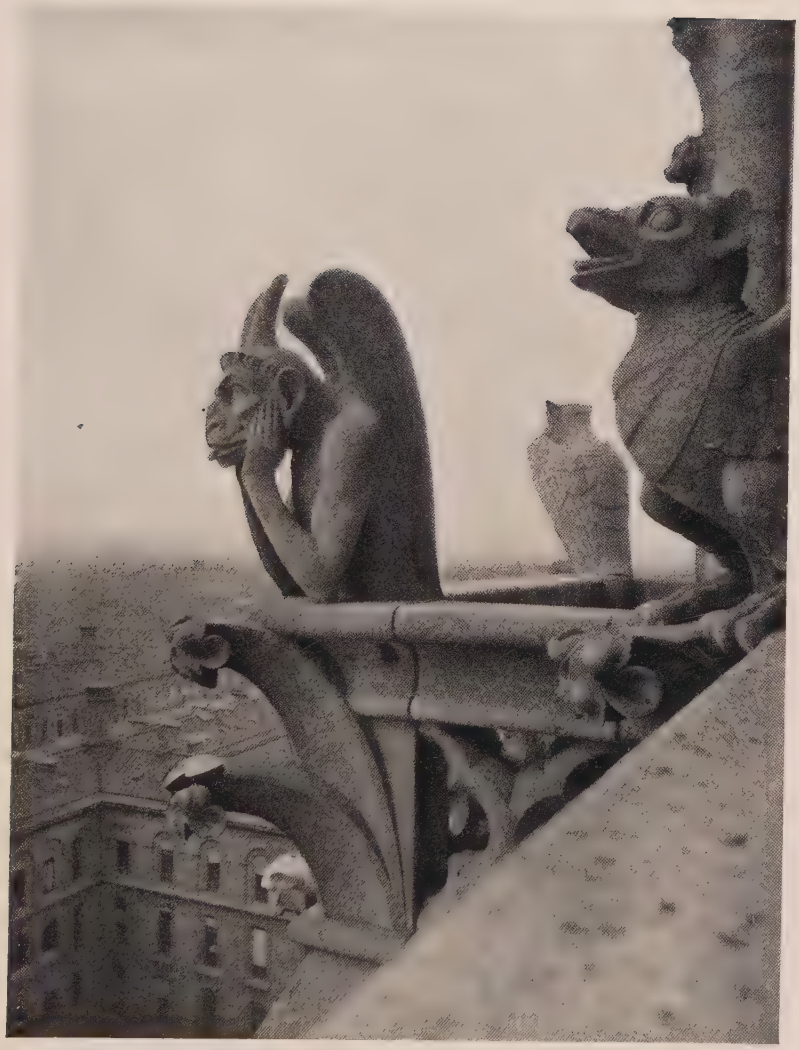
sparkled. "But—" he drew suddenly back, "but you shall be no client, I, no guide. Can we not be as the title of the English book—'friendly vessels hailing as they pass in the night'?"

"By all means," the Traveller answered, "let us join that goodly company of friendly 'ships.'"

"Then it is agreed," the old man said with a sigh of content, "and I shall read to you a quaint bit I brought along to-day thinking to read it over again. It is rather long,—but it is about the Evil One and, perhaps consequently, not too dull. It is Monsieur Viollet-le-Duc who wrote it! What a man! Only a demi-god of an architect, they say, because not always absolutely correct, not always a wise creator—but such a demi-god! We have the amiable Bourassé, Lassus, Gonse,—but no greater things have been written about Gothic art than those that are found among the necessary commonplaces of the 'Dictionary.'"

Drawing an old wallet from an inside pocket, he carefully took from it a piece of paper which was covered with fine handwriting, placed a pair of black-rimmed spectacles upon his nose, and began to read in an emphatic but charmingly modulated voice.

"'Devils appear . . . in parables and legends, as, for example, in the parable of the bad and wealthy man, and in the legends of Saint Antony and Saint Benedict, who had, say these legends, a great deal to do with the Devil. . . . During the Romanesque epoch he is a being whom sculptors represent as terri-



"IN THE SCULPTURES OF THE XIII CENTURY, . . . SATAN . . . IS MORE DEPRAVED AND LESS ALARMING."—PARIS.

ble and terrifying, who plays the part of a power with whom no liberties may be taken. Among the sculptors of the XIII century, the spirit of Gallic wit begins to appear. Satan takes on a less frightful character; he is often funny; his character is more depraved and less alarming; his physiognomy is ironical rather than savage or cruel. Sometimes he is a trickster, often he himself is duped. The scene of the weighing of souls, which occupies a prominent place in the drama of the Last Judgment, shows us a Devil who pulls the balance down on his own side. The demons who accompany the damned seem to rail at the unhappy flock dragged into Hell; some of these subalterns of the army of darkness have at times an air of brutal good-nature which suggests a possibility of purchasable favours. However, as a whole, the infernal scenes sculptured at the beginning of the XIII century have always a dramatic effect which is moving. In the central doorway of the Cathedral of Paris, for instance, all that part to the left of Christ, occupied by demons and the souls delivered to them, is sculptured by a master-hand, and some episodes are rendered touchingly. . . . Consider the chief Devil; he is crowned; his waist encircled by a serpent; he is seated on a heap of persons among whom are a Bishop and a King. Beside him, scenes of disorder, confusion, and despair are represented . . . with a truly remarkable energy and talent of execution. . . . From the end of the XIII century, the Devil, in sculpture and painting, loses

much of his ferocity of character; he is relegated to the rear. In many legends remade at this epoch he is the dupe of pious fraud, as in the celebrated legend of the monk Theophilus and that of the locksmith Biscornet.'

"THE ANGEL" OF THE ROOFS.—PARIS

"I have learned that passage," said the old man, taking off his spectacles, "but I do not know it accurately, in sequence—because I repeat to my clients only so much as I think will interest them. But I like it all. It gave me a veritable taste for Devils, and a taste which of late years I have been able to cultivate."

The Traveller looked up in astonishment.

His companion laughed. "Ah,—in harmless post-cards! It is the invention of the illustrated card which has allowed me this little extravagance—and perhaps saved me from many another! Because he who is the servant of one Cathedral and hears of others acquires the desire to see—to travel—to com-

pare. One morning a gentleman came to Notre-Dame with a permission to mount to the roofs, he took me with him, and we spent hours among the animals and the buttresses. It was a very happy day for me until late in the afternoon. Then we sat down on a chapel roof, and, in return for my tales of Notre-Dame, he told of a Cathedral at Beauvais. As Hugues Capet was to Charlemagne, as the Virgin of Cluny is to our Queen-Mother, or as tapestry to cloth of gold, so, by a hundred similes, was Notre-Dame of Paris to Saint-Pierre of Beauvais. The desire to see that church entered like molten fire into my veins and I began to inquire of visitors,—almost none knew it. I haunted the quais, where there are often prints of Cathedrals. I went even to the windows of many big picture shops—in vain! In the meantime, I wasted much time, and money was scarce—but the desire consumed me,—and I made a violent resolution."

Here the old guide put one hand over the Traveller's sketch-book and, with the other, pointed dramatically to himself.

"I—yes, I—would go to Beauvais. It was not accomplished in a day; but when I had saved twelve francs, I packed a basket with a bottle of wine and some bread and cheese, and, as I went out, I said coldly to my landlady, 'I am going to spend three days with relatives.'—Was not the Cathedral of là-bas a relative of Our Lady of Paris?

"At the station I sat down and decided how much to spend on car-fare. Then I approached the clerk.

"'A two franc ticket to Beauvais.'

"'No such thing exists.'

"'Well, a two franc ticket on the way, if you please, Mademoiselle.'

"She thought that I was crazy—but no matter! I went as far as—as—what matters the name of the place? I descended—I walked on—and, in short, I saw Beauvais."

He stopped a moment and nodded as if in revery.

"I was gone ten days. When I returned they received me as one from the dead."

"And what did you think of Saint-Pierre of Beauvais?"

"As to that, I have not the words for expression. Ten days I spent there thinking of little else, yet it is beyond my power to describe it. I imagine," he shut his eyes and spoke slowly, "that if Notre-Dame of Paris could see that church she would feel as great Jove when he saw the glorious form of Minerva fresh-sprung from his brow. Beauvais is like the Victory at the Louvre, the Winged Victory of Samothrace; it is crippled, mutilated, broken,— but what completed work in all this world is more sublime?

"That adventure happened long ago; and now, in my old age, heaven has been kind and permitted me to collect infinite details. To some, a postcard may

be vulgar, but to an old man it can mean knowledge, comparison, and all the delights of travel."

He paused a while. "Not that I have been without my own little adventures! After I had acquired a copy of 'The Hunchback of Notre-Dame,' for instance, nothing would satisfy me but to go about the church as Quasimodo was said to have done and also as I imagined to myself he did; and I conceived the idea of sleeping, à la Quasimodo, on top of one of the towers. Nothing would be easier! Everybody knew me and I had free entrance and exit. The only drawback was that the idea had seized me in the cold days of March. With impatience I waited till summer, and on an afternoon of June, when the concierge had fortunately dropped her sewing-basket and was on her knees on the floor, I slipped by. I also evaded those two upstairs, and hid myself and my warm coat, for it is not difficult to hide in one's own home. At five, they left me—safely locked in.

"I knew very well the view at that hour, so, concealing myself carefully from the sight-seers on the square, I first saluted the Angel and then went about to speak to the animals. To confess the truth, I am not very fond of the demons and the devils, so I merely called out that I was not afraid of them,—there is nothing so disheartening to malice as the indifference of a possible victim. On the same principle, I bowed to the grave and reverend stork and said that I was convinced that his bill would not condescend to peck

me. These visits occupied so much time that I was obliged to stop and dine; and as I ate, I thought of an American who understood the spirit in which these animals were created. 'To us, they are "chimerical," and many, I suppose, believe that to their sculp-

"WHO CAN READ THE MYTHICAL ZOÖLOGIES OF THEIR AGE AND DOUBT THAT THESE ARTISTS DERIVED THEIR INSPIRATIONS FROM THE FAMOUS MEDIÆVAL BESTIARIES?"—PARIS.

tors also they were imaginary. But who can read the mythical zoölogies of their age and doubt that these artists derived their inspirations from the famous mediæval Bestiaries, who can doubt that they were reproducing in stone some reverend author's descrip-

tions?' These words, which I once had the opportunity to copy from the American's big book on 'Science and Theology,' will explain to you my meaning better than I myself can."

He again took out the wallet and selected another of its papers.

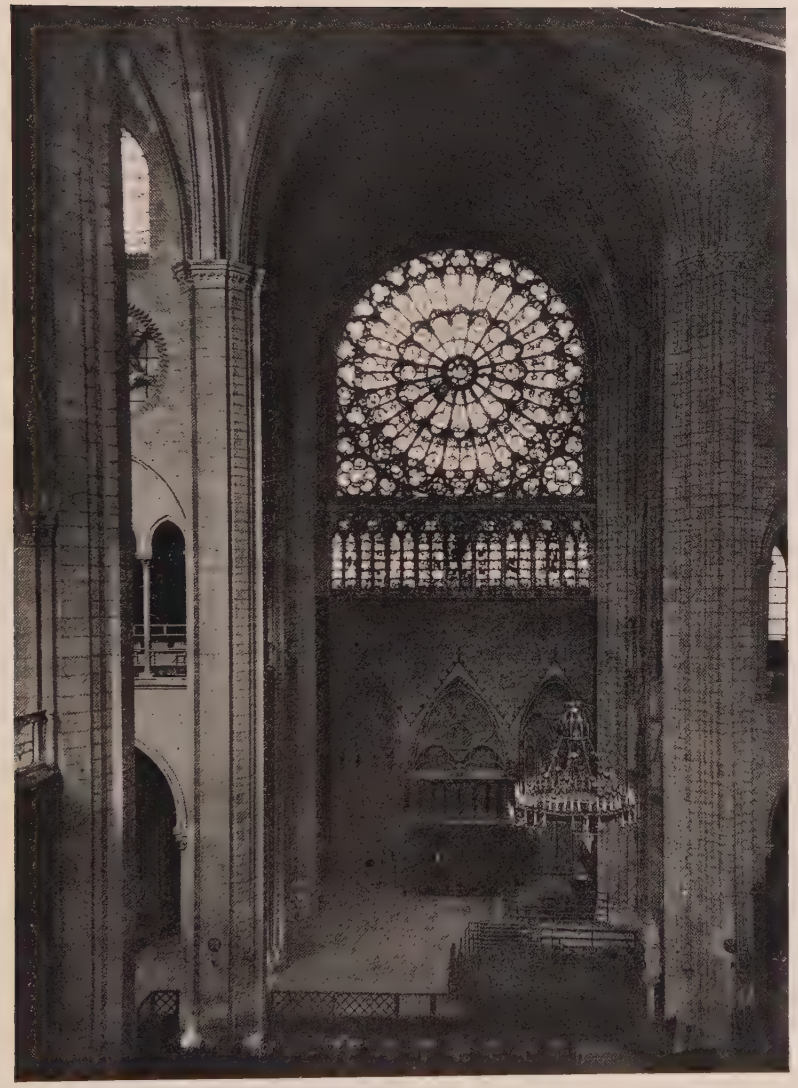
"'The English Franciscan, Bartholomew, on "The Properties of Things," an example of the theological method as applied to science,'" he read, "'devotes much thought to the dragons mentioned in the Scripture. He says, "the dragon is most greatest of all serpents, and oft he is drawn out of his den and raiseth up into the air . . . and he hath a crest and reareth his tongue. . . . Whom he findeth he slayeth. Often four or five of them fasten their tails together . . . and sail over the sea to get good meat. Between elephants and dragons is everlasting fighting; for the dragon with his tail spanneth the elephant, and the elephant with his nose throweth down the dragon." This book, written in the middle of the XIII century, was translated into the principal languages of Europe, even after the invention of printing

"THE ELEPHANT WITH HIS NOSE CAN THROW DOWN A DRAGON."—PARIS.

it held its own, and in the XV century there were no less than ten editions in Latin, French, Dutch, Spanish, and English.

"'The same sort of science flourished in the Bestiaries, which were used everywhere, and especially in the pulpits, for the edification of the Faithful. . . . The Dominican Inquisitor, Vider, in his book, "The Ant Hill," teaches us that the ants in Ethiopia, which are said to have horns and to grow so large as to look like dogs, are emblems of atrocious heretics, like Wyclif and the Hussites, who bark and bite against the truth; while the ants of India, which dig up gold out of the sand with their feet and hoard it, though they make no use of it, symbolise the fruitless toil with which the heretics dig out the gold of the Holy Scripture and hoard it

" 'THE GARGOYLE OVERHANGING THE WALL . . . , THE GROTESQUE CLAMBERING ABOUT THE TOWERS OR PERCHED UPON PINACLES.' "—PARIS.



"THE TRANSEPT 'GIVES TO THE CHURCH . . . THE RICH AND SOMBRE GLORY OF ITS WINDOWS AND ITS ROSE.' "—PARIS.

in their books to no purpose. This pious spirit not only pervaded science; it bloomed out in art and especially in the Cathedral. In the gargoyles overhanging the walls, in the grotesques clambering about the towers or perched upon pinnacles, in the dragons prowling under archways or lurking in bosses of foliage, in the apocalyptic beasts carved upon the stalls of the choir, stained into the windows, wrought into the tapestries, illuminated in the letters and borders of Psalters and Missals, these marvels of creation suggested everywhere morals from the Physiologus, the Bestiaries, and the Exempla.'

"Some of these Bestiaries were written after Notre-Dame had been built," continued the old man, "but Saint Isidor of Seville, the great doctor of the VII century, tells us of the basilisk which kills serpents by his breath and men by his glance; . . . and an old Physiologus has an animal much more marvellous than any of these.

"'As to the ant-lion,' says this venerable book, 'his father hath the shape of a lion, his mother of an ant. . . . These bring forth the ant-lion, a compound of both and in part like to either; for his fore-part is like that of a lion and his hind-part like that of an ant. Being thus composed he is neither able to eat flesh like his father nor herbs like his mother, and so he perisheth.'

"This is not all—it is not the half of the marvel of mediæval science. Hyenas talked to shepherds in those good old days. But on that June night in the

tower nothing so wondrous occurred to me. I saw Paris and her million of lights—I saw the animals' dark silhouettes against the sky—I slept under a canopy strewn with stars—and the next day I ignominiously scurried down the steps, and as I went by, the concierge called cheerfully, 'Well, well, Monsieur Peyroux, —good-day! You are going out? You must be a ghost, for I did not remark you as you entered!' "

For some time, a common, but intelligent, black dog had been standing near the bench. As Monsieur Peyroux's voice died away, the dog grew bolder, placed a paw on the old gentleman's knee, and barked.

"Yes, yes, Marcellin, I saw you, and you have been very polite to wait until I finished. This is my dog, my friend,—he comes for me every night at seven. It is a good thing, for I am forgetful, and before eight o'clock the soup grows cold."

"It is now almost that late," said the Traveller, looking at his watch.

"Hélas! My good landlady will berate me with her tongue and you also, perhaps, in your heart. I can but be pleased, however, to have had company in my absent-mindedness."

He got up and with an effort straightened his shoulders.

"Perhaps before we part, I should ask pardon for my loquaciousness. I will say for myself that I have also my moods of silence; and, if we meet again and one prefers, I can show them."

"IT IS INTERESTING TO SEE THAT HERE, IN THE EARLIEST PART OF THE EDIFICE, MASSIVENESS OF PROPORTION, A STRONG CHARACTERISTIC OF THE ROMANESQUE, STILL PREVAILS."—PARIS.

"Please do not," said the Traveller, rising, "it has been a real pleasure to listen."

In an instant, the dark eyes lightened, and the old gentleman took off his hat and bowed.

"I thank you that I need not then reproach myself. Good-bye, perhaps au revoir," he said with simple courtesy, and, bowing again, walked across the Parvise and over the bridge.

The twilight was gathering, and the Traveller, in his turn, started homeward, pondering over the history of the dark, old church.

Notre-Dame, he recalled, was commenced during the Episcopacy of the great Maurice de Sully, and, in 1163, Pope Alexander III, an exile sheltered in France, laid its first stone. At this time, the plan of the Abbey of Saint-Denis had been conceived, and the Cathedrals of Noyon, Sens, and Laon, begun nearly fifteen years before, had passed beyond the elementary stage of construction. How far the builders of Notre-Dame were influenced by these growing churches is a matter of inference rather than precise knowledge. The choir was finished in 1196. In its chief parts the whole church was completed before 1230, the stupendous production of barely threescore years to which later centuries have added no finer architectural strength or beauty. "When one thinks," writes Viollet-le-Duc, "of the innumerable . . . statues and sculptures, the enormous surface of windows, of the ornaments of all kinds which entered into the composition of these

monuments, one must marvel at the activity and number of artists, artisans, and workmen who could be had; above all when one realises that all these sculptures, either of ornaments or of figures, were finished piece by piece as the work advanced."

According to the first plan, Notre-Dame was to have had a central nave and four side-aisles, a choir and double ambulatory. To this plan, twenty-nine chapels and the transepts were added.

These transepts are so shallow that their interior proportions are comparatively unimportant; and although they break the long lines of the arches of the nave, they give to the church in compensation the rich and sombre glory of their windows and their roses, and the balancing of the loss and gain must remain a mooted artistic question. The introduction of chapels has not, in Notre-Dame, too obvious an architectural incongruity. The first chapels of the choir appear to be scarcely more than useful alcoves, or burial chambers; but those which open about the Sanctuary are not so restricted in size. Each is a long, narrow recess which curves with the rounded line of the choir and has more than one arched opening between its partition walls. The effect is that of continuity of space, almost of an added semicircular walk; and this series of chapels, with the dark, rich glass of its windows, adds to the fine ambulatory an appearance of beautiful, mysterious depth.

It is interesting to see that here, in the earliest, as in

"GOTHIC TRAITS BECOME MORE . . . PRONOUNCED, . . . AND HIDDEN IN THE DARK SIDE-AISLES, THE CLUSTERING OF LITTLE COLUMNS ABOUT THE STURDIER PARENT SHAFT IS A BEAUTIFUL ADVANCE UPON THE CONSISTENT USE OF THE ROUND PILLAR."—PARIS.

the later portions of the edifice, massiveness of proportion, a strong characteristic of the Romanesque, still prevails; but that the ornamentation, by which a style is denoted, has entirely diverged from that of the older form. The designs of classic tradition, which were at once formal and elaborate, seem forgotten; and more natural, less artificial, and, as it were, more flowing, moving motives were essayed; and in the making of capitals, leaves and foliage were designed instead of more or less geometric "patterns."

In the side aisles, Gothic traits become more and more pronounced. The arches which lead to the ambulatory, incongruously ornamental in comparison with the severe style of the church, may well be passed with a glance, but, hidden in the dark aisles, the clustering of little columns about the sturdier parent shaft is a beautiful advance upon the consistent use of the great round pillar.

In the triforium also, slender columns are multiplied, and the grace of their slim height gives a delicacy to this broad gallery which, in style at least, isolates it from the heavy majesty of the lower church. By clever architectural dispositions this unwonted delicacy is almost concealed within the triforium; and, naveward, the main arch is so strong and solid that, in spite of the lightness of the smaller arches it contains, the harmony of the nave is not disturbed.

Yet, with all its noble qualities, the interior is not as perfect as its outer walls. There, at least, the archi-

tects realised entire originality, with new boldness and a majestic consonance and magnificence of style which loses little or nothing in contrast with the most perfect of Gothic exteriors. The interior cannot claim such comparative superiority. It is a structure of true ecclesiastical dignity; yet the advance in the art of the

"IN THE TRIFORIUM ALSO SLENDER COLUMNS ARE MULTIPLIED."—PARIS.

choir of Beauvais and of the naves of Reims and Amiens is so vast that Notre-Dame more nearly resembles the Romanesque than their presentations of the Gothic form; and if the church is far grander than the contemporary Cathedrals of Noyon and Sens, it is indeed a question whether its nave is intrinsically finer than the great nave of Laon.

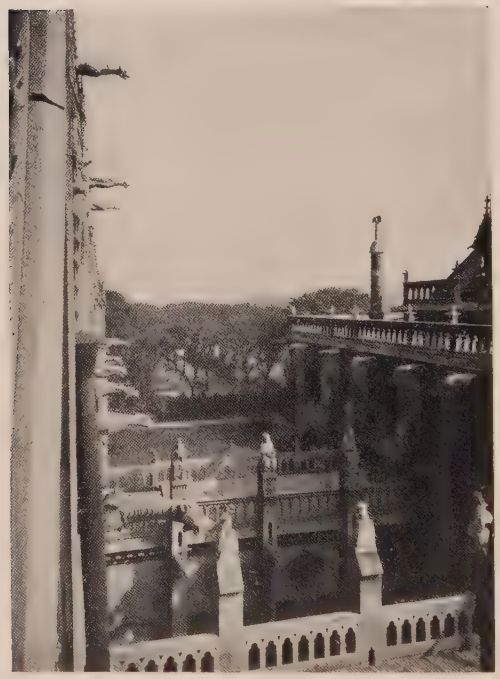
With the notable exception of the transepts and a part of the choir, Notre-Dame has little beautiful glass; the small roses which are cut in the walls about the crossing are not remarkable; but the grey windows of the nave, if in themselves severe, fill the church with a subdued and appropriate light.

"A BASE, DECORATED WITH NARROW ARCHES, SUPPORTS THE LARGE CARVED PICTURES WHICH REPRESENT EPISODES OF THE LIFE OF OUR LORD."—PARIS.

Although the side-aisles have an essential dignity, those nearest the higher vessel of the church seem, in comparison, abruptly squat; and the addition of the two outer aisles, which are equally low, merely adds to the disproportionate effect. In the choir, the screen hides this sharp contrast; and it is in the ambulatory walks

and in the sweep of the harmonious and dimly lighted nave that the noblest perspectives of the interior are seen.

Notre-Dame has many interesting and historic tombs, but it possesses few purely ecclesiastical details. Within the church there is the choir-wood which is extensive and comparatively unimportant, and the screen which was commenced in the last years of the XIII century and finished in 1351. As few of these constructions have survived to our day, this screen, which is one of the early examples of the art, has an especial archæological interest. A high base, decorated with narrow arches, supports the large, carved pictures which represent episodes of the Life of Our Lord; and these bas-reliefs are surmounted and protected by a daïs. The designs of the base and the daïs are purely



THE BALUSTRADES OF "THE MODERN RECTORY."—PARIS.

conventional; the whole wall is painted and gilded; at times the scenes are depicted with naïve lack of perspective, but they have always dramatic clearness, grace, and force.

Only the plain, white marble which covers its episcopal burial-vault, a little, open-air museum of its old Gothic ornaments, and the modern rectory, can be enumerated as the church's exterior "details." It once had a Cloister whose memory is now perpetuated in the name of a narrow street, and it had also a large, outlying district which popularly received the name of "Cloister."

"At the beginning of the XIV century," writes Viollet-le-Duc, "this Cloister of Notre-Dame extended North and East of the Cathedral to the banks of the Seine, and included thirty-seven canonical houses. . . . As those of most Cathedrals, it was therefore an agglomeration of buildings comprised in a fortified area, rather than a Cloister properly so-called." The buildings were encumbered with many taxes; and the Canons sometimes endeavoured to supplement their income by vocations very foreign to their holy calling. Some, it is said, sold wine, others rented parts of their houses, and there were a few who kept taverns.

From the days of its Cloister until our own time, Notre-Dame has seen pageants so numerous and so diverse that one large book would not be voluminous enough to contain their description, and the record of one half century alone shows the mutability, the ironic instability of all things human.

On a dreary November day of 1431, a little child, already Henry VI and King of England, was led into the choir of the Cathedral and solemnly crowned King of France. Before this child had grown up and died, his country's short-lived "conquest" of the kingdom of France had passed, the tragedy of Joan of Arc had become a national emotion; and on another sombre day of November, 1455, before a huge concourse of people, three peasants—the mother and the two brothers of Joan—entered the Cathedral to receive as their rightful due from the Archbishop of Reims, the Bishop of Coutances, and the Bishop of Paris, a tardy "justice" for the martyred Maid.

Ten years had scarcely passed when, as Kirk describes in "Charles the Bold," the great church became the meeting-place for the hatching of a plot to rid the country of Louis XI. It was the early period of his reign and more than five hundred people were joined in this conspiracy against him. The King had jealous ears, and a perilously large number of people knew of the existence of this "cause,"—but it had no traitors.

Silently, wearing the silken "aiguillette" which was their badge, the conspirators glided in and out the Cathedral; and Princes and Princesses, noblemen and lovely ladies, and many humbler folk, who went into the great place ostensibly to pray, really entered to catch the "Universal Spider" in a net of imprisonment and death.

In the next century, the charming and ill-fated

Mary Stuart was married before the High Altar to Catherine de Médicis' weak son, Prince Francis. In 1803, the grandiose coronation of Napoleon I by Pope Pius VII took place here. Here, fifty years later, the marriage of Louis Napoleon was solemnised; and, perhaps in true historical sequence, it is also here that the church now mourns most magnificently her sons who fell in 1870.

The Cathedral of Paris did not originally possess such noted renown, nor has its city always enjoyed metropolitan fame. The former, far from being the first church of a noted archiepiscopal See, belonged for centuries to a Bishop who was subject to Sens; and, in earlier, pagan times, the latter was a poor fishing town.

Cæsar was the first to describe in detail this part of the country. He wrote that, on an island in the middle of the river Seine, the "Parisii" or Parisians had a town which was a collection of mud huts. It was a very tiny place, capital of a handful of people whose grandfathers had been subject to the more powerful tribe of the Sénons of Sens. But these people were not servile; they were free, active fisher-folk who sailed the whole navigable course of the Seine and were said to penetrate even to Great Britain.

They rose with Vercingetorix. Beaten by Cæsar's lieutenant, their city was neglected. It grew, however, slowly, had its temple of Jupiter, and began to extend over the left bank of the Seine where its amphitheatre was built. It is claimed by some historians that the

Emperor Constance Chlorus came here during his reign; and others say that, between 292 and 306, the Christian Church of Lutetia was founded by Bishop Dionysius, or Denis, and two deacons, and that the Apostle to the Parisians and his companions suffered martyrdom on a hill near the city, Montmartre, the Mount of Martyrs.

The Emperor Julian preferred Lutetia to all the other cities of the Empire, and is said to have built a palace and the large baths whose ruins still exist. But, in spite of imperial favour, Lyons, Arles, and Trèves remained the capitals of Gaul; and even after hundreds of years had elapsed, the last Carlovingians chose as their capital, not Paris, but the hill-city of Laon.

Paris was destined to come to its own, and the See grew powerful. Dangers have often threatened its Cathedral and losses have befallen it. In the dark days of the Terror, loyal republicans commanded that the royal arms, which had been carved on the portals, should be destroyed within eight days and that the statues of the Saints "should share the same fate." But Citizen Chaumette saved these sculptures by assuring his colleagues that the astronomer Dupuis had discovered his planetary system on one of the portals. Thereupon the Citizen was put on the Council for the Preservation of Public Buildings, and, in consequence, much was saved from complete and hopeless destruction.

The iconoclastic Revolution of '93 was not the Cathedral's only menace, and Victor Hugo's words, directed against the favoured architects of Louis XIII and Louis

XIV, are eloquent of the degenerate artistic period of those reigns. "If," he writes, "we had the leisure to examine, one by one, the diverse traces of destruction which the venerable church bears, those caused by time would be fewest. The worst are the work of men, above all, of men of art."

"A CURIOUS DETAIL."—PARIS.

The "great destruction" occurred between 1699 and 1753. A huge Saint Christopher was then removed; and an equestrian statue which stood in the interior was also destroyed. It is unfortunate that the figure of the Saint so loved by the XIII century should have been wantonly destroyed by the XV; but the disappearance of the equestrian statue is still more regrettable, for it is said to have represented Philip of Valois as he rode, booted and spurred, into Notre-

Dame to render thanks for the French victory before Cassel.

The loss of fine details, and especially of a Cloister, is always deplorable; but although it was practically completed in the XIII century, although "the XV century did not add one stone" to its building, although it traversed the architectural dangers of the Tyranny and the Great Revolution, Notre-Dame itself has withstood these perils of time, of men, and of revolutions when men become as beasts. Many titles are given to edifices; Viollet-le-Duc calls Reims "the Queen of Cathedrals," Avignon is the Church of the French Popes, Agde was a Fortress by the Sea; and the Cathedral of Paris, with its power, magnificence, dignity, and majestic strength, proclaims its own rank. It belongs to the old régime, and is of an ancient line of royalty, it is mediæval and heroic,—the "King" among Gothic churches of France.

The Mature Gothic.

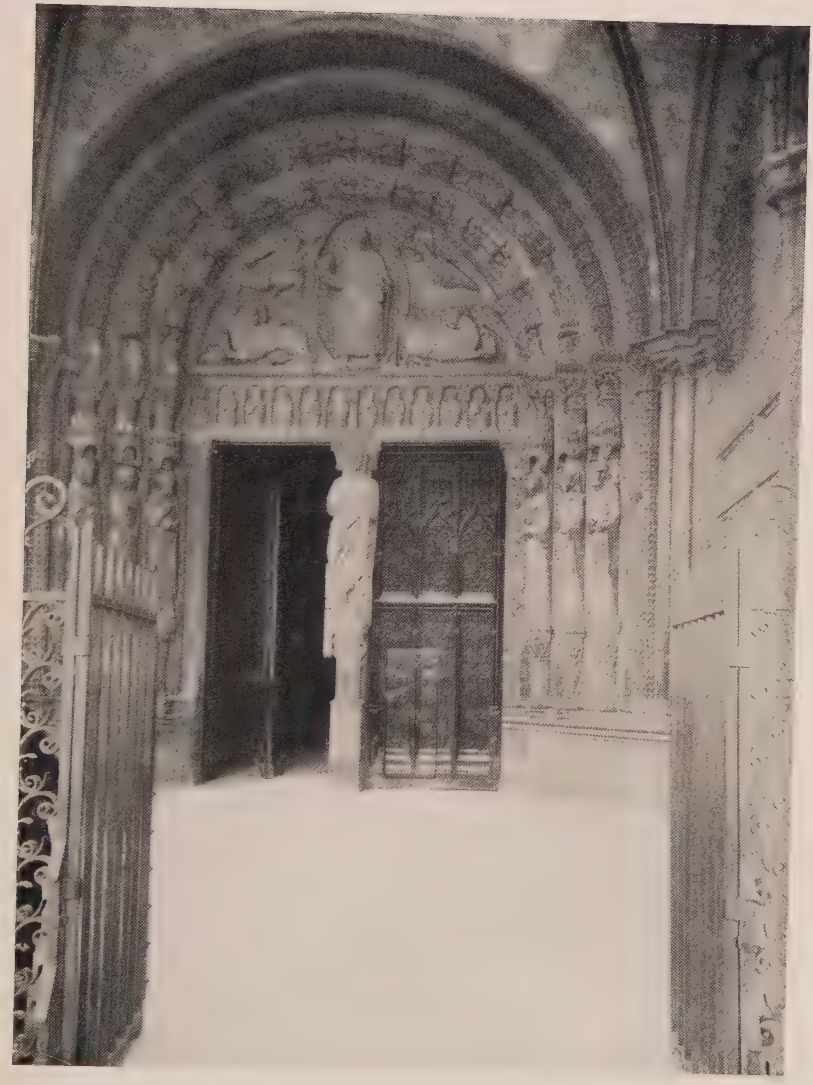
Bourges. Although few of its ancient buildings remain, one who stands on the hill-side of Vienne and sees the gleam of the curving Rhône and the sunlight on the rugged Alps beyond, can imagine the white Arena, the Temples, and the Villas which made the noble classic city. But the "magnificence" of Celtic Bourges, which was so great that even the stern Romans could not resolve to destroy it, is beyond the vision of the modern imagination. To the pretty monotony of the Berri country Nature adds only a gentle and quiet charm, and a few bits of old masonry, now shapeless, tell nothing of the architecture of which this unknown Celtic opulence must have consisted. Yet Julius Cæsar, who was no unthinking enthusiast, writes that it was the most beautiful city in all Gaul; it was so geographically and strategically important that Augustus made it "the metropolis of Aquitaine"; and, when the Visigoths conquered that immense province, Bourges became their capital. After the final fall of the Roman Empire, the civic authority passed to the Primates of Aquitaine. Gradually usurped by the Viscounts of Bourges and the Counts and Dukes of Berri, it was partially acquired by the

people, and in 1179 Louis VII sanctioned their communal charter.

During the rule of these different mediæval powers, a custom and an insignia were created whose reasons and origins are now forgotten. The custom was the holding of two lighted candles before the Archbishop whenever he assisted or officiated at Mass, and the insignia was the original coat-of-arms of Bourges. In more modern days, the seal has silver sheep and golden fleur-de-lys, but that of the mediæval city represented a much less artistic device—an ass seated in an arm-chair. Many ingenious explanations of this strange emblem have been imagined, and it has been thought that the Feast of the Ass, which was celebrated with particular pomp in their Cathedral, might have suggested to the burghers a symbolic reproduction of a religious idea. But the logical connection between the Ass of the Gospel and the Ass of the city is vague, and the presence of his arm-chair is still more mysterious.

Mystery also surrounds the meaning of the Archbishop's candles; no history of their first use is found and no existing Bull shows the sanctioned authenticity of the unusual archiepiscopal privilege. But Nicolas I recognised it, and as writers of the IX century speak of its usage, it has the dignity of a primitive and venerable origin.

The great See had been created in an early Christian century, it possessed many honours and riches, it had arisen to almost unrivalled precedence: and, naturally,



"THE TYMPANUM REPRESENTS THE XII CENTURY'S PERSISTENT IDEAL OF CHRIST, THE GLORIOUS CHRIST SURROUNDED BY THE FOUR EVANGELISTIC SYMBOLS."—BOURGES.

when the Gothic was rising to pre-eminence, Saint William began a new Cathedral in the new style.

Four edifices which were said to have been worthy of primatial rank had preceded the new church, and the lateral portals of the last Cathedral were deemed worthy of the new structure.

They have signal richness of detail and of execution. Byzantine characteristics are prominent in the expressionless features of the Saints; and with the exception of the pointed shoes, their stiff bodies seem mummy-like and swathed rather than clothed, the draperies are covered with carven pearls and embroidery, and the entire conception shows the influence of the luxuriant, oriental Romanesque rather than that of its simpler, occidental evolution.

The Northern door, called Our Lady of Grace because the Virgin, with the Infant Jesus on her knees, is enthroned in the tympanum and receiving the offerings of the Magi and the shepherds, has much admirable facility and charm of design, but it is simpler than the Southern portal. There, the tympanum represents the XII century's persistent ideal, the Glorious Christ surrounded by the four evangelistic symbols, the Christ Who was adored and depicted from Arles to Moissac and from Bourges to Chartres and Le Mans. This bas-relief was neither the beginning nor the end of a series of scenes, and no drama such as the "Last Judgements" of the XIII and XIV centuries was contemplated. It was the Gothic which first introduced

continuity of thought into religious sculpture. After the Romanesque artist had carved Christ and the Gospels, the keystone, as it were, of the Faith, he chose what lesser religious subjects he would and, following this idea, the old Southern door of Bourges has statues of Moses, of three Kings, and three strange personages, "Onias," "Soph," and "Jech," and the capitals of its pillars are carved with many strange tales and symbols. It is also covered, without confusion, by the most beautiful ornamentation, and no other portion of the Cathedral has such an opulence of detail.

"THE DOORS ARE PRECEDED BY A CONSTRUCTION OF WHICH THEIR ORIGINAL BUILDERS COULD SCARCELY HAVE CONCEIVED."
—BOURGES.

Both the Northern and the Southern doors are preceded by that which their builders could scarcely have conceived, square Gothic porches. Each of the open sides is formed by two large arcades separated by a frail, monolithic column and surmounted by a carved oculus; and the conception, which in the Southern

"THIS CRYPT IS AS MYSTERIOUS IN ORIGIN AS . . . IN ITS CHILL AND VAULTED DARKNESS."—BOURGES.

portal is very graceful, in the Northern construction gains dignity from the broad flight of steps which leads to it.

The forms of the porches are at once gracious and sufficiently strong to accord with the heavy walls of the Cathedral and, in their shadowy depths, the stiff, richly garbed Byzantine figures take on an appearance of mysterious symbolism. The combination of a Gothic porch of the XVI century and an old Romanesque door-way of 1130, which should seem artistically inconsequent, is beautiful and effective, and it is a pity that these lateral porches, so simply built at Bourges, so sumptuous at Chartres, did not become a more general style of construction.

Besides the portals, Saint William also preserved the subterranean structure which had lain below the choir of the old Cathedral and now lies beneath the Sanctuary of the present church. A dark Rotunda, whose thick walls are pierced with narrow windows, opens on an obscure aisle; and, by the aid of a candle, one may follow this mysterious passage to a smaller chamber that is entirely dark. Here no fresh air, no ray of daylight ever penetrates, and the atmosphere is chill and musty. The door has heavy hinges, and it has been thought that the chamber may have been a secret Treasury and that either it or the Rotunda was a "Confessio" or "Martyrium," where the early Christians buried the body of a martyr or a Patron Saint. The construction was so made that this holy

relic could be seen from above, through holes in the vaulting of the crypt, but restorations and re-buildings have somewhat changed the dispositions of the ancient chambers of Bourges and these openings are now closed. Fortunately the architectural style is almost uncontaminated. It is of the most archaïc forms of the IX, the X, or, at latest, the XI century; and, as the vagueness of the dates show, the underground rooms are as mysterious in origin as they are in their chill and darkness and in the ancient, forgotten ceremonials which they suggest.

"Towards the end of the XII century," writes Viollet-le-Duc, "the greater number of holy bodies, kept till then in crypts, were put in metal reliquaries and placed under or behind the altars of the higher church; thus there are no crypts in churches built entirely after this epoch. The Cathedral of Bourges is the only exception; but the declivity of the soil on which this edifice stands, rather than a religious idea, led to the construction . . . of a subterranean church which is actually above ground."

"The subterranean church" of which the eminent authority speaks is not the ancient crypt of the IX or XI century, but a structure which surrounds it like a spacious ambulatory. The Roman ramparts of the city of Bourges were just beyond the old Cathedral, and, in planning the new and larger edifice, the constructors were obliged to encroach on the moat. Between this ditch and the level of the upper church, foundations

"THE ELEGANCE . . . AND STRENGTH OF THE HEAVY LINES AND PROPORTIONS AND THE BEAUTIFUL SIMPLICITY OF THE SCULPTURE."—BOURGES.

had to be laid and they were built in the form of "the subterranean church which is actually above ground." No care and no art were spared in the making of these foundations. The finest materials were used, the workmanship shows neither crudity nor haste, and twelve large windows light the aisles and the fine, low vaulting and show the elegance as well as the strength of the proportions and the beautiful simplicity of the sculpture. At one end of the broad, curved aisle, an inclined plane terminates in a blank wall; on the Northern side, a similar passage-way leads to a stair-case and the upper church; and in the centre of the walk, a narrow door leads to the ancient Rotunda. Nothing could be more vivid than the contrasts between the old and the new crypt. The one is dark, mysteriously and severely Romanesque; the other, Gothic and full of light, shows much perfection of style and is gravely and admirably ornamented.

It has been said that the only rival of the crypt of Bourges is Chartres, with its long galleries, its seven stair-cases, its sacristy, and its large chapels. But extent is not the only remarkable quality which crypts may possess; and, among Abbeys, the beautiful substructures of Saint-Eutrope of Saintes and Saint-Germain of Auxerre, and those of Apt and of Dijon among Cathedrals, have an interest which is not less than that of Bourges or of Chartres.

Unlike Apt, the religious history of the great crypt of the Primates of Aquitaine has not been preserved;

its sacred purposes seem also half forgotten; and it looks as if it were at once a carpenter-shop and a museum. The planks and the ladders of the shop are in disagreeable evidence, but the museum is not without interest. The fine figure of John of France, the King's son who fought so bravely at Poitiers, lies here; and the bear, crouching at his feet, recalls the name of his wife, his vain desire for the throne, and the ambitious phrase which he so often repeated to her, "Oursine, the day will come." The effigies of the Marshal de Montigny, of de l'Aubespine, the defender of Mary Stuart, and of Marie de la Châtre, whose tombs were sacked in '93, were also brought here; in the depths of the Rotunda, a shadowy group of immense statues represents the mediæval idea of the Entombment; and the crypt also contains some bits of the old choir-screen, and, among them, a sculptured stone which represents Hell in the form of a cauldron.

It is related that an Archbishop of Bourges was doing the honours of his Cathedral to a Cardinal when the latter, stopping before the representation of Hell, saw a mitred head among the lost.

"Monseigneur," he cried, turning to the Archbishop, "it appears that there are Bishops in Hell,—but I see no Cardinals."

"Ah," replied the Archbishop, "it is true one cannot see the Cardinals,—they are at the bottom of the cauldron."

The new crypt and Cathedral of Bourges, which had

"THE CATHEDRAL'S COMPARATIVELY LOW TRIFORIUM AND CLERESTORY . . . DEFECTS OF ITS MAGNIFICENT PROPORTIONS."—BOURGES.

been contemplated and planned in 1172, were not begun until 1190 or 1195, and twenty-five years had barely elapsed and the workmen had scarcely arrived at the vaulting of the first aisle when money became less abundant and the history of many churches was repeated,—the work dragged. Economy, and time which brought new artists and their vagaries, were often destructive of unity of design and, in this instance, may explain the comparatively low triforium and clerestory which are unhappy and marked defects of the Cathedral's magnificent proportions. The central vault was not completed until 1280, and the Western end of the nave was not reached until the last of the XIII or perhaps the beginning of the XIV century. The church was consecrated in 1324, but two hundred years had passed before its façade and towers were finished.

ONE OF THE "FIVE AISLES OF THE NAVE."
—BOURGES.

Six strongly marked buttresses separate the wall of the façade into five divisions, and each has a portal, an entrance into one of the five aisles of the nave. The buttresses which flank the central door are virtually tiny towers, they contain stair-cases, and are crowned by small, inappropriate Renaissance lanterns. Between them, above the gable of the door, where the large traceries of two Gothic windows seem to support the magnificent rose, the wall is built with due proportion and concord of style, and this beautiful part of the structure and the three central doors are due to the munificence of John of France. The balcony and the pointed gable which terminate the wall have little relationship in size or style, and the rest of the façade is a more or less confused combination of pretty arcades and galleries. On either side of the belfry-buttress, two deep, superimposed arches and their balconies form the outer divisions of the broad walls, and the four stories of the towers, also marked by balconies, rise to a modest height. The "New" or "Butter" tower of the North side, partially built with moneys contributed by gourmands who desired to eat butter in Lent, has delicate, finely carved details and was reconstructed in 1506 with a luxury of ornamentation that unhappily does not harmonise with the old "Deaf Tower."

This structure which has the comparative severity of the XIV century, the style of the main body of the church, has never been finished, and, by an aberration

"A GLIMPSE OF THE FAÇADE."—BOURGES.

inexplicable in French architects of to-day, its hideous, pointed roof was recently restored with a care worthy of better things. If the addition of new stages were too costly, a square, surmounting balustrade, like that of the "Butter Tower," would have had the merit both of economy and of a slight increase of harmony where harmony is much needed.

The finest parts of the façade are its five portals. Because of the Protestant mutilation of 1562, it is now impossible to judge of their original magnificence, and the half-hundred subjects of the bas-reliefs which illustrate the Bible from the Creation to the end of the Flood and from the Birth of Christ to His Resurrection have been much restored.

On the dividing-pier of the central portal, Christ stands and blesses. The statue is not as fine as the Beautiful God of Amiens, but the expression of the face is full of lofty solemnity and, in the whole Figure, there is a certain suggestion of solitariness and inevitable aloofness which might well have characterised the Son of Man. The frames of the doors on either side this statue have unusual and pretty arches of carved stone. The tympanum tells the story of the Last Judgment in the three conventional scenes,—the dead arise, the Just and the Unjust go their ways, and Christ, as Judge, sits "on High."

The carving of this bas-relief is less massive than that of Notre-Dame of Paris and less artistic than that of Amiens. It is not artificial and its proportions are

good, but is it less moving, less impressive. Many of the dead monotonously resemble each other and arise with little uncertainty as to their fate; and the devils are more bacchanalian and disgusting, and less horribly evil, because theirs is the wickedness of a base nature, not that of a high intelligence with perverted will. The most charming among all the figures is the wide-winged Angel who holds the scales of good and evil and protectingly caresses a little, waiting soul.

The Christ on High is far less benign, and might well embody the spiritual Ideal of one of Cromwell's Puritans. He is not the Son of Man Who judges because He is the Merciful as well as the Just. He is an unmoved God. The Angels who hold the instruments of the Passion seem to stand aloof from His stiff Figure, and even the Virgin and Saint John, who kneel and intercede, do not approach that unbending Presence.

The smaller doors of the Virgin and Saint Stephen have very interesting bas-reliefs, but the subjects of the Northern and Southern portals are more unusual. Unfortunately the story of Saint William, the "founder" of the present Cathedral, has become almost illegible; but the statue of Saint-Ursin, dressed as Bishop of Bourges, still stands on the southernmost door-pier. The Gospel speaks of this Saint under the name of young Nathaniel and his life after the death of Christ is depicted in the tympanum above the statue. With Saint-Just, he receives his holy commission from the Pope, Saint Peter, and goes forth to preach; dressed in

"ON THE DIVIDING PIER OF THE CENTRAL PORTAL CHRIST STANDS AND BLESSES . . . THE TYMPANUM TELLS THE STORY OF THE LAST JUDGMENT."—BOURGES.

pontifical robes, he buries his dead companion; he arrives at Bourges, converts the people, baptises the Roman Governor and his son, and triumphantly consecrates the city's first Cathedral.

Although the five portals of Bourges are very impressive, it is they that have largely contributed to the exaggerated heaviness of the façade; because their

"THESE FIVE PORTALS . . . ARE VERY IMPRESSIVE."—BOURGES.

unusual number creates the great width of the wall, which measures a hundred and eighty feet. The difference in the height, the style, and the decoration of towers originally designed to be similar has caused another capital defect, a lack of artistic coherence. When the "Deaf Tower" threatened to fall, an enormous and deplorable buttress was built at a distance

of about twenty feet from the Cathedral's Southern wall and a brawny, supporting arm connects it with the tottering tower. Even those who find that unity is monotonous must regret this deforming addition to a handsome façade which, although ungainly, is richly ornamented and imposing.

The protruding buttress is graceless, but it has a compensating archæological interest. It was built in the XVI century, the days of the decadence of the Church's temporal power in France; yet its "chapel" is said to have been also a Hall of Council and of Judgment; and beyond, on the narrow staircase within the straight buttress, a few cells open suggestively. As in other capitular prisons, provision seems to have been made for all grades of criminals. There is a tiny cell, and a bigger one, one less light, and one less obscure, and a hole opens over a dark depth which exhales musty odours and recalls unpleasant stories of "oubliettes" and prisoners who lived without fresh air or light.

In the crannies of the walls and towers, other, more cheerful details appear, a clown teaches a monkey to read, and faces peer forth with imbecile grins. Except for a few of these sculptures and the little Stairway of Saint William, the lateral walls are very plain; they have an aspect of huge simplicity and strength; and if an erratic fancy of the XIX century had not placed a grove of stiff pinnacles on the straight buttresses and a heavy balustrade around the roof, the Cathedral's flanks would have preserved the consonance of

the early plan. In contemplating their long stretch, unbroken by the lines of transepts, it is impossible to believe that Bourges is the shortest of the great Cathedrals.

The immense development of the apse can be seen from the old archiepiscopal gardens. Four windowed stories unite to make its beautiful, rounded height. The outer walls of the crypt and the ambulatory are the two massive foundations, the clerestory of the aisle is the smaller, receding stage, and the high clerestory of the choir creates the narrow symmetry of the upper story.

"A GROVE OF STIFF LITTLE PINNACLES."
—BOURGES.

The absidal chapels, which were part of the original plan, resemble little towers, their roofs are octagonal cones of stone, and they ornament most simply and naturally the apse's second stage. Between them, a few straight buttresses, like the trunks of immense, sparse, forest trees, rise to the

third stage and receive the long, outstretched branches of the lean flying-buttresses. The construction is heavy, but it has a harmonious grandeur and it has been compared to a vast tiara.

The finest treasure which these walls contain is the Cathedral's magnificent glass. From the primitive Romanesque epoch of the XI or XII century, which has left a rare pane in the subterranean church, to the XVII century, which is sumptuously represented in the Chapel of the Montigny and the Lady Chapel, every school of French stained-glass has left its trace.

These were the epochs of religious teaching through the arts. Here, as elsewhere, illustrations of the local tradition as well as of the most sacred event of the Gospel, of the most obscure happening of the Old Testament as well as of its epic scenes, were continuously presented to the eyes of the people, and the history of the Bible and the Church was repeated from the large statues and bas-reliefs of the exterior to the multitudes of little glass medallions which were seen in the windows.

The scenes and subjects, placed in these medallions of various forms, were on a blue ground; and after the teachings had been depicted, the chief aim of the earlier mediæval artists was "to produce . . . optical effects, . . . half-lights, mysterious shadows which inspire . . . respect and contemplation and invite to prayer."

Romelot wrote that these old mosaïcs of the XIII century were "a lot of Gothic trash which should have been

"IT HAS BEEN COMPARED TO A VAST TIARA."—BOURGES.

left beneath the thick coating of dust which had covered them," others of the same opinion, not content with this peaceful neglect, have destroyed them, and there are few churches which now possess such beautiful specimens of this phase of the art as those which fill many of the windows of Saint Stephen's choir.

As the years passed and interest in the perfection of colouring gave place to that of design, the one increased in power and the other did not advance. At first, the rich, grave colours of the XIII century were replaced by magnificent brilliancy of tone, and when it seemed as if glass could become no more lustrous, effects of light and atmosphere were sought, and, at the same time, perspective was more carefully considered and the lines grew more natural and graceful.

All these later steps in the history of windows are abundantly shown at Bourges. Works of the XIV or the beginning of the XV century are found in the crypt, and the nave chapels continue with illustrations of the two following centuries. With the advent of 1500, stained-glass, having ceased to be a separate art, had, figuratively speaking, entered the school of painting. Raphael used canvas, masters like Jean Coussin preferred glass;—the material of the background differed, but the effort seems to have been towards the same result. In the windows which represent the martyrdom of Saint Stephen and of Saint Lawrence, and in those of the Tulliers which were made in 1531, the purity and grace of the drawing and the richness of the composition show

an elegance and correctness of design and a familiarity with natural pose and gesture which, until then, had belonged only to the painter's brush.

A curious window, that does not deserve special artistic mention, but has an archæological interest, is that of the Chapelle des Trousseaux which contains the arms of Nicholas V, Clement VIII, and of the all too famous Pierre de Luna, the Anti-Pope Gregory XIII; and, in the order of artistic chronology, the series may be said to end with the Assumption of the Montigny Chapel, a painting which shows all the dramatic splendour that preceded the fall of the French mediæval school.

As few churches have as notable glass as that of this Cathedral, so very few can excel its interesting portrayal of subjects and styles. The forms of the XIII century windows of Sens may be more beautiful; of the periods which follow, those of Auch and Troyes are surpassingly fine; and Chartres possesses a larger number; but those of Bourges, writes Viollet-le-Duc, "mark the moment of the apotheosis of painting on glass."

Except these windows, Saint Stephen is not rich in details. One of the lateral porches bears an addition, the Hall of Archives which was built in all the new forms of the Renaissance, nearby are the Capitulary Chamber and the upper Hall of the Embroiderers, and in various aisles and corners there are a few lovely carvings and a few quaint suggestions. One of the

most mysterious of these suggestions is found in the Armenian words, "Sarquis Tzarah Azzetoutzo," which have been cut in one of the pillars of the nave, near the entrance to the crypt. Some Armenians are said to have come to France in the XIV century. Could it have been one of them who, tarrying in the church, carved so deeply, "Sarquis, servant of God"?

In the sacristy, which is planned like that of Notre-Dame of Paris, there is another reminiscence of a past age, the royal arms of France which hang on the wall and bear an historic explanation,—"This is the escutcheon to which God fastened the lily and sent it to the noble King of France. The Angel brought the Ampulla of excellence to Saint-Remi who consecrated him at Reims."

In the wall of a chapel of the nave, near the choir, is a deep embrasure which is apparently meaningless and uninteresting, but two seats were formerly placed there that the father and mother who sat in them could contemplate their eldest son as he officiated as Archbishop. These were the seats of Jacques Cœur and his wife.

Had this great burgher been a prince, his life, his habits, his thoughts, and even his superstitions would have been chronicled with all the minute care which the sycophantic Middle Ages devoted to Kings. And the thoughts and habits of Jacques Cœur would have been worthy of rich manuscript and patient labour; for he was an organiser, a commander of men, and a cosmopol-

itan in days when high intellects were too often narrow. But he was a Commoner; and history, which prates much of the weak, uninteresting Charles and of his mother who expended her intellect in pandering to her degenerate tastes, recounts proportionately little of the forceful man who seems to have united the talents of an astute Médicis to a strong and loyal character.

His name evokes the figures of two contemporaries, the faithful friend and the traitorous friend, and biography presents few stranger contrasts than Charles VII, God's Anointed and "King of Bourges," and Jacques Cœur, the mere citizen of that town.

By his people the prince was justly dubbed the Well-Served. "He owes his renown," says Thierry, "less to any act of his own than to what was done in his name," and he, "whom history has called 'Victorious' because Joan of Arc lent him her sword and Jacques Cœur his money, let the first be burned on the Square of Rouen, and sacrificed the second to the lords of the Court." Charles was no truer friend to himself. Fearing that he was illegitimate and no Valois, he found within him no personal qualities which made him King, he had none of the gay spirit, the desire to tempt and to conquer fortune, which led Henry of Navarre to so many victories. He was possessed by the melancholy of weakness, and spent much of his time in mournful meditations and in trying to solve the vain and sad riddle of his birth, while more active folk who

were careless of divine right, "English and faithless Burgundians, ruled the realm at their will."

Proclaimed King on a barren hill-top of Velay, buffeted about like any poor adventurer, Charles finally arrived at Bourges. There is no accredited Palace in which this poor prince is said to have resided, he held his little Court in the most humble manner, and the record of expenses shows frugal fare,—"two sous for cherries and fruit for the Queen and Madam Katharine." In fact, when means and provisions were alike scanty, the royal pair had to shut themselves in their apartments that no one might witness their frugal meals; and the chronicler tells us that "a shoemaker, having asked payment for the shoes he had brought the monarch and learning its uncertainty, boldly pulled the shoe off the royal foot and departed with his merchandise." Charles continued to pray and plot half-heartedly, and to wander in dejected meditation about his temporary home.

A man, who had been born and bred in Bourges and was living there, quietly watched the life of the exiled King. This young man was Jacques Cœur, who is said to have been the son of a goldsmith or a fur merchant and to have begun life in poverty as a small mercer. However these things may be, it is certain that before 1425 Cœur had become prosperous enough to have married the daughter of a Provost of Bourges who had been in the household of John the Magnificent of France; and it was at this time that the ambitious townsman

ventured to offer to his hungry Majesty two fowls and a loin of mutton. According to tradition, the gift was accepted; and, learning to know the merchant, Charles recognised that his talents might be used and quickly made him Master of the Mint at Bourges "which had already been partially under his care."

The views of Jacques Cœur were broad, his mind grasped national needs and national welfare; but the chief object of this little mercer of a far inland city was the re-creation of the decaying commerce of France which was then much less important than that of other countries. For that purpose he made Montpellier the centre of his operations, and from this great city, he quickly re-established the trade of Marseilles which had been almost ruined by the contentions of the House of Anjou, and himself pushed on to Italy and Egypt and penetrated the East as far as Damascus.

In twenty years Jacques Cœur had acquired more commercial power than all the combined merchants of the Mediterranean. Three hundred agents represented him in the Orient, his vessels covered the seas and were respected as those of a beneficent sovereign prince; he dealt in gold, silver, spice, fur, and ingots, and became the Médicis of his native town. Like the Médicis he was munificent. He supplied the city with healthful water; in 1440, he bought ground from the Canons and re-constructed a portion of the Cathedral which was then threatened with ruin; and, in 1443, he began

to build the magnificent mansion which still exists in Bourges.

The man's patriotic comprehension of the political situation was perfect, he became more and more necessary to Charles VII, and he was an untiring, able, inexhaustible ally. The King wished to take Normandy,—Jacques Cœur lent him, personally, two hundred thousand crowns. Some one had to accomplish grave missions to Geneva and Rome,—Jacques Cœur was ready to go.

During the month of July, 1451, he was visiting Charles in the Castle of Taillebourg; and one day he was suddenly taken from his royal friend and cast into a dungeon,—"His jailers were his accusers, his judges, his debtors and bitter enemies," and before he appeared in their court, the King had seized his possessions.

Although it had become possible in the XV century for a gifted layman of low rank to acquire riches and power, to associate with nobles, to be the favoured, trusted friend of a sovereign, yet the noted words on the wall of his mansion still testify that Jacques Cœur never forgot the fate of his rare predecessors in the perillous way nor the uncertainty and danger that ever overhung his own path.

Writing about a century later, the famous Etienne Pasquier says, "I imagine that France never produced a man who, by his industry, without any partial favour of his prince, rose to such eminence as" the merchant of Bourges. One of the great—and serious—charges

against him was that he corresponded with an atrocious pagan, "the Soldan of Egypt," yet "the Pope," continues Pasquier, "was the principal intercessor for his life; and the most marvellous part of the story is that, after his condemnation, sixty to eighty men were found—former clerks who through him had become possessed of vast wealth—who, each of them, was ready to lend him a thousand crowns and to aid him so that he was later able to re-establish his fortunes—and this because of his goodness to them in the past. Nothing is more surprising" to the mind of this XVI century lawyer who is writing "than that a mere citizen should have been able to create such gratitude, except that beings so grateful should be found to aid him in his adversity."

Jacques Cœur's largesses to the nobility, far from gaining friends or at least placating enemies, as he may have fondly imagined, had merely made debtors of his natural foes and given them another motive for hating and fearing him. But besides his humble allies, the Commoner had one strong friend whose grasp never relaxed and who, save for heresy, never forgot a benefit. This friend was the Church. In pursuance of some plan or desire, now forgotten, he had in early life received the tonsure; at his own expense, he had re-built a portion of the Cathedral and adorned it; he had been its faithful and liberal son; his brother was Bishop of Luçon; and, in 1446, his eldest son, the Archbishop of Bourges, was carried in his "seda gestatoria" by the

four most powerful Barons of Berri and surrounded by his friends, the Bishops of Agen, Nevers, and Carcassonne.

In his prison, Jacques Cœur heard the re-assuring voices of the Church and of the people. And to the Church he owed his life. The Bishop of Poitiers persistently demanded that the tonsured prisoner should stand trial in an ecclesiastical court, and the Pope also persistently demanded his freedom and his justification. In spite of this tremendous influence, in spite of the cyclopean services of the counsellor, Charles refused to restore his property or his good name, yet he was enabled to leave France. The Pope, Eugene IV, received him warmly, and he died in Chios in the honourable position of Generalissimo of the Papal forces.

Nine years later, as Patriarch of Aquitaine, the Archbishop of Bourges, Jean Cœur, accompanied the body of Charles VII from Paris to Saint-Denis and officiated at his funeral. It may well be questioned what were his feelings as he stood before the dead King who had indolently and basely betrayed his father, a faithful servant and friend—that strange monarch who had been the lover of so fine and faithful a woman as Agnes Sorel, the hero of the pure and spiritual Joan of Arc, the slave of Antoinette de Maignelais, and the vile prototype of Louis XV in baseness and vice.

The position of Jean Cœur had been most trying. During the period of his father's ascendancy, the favour

of Charles VII had led the Pope to nominate the counsellor's eldest son, although barely twenty-five years old, to the magnificent Patriarchate of Bourges. The prudence and regularity of the young man's conduct proved that a good choice had been made. As Abbot of Saint-Sulpice, he kept his cell in the monks' common dormitory and often retired there to meditate and to rest from his archiepiscopal labours. He was most liberal with his large wealth. There was not a church in his diocese that he did not repair or enlarge or adorn, and it was said that there was not in Christendom a more exemplary or worthy prelate than Jean Cœur. As a Frenchman, he was outraged by the royal injustice; as a son, he felt keenly his father's sorrow and unmerited disgrace;—but as a priest, he was a man of peace. Every step that he could properly take towards clearing his father's character he took; and it was owing to his dutiful and dignified persistency that, unfortunately after Jacques Cœur had died at Chios, Louis XI permitted a reversal of the iniquitous verdict of Charles VII's reign.

The interior of the Cathedral with which Jacques and Jean Cœur are so closely associated is greater and more original than any portion of its exterior. A Latin Cross is the plan of almost all Gothic churches, expressed by transepts, a nave, and a Sanctuary, which are often surrounded by aisles and chapels. At Paris the lesser aisles are always doubled, at Amiens they are sometimes double and the vaults are always

"THE INTERIOR OF THE CATHEDRAL . . . IS GREATER AND MORE ORIGINAL THAN ANY PART OF THE EXTERIOR."—BOURGES.

of the same height. Bourges is without transepts and it is the only famous French Cathedral which is without them. Its double side-aisles differ in height; and, instead of falling at once to a low vaulting, the eye is led to the lower arches of a second and, then, of a third aisle. This low, dim, outer walk was primitively lighted by windows like that which still exists beyond the Chapel of Saint-Loup; in its original conception, the Cathedral had no chapels except the five small alcoves of the apse, and it was not until the XV and XVI centuries that, as Viollet-le-Duc finely writes, these constructions "came to spoil the finished plan and surround the colossus with a parasitic decoration."

Owing to the slowness of its growth, Saint Stephen traversed the different Gothic epochs, and these epochs have left their mark. The apsidal capitals have the large leaves and the unaffected and gracious design of an early form; in the high side-aisle, the ornamentation of the triforium is richer than that of the central nave, and the nave itself is much more modern than the choir. These are differences merely of detail, and, as they were discreetly introduced and preserve the concordant element of essential simplicity, they are neither prominent nor unpleasing. No other church that has so little ornamentation is also without angularity or hard austerity; the beauty of the interior is chiefly that of its great lines and forms to which decoration is but a subtle adjunct; and, although the work of

building progressed slowly, the general regularity of the plan was faithfully preserved.

The first plan consisted of two aisles which continued unbroken along the nave and about the choir. The vertical construction of the church is said to have been suggested by Notre-Dame of Paris, but the suppression of the broad gallery gives such height to the first side-aisles and to the columns of the nave that contrast rather than resemblance exists between the two noble interiors. The ideals of their builders were different, and that of Bourges seems obviously to have been unity of effect.

The vertical development is as uncomplicated as the ground plan,—it is merely a succession of windows, galleries, and vaults which, one after the other, rise logically and measuredly till the height of the last vaulting has been reached. No principle could be more primitive; it is often that of a child's game of blocks, but here it is that of a builder of genius. One would say that it could not fail of a modicum of success; yet in the magnificent choirs of Beauvais and Le Mans, the sequence of forms is a defect rather than a quality. Chapels with long windows, aisles with stunted galleries and squat windows that are almost triangular, tall arches, a high triforium, and a majestic clerestory form, it is true, "a succession of windows and galleries," but one which produces an impression of continual dissonance and confusion.

At Bourges, the problem has been solved. Each

story is similar in form and follows the other simply and naturally.

The proportions have been well, if not perfectly,

"A SUCCESSION OF WINDOWS, GALLERIES, AND VAULTS WHICH RISE . . . MEASUREDLY IN EACH OF THE AISLES, TILL THE HEIGHT OF THE GREAT VAULTING HAS BEEN REACHED."—BOURGES.

arranged, but in the general plan of the interior there is one abrupt fall in height and one difference in breadth which have troubled those who desire that the

unity should be absolute. The inner aisles are nineteen feet higher than those of Amiens and even seven or eight feet higher than those of Beauvais, and this gives to the Cathedral remarkable lightness of form; the succeeding stages of these aisles, the triforium, double vaulting, and the superimposed row of windows create the necessity for the lofty colonnade of the nave; but the vaulting of the lower is scarcely half the height of the higher side-aisle and, contrary to a natural mathematical expectation, this high side-aisle is narrower than its neighbour. The explanation of the latter idiosyncrasy is not found in structural calculations, but in a liturgical reason. On great feast days, processions take place in all churches; and every one knows that vergers and sextons have to make a way in the crowded aisles for the priests who bear the Host, for assisting priests, Orders, and confraternities. At Bourges, this confusion was avoided by an architectural device,—the central nave and the outer walk were reserved for the people and the pillars of the narrow side-aisle mark the confines of the festal procession.

Mr. Fergusson, with Viollet-le-Duc, thinks that the first idiosyncrasy, the extreme comparative depression of the exterior aisle, "destroys the harmony of the whole" church; "for, on an inspection of the building, the outer aisles do not appear to belong to the design but look more like afterthoughts." The criticism of this disposition would seem to be a matter of taste as well as of architectural principle. Undoubtedly a taller

"IT HAS THE BEAUTIFUL, MEDITATIVE ISOLATION OF A CLOISTERED WALK."—BOURGES.

aisle would have added to the perfection of the edifice's extraordinary and admirable elevation, but to condemn the third aisle utterly as an apparent "afterthought" is perhaps too drastic. The change of proportion in the vaults of Notre-Dame of Paris is precipitous in comparison with that of Bourges and if here the perspective into the low aisle is suggestive of isolation, it is the beautiful and meditative isolation of a cloistered walk, and through its arches the glimpses of the high church beyond are inspiring.

Viollet-le-Duc again writes that "the pillars of the nave are unduly long, the windows are short, and the gallery of the triforium depressed." An English author, Thomas Williams, who seems chiefly impressed by the size of the church, writes in turn, "however immense the Cathedral's size, I would not rank it with those of Cologne and Milan." It is impossible to disagree with either of these authorities. There is truly no comparison between the solemn and glorious majesty of Bourges and the handsome but mathematical German copy of Beauvais, nor between the superabundant luxuriance of Milan, that effort after Gothic ideals by those incapable of its Northern art, and the noble and harmonious grandeur of the Cathedral of the Primates of Aquitaine.

The judgment of the French architect is serious and just, and it may not be denied that, in comparison with its high columns, the clerestory and triforium of the central nave are stunted, and that, whether through

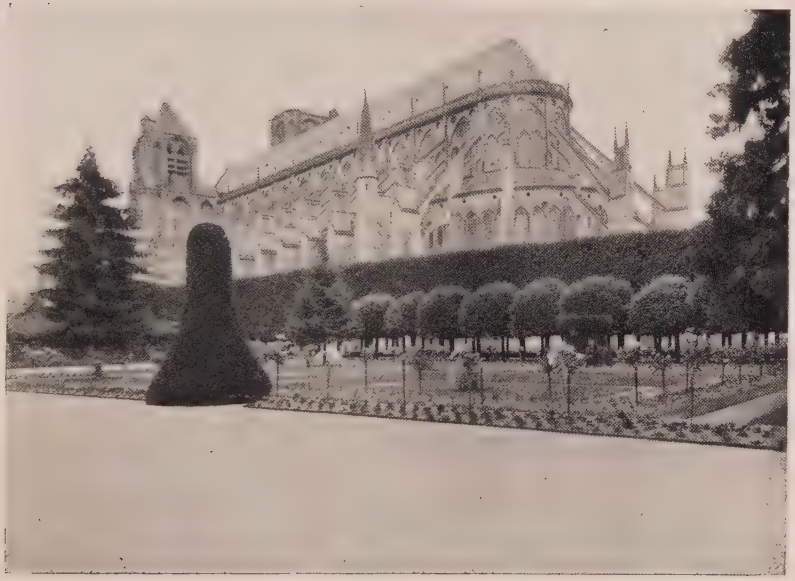
poverty of resources or failure of artistic vision, the proportions are imperfect and the vaulting too low. Yet, even with this defect, Bourges has one of the most august of interiors. The plan of its constructive stages differs notably from the accepted Gothic type, it is not built after the "classic model," and its own type did not create a "school." Technically considered, its original qualities are a pure and unaffected ornamentation, the absence of transepts, an extraordinary height of pillars, and, above all, the repeated productions of similar forms. The principles of its architectural supremacy are so simple that a scholar could define them, yet, applied by the hand of a genius, they have irreproachable regularity without a suspicion of monotony.

"It is singularly beautiful in all its details," writes Fergusson, "and happy in its main proportions; for, owing to the omission of the transept, the length is exquisitely adapted to the other dimensions. . . . Had a transept been added, at least one hundred feet of additional length would have been required to restore the harmony; and, though externally it would no doubt have gained by such an adjunct, this gain would not have been adequate to the additional expense so incurred."

The exterior of the church is gigantic, heavy, and imposing, and its apse and quintuple portal are among the renowned creations of the Gothic. But it is the interior which is the supreme creation of its architects. Saint Fortunatus, the Poet-Bishop of

"A STATELY, GREY FOREST OF HIGH PILLARS."—BOURGES.

Poitiers, wrote of the "delicacy of the columns" of the second Cathedral which was finished in 380. This old, traditional characteristic of the architecture of Bourges has been continued in the Cathedral of the XII and XIII centuries, and no sight of garlands, flowers, friezes, no caprices of sculpture nor artifices



"THE EXTERIOR OF THE CHURCH IS GIGANTIC."—BOURGES.

of the imagination disturb the glory of the glass and the majesty of the great lines.

As in studying the exterior, so in the interior, it is impossible to believe that this is one of the shortest of large Cathedrals, and that, in its extreme length, it measures only a little more than four hundred feet. It appears very long, for the line of the incomparable

colonnade is unbroken. Nowhere, except perhaps in a grove of giant birches, could one stand in such a stately grey forest of high pillars; in no Cathedral is one more deeply impressed by harmonious perspectives, by boldness that is immensity, vigorous strength, and majesty, never by mere audacity, but by sublimity that has grace, by colossal proportions that are elegant, —in a word, by vast and noble magnificence.

END OF VOLUME I

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